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TURKEY

GREECE AND MALTA.

BY

ADOLPHUS SLADE, ESQ., R. N., F. R. A. S.

AUTHOR OF

"RECORDS OF TRAVELS IN THE EAST."

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TURKEY, GREECE, AND MALTA.

CHAPTER XI.

St. Jean d'Acre—Battles of Homs and Koniah—Ibrahim Pasha and the Grand Vizier—Turkish army and navy—Marriage of Sultana Saliheh—Fêtes—Mustapha Pasha—Halil Pasha—Achmet Pasha—Said Pasha—Roads—Post-carts—The Seraskir Pasha—A proscribed Janissary.

THE certain effect of the accumulation of faults mentioned in the preceding chapter—each a preparatory cause of defeat—showed itself at the fatal and shameful battles of Homs and Koniah, which reduced the Ottoman Porte, for the first time since its existence, to solicit assistance from a Christian power, and—excess of humiliation—to accept of it from its bitterest foe. My reader knows that the efforts of the Egyptian

Pasha to create an army and a navy exhausted Egypt; that just as he had completed the roof of his edifice, he perceived its foundation about to give way. With the instinct of genius, Mehemet Ali at once perceived that in order to preserve the power obtained with so much blood and treasure, it was necessary to unite the resources of Syria and Egypt. He saw that he should otherwise incur the risk of perishing like the alchymist in the midst of his own laboratory: he might see death arrive at the very moment, the long-desired moment, of transmutation. The unhinged state of Syria invited him; the certainty of the people's discontent with reform, assured him that none but hired troops would oppose his march.

His army crossed the desert, the same burning tract erst marked by the sufferings of a French army; his fleet sailed for the Holy Land; and St. Jean d'Acre, scene of so much woe and glory, curtained by so long a drapery of renown, became invested by sea and by land. But Abdallah Pasha (its governor) was not a Djezzar, neither was Halil Pasha (the capitan pasha) a Sydney Smith; and therefore the city which had repulsed Napoleon in 1799, opened its gates to Ibrahim

Pasha in 1832. Damascus immediately sent in her submission, and the mountain tribes offered their friendship. The key of Syria being thus secured, Ibrahim marched northwards to seek an enemy.

At first the Porte disregarded the progress of the Egyptian: apparently it reposed faith in the devotion of the Syrians, or it relied on Mohammed's protection. But when its eyes were at length opened to the alarming fact of the indifference of the Mussulmans as to whose banner might wave over their heads, it spared no efforts to ensure success to Husseyin Pasha, appointed to lead an army against the rebel. The choice of the general was unlucky, for as the chief instrument in destroying the Janissaries, whose aga he had been, Husseyin was unlikely to find favour in the eyes of the fanatics of Asia Minor. His troops were paid in advance; while stores and provisions of all kinds were despatched by sea and by land.* On the day of his departure, the

* Khosrew Pasha, the seraskier or minister of war, incited by personal animosity against his old rival, Mehemet Ali, exerted his talents to ruin him, and displayed a foresight in his arrangements rarely witnessed in Turkey. He designed to form a depôt at Alexandretta for Husseyin's army. Five Frank merchant vessels accordingly sailed from Constan-

pasha received especial marks of honour from the Sultan's hands, and he was accompanied by the ministers of state two hours on his march beyond Scutari. The troops halted in a pleasant spot: they gathered round their colours: Imans offered up prayers to heaven: the chiefs embraced fraternally; and the army then continued its march filled with enthusiasm and promising to return victorious. Every Constantinopolitan dreamed that night of Ibrahim Pasha ironed and caged.

Vain cares! vain anticipations! the Ottoman troops had neither sufficient stamina nor discipline to contend with the difficulties and privations attendant on a march through Asia Minor. The sight of the commander-in-chief carried in a litter the whole way, for he was unable to ride, was not calculated to inspire them. Peculation on the spot, by their own commissaries, neutralised the efforts which the government had made to

tinople with provisions and stores for that purpose. Four of them were detained by Egyptian cruisers, off the gulf of Scanderoon: the fifth, owned and commanded by an acquaintance of the author, got in. Ten other vessels, freighted on account of the Porte, were about to follow, when the news of the defeat of Homs arrived, and that consequently all Syria, including Alexandretta, was in the power of Ibrahim Pasha.

secure a supply of provisions; and as the villages became deserted on the approach of the army, distress early made itself felt. The soldiers became fatigued after some days' march, and threw away their knapsacks: beasts were wanting to drag along the cannon: and, to crown all, the officers insisted that the Frank instructors, against whom they were exasperated for their zealous endeavours to preserve a shadow of order, should be sent away.* The march of the army soon resembled the progress of a rabble; fearful only to its friends. Before it reached Homs,† before it saw an enemy, defeat was legibly stamped on its brow. One battalion of the Egyptian infantry, and one charge of cavalry, decided the battle which gave Ibrahim Pasha the undisputed range of Syria. Panic struck at meeting with an enemy as superior to themselves as his existence had been carefully concealed from their knowledge, the Osmanleys hastily recrossed the mountains. They did not retreat: they fled —pashas, colonels, privates, seeking individual

* Husseyin Pasha consented to deprive himself of their aid, and sent them back in order *to save their lives.*

† Homs (the ancient Emesus) is situated on the Orontes.

safety — nor stopped, save a few who dispersed among the villages, till the minarets of the queenly mountain-crowned city of Prusias—burying place of Othman ! burying place of Orchan !—blessed their eyes. Scarcely a musket of that army returned.

Still Mount Taurus reared its giant peaks between the rebel satrap and the capital : still an army remained to dispute its passage with him. Tartars had already been dispatched to summon the grand vizier, Redschid Pasha, (better known as the opponent of Diebitch in 1829) from the laurels which he had just been culling in Upper Albania, in order that he might follow up the first army, and complete the destruction of the Egyptians. He obeyed. Elate with his recent victory over Mustapha Pasha, imagining that the surrender of Scodra typified the fall of Cairo, he collected all his troops, regular and irregular, and hastened by forced marches to the capital. He reached it simultaneously with the news of Husseyin's defeat. His appearance allayed the fears of the Porte, and again the imminent capture of the Egyptian dog was announced in the mosques. Redschid Pasha lost no time in

making promises; but crossing the Bosphorus with his victorious troops, he continued his march as rapidly as the state of the country would allow him to do. He collected the fugitives of Homs, at Brussa, made them retrace their steps, and finally halted at Koniah.* Establishing his head-quarters in the thrice-sanctified city, he encamped his army beyond on the Aleppo road. Ominous coincidence of place!—in the ancient Iconium, where Othman, the founder of the dynasty, commenced his sovereign career as an usurper, Redschid awaited the rebel who was about to strike a death blow at the empire. He had not long to wait. Momentous interval! The fate of Turkey hung on his movements, on his decision. Alas! it soon appeared that the faults, the reverses, of his Russian campaign had taught him no lesson, or rather he applied the rules learned there to where they were not fitting. Apprehensive without caution, acting without guidance, he

* Koniah (Iconium) is the capital of the pashalik, which comprehends Yenischeyr, Cesarieh, Akserai, &c. It contains from 12,000 to 15,000 inhabitants. Fragments of the ancient city may still be seen in pieces of sculpture. It is remarkable in modern days for its colleges of dervishes.

mistook the piping and shouting one night of the drivers of a drove of buffaloes, struggling in the adjoining marsh, for a surprise by Ibrahim's advanced guard. He waited not to inquire, but destroying his magazines, he broke up his camp, and took up another position in the opposite direction. Unfortunately, for this night movement affected materially the order of the army, as Turks cannot bear to be disturbed after sunset, the alarm, though ridiculous in itself, heralded the enemy: it may be cited as one of the causes of the hasty defeat which ensued. In the morning, December 20th, 1832, the Egyptians really appeared, few but compact.

In the neutral temper of the people, Redschid committed a capital error in uncovering Koniah. By remaining between it and the advance of the enemy, the inhabitants would have served as a rear-guard for him, to fall back on; as it was, they formed the vanguard of the latter. Ibrahim saw the mistake, and profited by it. Leaving the Ottomans to wait his leisure, he marched first into the city of Dervishes, where the greatest consternation prevailed. He offered protection as the price of co-operation; he threat-

ened instant firing as the penalty of refusal. His name, in consequence, was at once blessed, and arms taken up in his cause.* The vizier's household, who had been left in the city a few hours before, witnessed this sudden mutation of fortune; they witnessed the man, whom they had heard cursed as a rebel the preceding evening, saluted as a king in the morning. Ibrahim retained them as prisoners, then marched out by the opposite gate to give their master battle. Sixty miles of plain afforded room for manœuvre, space for flight. The Egyptians mustered fifteen thousand, the Osmanleys counted about forty-five thousand. In their own accounts of the battle, they state their force at seventy-five thousand; but in all my experience of Turkish statements I have always found exaggeration to be a principal ingredient; knowing, moreover, that the returns of regiments exceed the truth in order to fill the colonel's pockets. The colonels admit the practice without blushing; they excuse it on the score of necessity; and he is the cleverest officer

* One *ayan* (notable) alone of the inhabitants of Koniah asserted his loyalty to the Porte; and his house was immediately razed as a warning.

who can manage to receive the most pay for the fewest number of men. Had seventy-five thousand men, however, trodden the field of Koniah, the slaughter might have been greater, the rout more confused, but the result would have proved alike; for, as at Homs, one side possessed science and discipline more than sufficient to overcome any superiority of number. The Egyptians had a general and officers, and were besides flushed with victory. The Fabian policy—easy in a thinly-peopled country—was the only one prudent to adopt against these odds; but Redschid Pasha had already twice shown, 1st, during the Grecian revolt, 2ndly, in the Russian war, that he possessed not the slightest notion of the same. Tactics puzzled him: his regular troops embarrassed him. Brave as his sword, offspring of a Kurdish chieftain and a Georgian slave, he led the charge at Koniah, and lost the battle. He acted the part of a captain of a troop; left that of general to Allah. "What could I do?" he afterwards observed, "no one else would charge, and our only chance lay in creating a sudden effect." He was right in principle, and had he been seconded by a few thousand wild Kurds, he

might have proved so in fact. As it was, nothing availed. Wherever he came in person, the Arabs might have faltered, the desperate valour of his tried Albanian guard might have shaken their serried ranks; but none supported him; there was no one to give orders to the remainder of the troops. Like Prince Rupert's bravery, his own gallantry seemed in unison with the wishes of his foe. Returning to the spot where he had left his reserve, intending to bring it up in order to finish the battle as he thought, he found the Egyptian cavalry on the ground: looking round, he saw not his own army, but himself in the midst of the rebels. He now thought about his own safety. He attempted to cut a way through to Koniah, which he believed to be still his, for he could not suppose that the cradle of *Ottomanism* had surrendered without making one effort; but on either hand, opposition met him. *Zadr'azem*, "the grand vizir," resounded on all sides, and every one strove for the honour of taking him prisoner. Worn out at length with fatigue, his arm drooped; he was seized. The battle had already terminated. One only of the sultan's regiments, commanded by *Scherif Bey*,

thought of its colours; the rest, cavalry and infantry, soon became a rabble, and in two hours from the vizir's first charge, the empire, for all that depended on itself, lay at the feet of Ibrahim.* He marched peaceably to Kiutaya, where

* The author of a pamphlet called *Sultan Mahmoud and Mehemet Ali Pasha*, (published in 1835,) endeavours to deprive Ibrahim Pasha of the merit of the victory of Koniah, by attributing the defeat of the grand vizir, not to any superiority of the Egyptian troops, but to treason on the part of the *Seraskier Pasha* (the minister at war) at Constantinople, backed by the influence of the Russian General Muravieff. He says, that the *Seraskier*, desirous to ruin Redschid Pasha, of whom he was jealous, refused to allow an army of reserve, composed of the best regiments, amounting to *twenty-five thousand men*, stationed at Brussa and Ismid, to join Redschid Pasha. He was about, however, he adds, to yield at length to Redschid Pasha's instances, when Muravieff, the bearer of the emperor's offers of services against the rebels, arrived at Constantinople, and confirmed him, by wily arguments, in his previous determination not to allow the army to quit Brussa. "Thus," he says, "was the defeat of Koniah three-fold ensured." I do not know where the author gained his information; but, in the first place, there were only *fifteen hundred men of the guard* at Brussa and Ismid; in the second place, General Muravieff arrived at Constantinople *only one day* before the battle of Koniah took place, and therefore he could in no way have influ-

he received the deputies of the French and English representatives at Constantinople, and all Asia Minor prepared to receive his law. Many of the defeated troops offered to join his standard, but he contented himself with taking their arms.

Moderation graced this brilliant victory. The Black Prince's conduct to his royal prisoner is a grateful theme to the English: King John's reception in London is a bright page in our history. Ibrahim can match it. On hearing of the capture of the grand vizir—the first of the rank who ever ornamented a victor's triumph—he went on foot to meet him; he assisted him to dismount, and conducted him to his own tent, in which he placed the vizir's own attendants. Thence he escorted him, with due honours, to the coast, where he embarked for Alexandria in one of the Egyptian frigates. Mehemet Ali rivalled his son in courtesy: he met the noble prisoner on the beach, embraced him, and led him by the hand to a palace already prepared for his recep-

enced it. There was a division of six thousand men at Angora, under a certain Mehemet Pasha, but it was required in that direction for the purpose of covering Redschid Pasha's flank from an apprehended Kurdish movement.

tion. To all appearance, Redschid Pasha lived in Egypt as the grand vizir of the empire.*

Since that period, the Ottoman army† has deteriorated, as may well be supposed with every element of improvement wanting. The Turkish soldier now trembles at Ibrahim's name: superstitious in his fear he invests him with a charmed life. The sultan, since the chord of independence has been relaxed in his bosom by the humiliation of seeking aid from Russia, gives no farther attention personally to his troops; he seems content if they keep peace in his capital, and he trusts in his northern alliance to awe any revolt dangerous to his throne. He follows the example of his ancestors, and gives the hours in which he used to attend drill, to the amusement of archery among the gilded columns of the *ok-meidan*, where he is allowed to be the best archer in his dominions. The Turkish army may be said, at the risk of overrating it, to bear the same relation to that of Mehemet Ali, as

* Redschid Mehemet Pasha died in the month of November, 1836, in command of the army of the Taurus. I believe he died at Sivas. Hafiz Pasha, of Kiutaya, succeeded him.

† Vide Appendix for a statement of the sultan's army.

Runjeet Singh's troops do to our sepoys. Ten thousand British troops would march with ease from end to end of the sultan's dominions.

We cannot, we regret to say, speak more encouragingly of his naval force. Three English line of battle ships and as many frigates, would prove an overmatch for it.

The Turkish navy, however, is a remarkable object, and worthy of any person's notice, on account of its magnificent construction. We might scarcely have supposed a ship in it (the *Mahmoudieh*) six-hundred tons larger than the "Caledonia:" we might hardly have given it credit for having a vessel in every class equal to any of ours. We may say that the Ottoman navy has progressed inversely to the usual order; while its *personnel* retrograded fast, its *materiel* has surpassed that of the navies of western Europe. This is to be accounted for by there having been no party spirit in Turkey to depreciate a good plan, if emanating from a political opponent, and by the absence of certain prejudices of routine which obscure a man's perceptions of the *true* and the *beautiful*. Left to his own unaided judgment, and unwarped by theories, a man

will rarely hesitate between the *good* and the *bad* —between the tasteful and the deformed. Such ships as the "Forty Thieves," such vessels as the "donkey frigates," such things as the "ten gun brigs," could never have seen the light in Turkey, simply because there would have been nobody to write a pamphlet in favour of any one of the plans—no lord of acres, oaks growing thereon, ready to take a contractor by the hand and put the country to the expense of exemplifying his want of science on a large scale. Even in the present day, when we exult in a new era of ship-building, when the "Vernon," and the "Columbine," with others of the same school, gladden the waters and shame with their presence the profession of naval architecture, the Turks are not behind us in form and sailing qualities,* and many of our latest improvements are of old date with them.

* Turkish naval construction is similar to that of the Vernon, &c., for which a model has existed for conturies in the coasting vessels of the Levant and Euxine. Le Brun, the naval architect whom Selim III. engaged in his service, had the good sense only to remodel the upper works of the Turkish ships of war, which had retained up to that day the old galliot form. Whether the build be calculated to resist

The sultan, however, not content with the native talent which had furnished him with such fine ships, engaged an American architect lately, who sold him in the first place a fine corvette, and then commenced building on an unprecedented scale. But death marred his ambition. He died, leaving as a legacy to his foreman and successor (Mr. Rhodes) the completion of a frigate of two thousand seven-hundred tons burthen—two-hundred and twenty-two feet long, with fifty-three feet beam—to carry seventy-four forty-two pounders. When launched—which operation was effected with great skill by easing her off the quay into the water by means of floating stages to received her "forefoot"—and rigged with

continued bad weather or long cruising is of no object to the Turks, as they only sail in Mediterranean seas.

Turkish ships have bows like that lately adopted by Mr. Blake (of Portsmouth yard) to the "Vindictive," enabling the "chasers" to cross their fire with ease.

They have always had a few pieces of extra calibre on their lower and middle decks, which practice we have lately adopted. A Turkish first-rate has four one-hundred and twenty pound stone shot guns on the lower deck: on the middle deck (and the lower decks of second-rates) as many eighty-four pounders.

spars so lofty that I fear to mention their height, she appeared a superb creature. No expense was spared on her equipment, and she sailed on her first cruise with the capitan pasha's flag. As if afraid to trust her on that occasion to ordinary management, lest she might shoot over to the other side of the Bosphorus, they brought her stern to the wind at her moorings and set her topsails: then all being ready, canvass swelling and hawsers straining, the latter were slipped and away she darted, past the Seraglio Point, into the silvery Propontis. I often saw her builder, Mr. Rhodes, a man of talent and free from many of the peculiarities of his countrymen; and he, although proud of his own production, assured me that, excepting in the finish of detail, of no consequence in the general result, he never saw finer vessels than two or three of the Turkish line-of-battle ships.

I saw them to great advantage on my arrival, for they were in all the vanity of new paint, moored in line off the quays of Salybazar, Dolma-bakcheh and Beshik-tash, for the purpose of firing a series of salutes in honour of the marriage of Sultana Saliheh with Halil Pasha, in

which display they were also assisted by a squadron of miniature frigates which sailed about amongst the leviathans, and occasionally indulged in a sham fight with two gaily decorated and illuminated castles, moored for the occasion off the palace.

Constantinople undergoes a transformation at such ceremonies which generally last ten days, and which we saw when repeated at the nuptials of the Sultana Mihirmah. Freedom of speech and action is allowed, police restrictions are withdrawn by day and by night, and everybody is required to rejoice. While the fêtes last you need not expect a tradesman to work, or your servants to be scrupulous in their attendance. The Frank and Armenian cemetery on the heights above *Dolma-bakcheh*, is the chief scene of attraction. It becomes a gay and brilliant fair, the space being covered with tents and booths of all descriptions, with swings and "roundabouts" and see-saws, while the air is impregnated with the perfume of coffee-roasting, and the odour of *cabobs*. At night, coloured lanthorns light it up, and then *kara-guez* commences his ribald and ludicrous exhibitions. Orientals show wisdom

and philosophy in no way so much as in the practice of rendering their burial-grounds subservient to pleasure and ornament. My reader may perchance suppose that a tomb and a dance beside it, a cypress tree and a song beneath it, are rather incompatible; but if he should visit the East he will find the contrary to be the case, and that the union deprives death of its sting, the grave of its victory. We love not our friend the less for laughing over his epitaph: we remember him the longer for connecting him with our amusements: our tears rise as warmly from the fountains of the affections, while flowing in concert with rosy libations. Art and expense are lavished on these favourite spots, because the spirit is supposed to re-visit his earthly tenement: the sites which command the finest views are chosen, because the mystery of the last day is ever kept in view. Painters, by studying their beauties, might have discovered the reason why none of them have ever succeeded in conveying a correct picture of Constantinople. According to the usual plan, which is to crowd the thousand objects on the "seven hills" together, the transfer is impossible, for thereby the charm of detail,

the individual feature dear to memory, becomes lost in variety. We see Constantinople, it is true; we see Saint Sophia; we see the "burnt column;" we see the *bezestens;* but we do not recognise the Constantinople of the heart, the city which floats before our eyes in western lands—the city which embitters the hours of the exiled Osmanley, and causes his thoughts, while his forehead bows to Mecca, to revert to the North. But sit down before a cemetery and make *it* your subject. Place a deeply fretted, densely gilded tomb in the foreground: draw a cypress and a veiled mourner by the side of it; a turbanned grave-digger on this hand; an *imam* a little farther off chaunting verses of the Koran: while in the distance represent the city, vast and misty, blending indistinctly with islands, sky, and water. Nature will then confess the task, and sentiment will applaud your labours.

Selected always on account of the dense theatric grouping afforded by its locality, the aforementioned cemetery is situated perhaps in the finest point of view of any about the capital. We go to it day after day, and each day, even for the hundredth time, we still feel enraptured. The

eye takes in, from it, three or more royal palaces, the city of Scutari, picturesque above all the towns on the Bosphorus, the Princes' Islands, the range of Mondania, and, in the distance, Mount Olympus, the snow of which agreeably relieves the sight and breaks the sameness of the deep azure of heaven. On the adjoining slope each pasha pitches his marquee, and in that motley encampment, overlooking five or six line-of-battle ships, which are floating on a small shining piece of the stream visible through the gorge of the hills, the business of the empire is conducted during the continuance of the fêtes. Jugglers, wrestlers, dancing bears, rope dancers, and dancing boys, exert themselves all day to amuse their excellencies and the people. I would beg those who talk of eastern morality to see the avidity with which the dancing boys, and the spectacle of *kara guez* is relished, by grey-beards and children. Thither also resort the veiled multitudes of Constantinople; and there they sit in rows, by thousands, from dawn until evening, immovable save in their dark rolling eyes, apparently lost to all sense beyond that of contemplation. At times the old women smoke, the young ones eat

bonbons. Their white muslin head-dresses make them appear from the Bosphorus like flocks of sheep basking on the hills.

On one of the days devoted to Sultana Saliheh's honour, her royal father gave a banquet to the corps diplomatique, whom he assembled with the principal pashas under a vast tent erected for the purpose among the others. Ah mi! what intrigue! what bowing! to get included in the suite of an ambassador. All Pera's cooks and valets, and nearly all its knives and forks, were impressed for the service of their excellencies, who were entertained in the first place with a prelude of jugglery and dancing bears for a couple of hours. The monarch came into the tent after dinner to honour his guests with a regard:* he did not speak, but walked round the

* At the feast two years afterwards, on the occasion of his daughter Mihirmah's marriage, Mahmoud would not bestow one look on the diplomatists. He moreover sent to them to request that his health might not be drunk, as it was not proper that *his* name should be coupled with wine. This, and various other acts in 1836, especially that of having his son circumcised in public with five-thousand other boys, and others affecting the rayas, show that he is trying to recover "caste" with the Mussulmans. It is too late.

table, and left them in ecstasy. The French ambassador, as the senior, then proposed his health, which was drunk with enthusiasm.

The *trousseau* was carried in procession, on the following day, from the sultan's palace to the one destined for the bride. Though rare and fanciful was the long array of richly caparisoned mules, and open gilded cars, and slaves carrying baskets on their heads, laden with embroidery, muslins, silks, silver dishes, golden ewers, mother-of-pearl cases of diamonds &c., it yielded in interest to the aspect of the dense multitudes—nine-tenths of the population of the city—glittering in all the variety of oriental costume, who lined for miles either side of the road; so closely thronged, a falcon's quarry could not have fallen to the ground amongst them, yet so noiseless, the dying flap of its wings would have been heard. There they sat in quiet joy beneath a burning sun; and as the regal train of presents passed along over the scorched heath, the mosques and the towers and the groves of Constantinople floating in the distance, in the blue mists of summer, we had before our eyes the reality of some one of Martin's conceptions. It might be

faintly traced by supposing an eastern spectacle at a theatre to be expanded until the sky became its canopy, the waters and hills of Stamboul its scenery.

Next morning the princess left her father's roof, and threaded the same crowds whom we might have supposed to have slept on the ground. More adapted, more eloquent, seemed the stillness, the subdued gaze of the spectators, than the vociferous shouts of western Europe on such occasions. Music and troops preceded: then rode the pashas two and two: afterwards came the bride and her mother, shrouded in a superb coach, a present from the Czar, followed by the female household in carriages: then appeared the Kislar Aga and his creatures mounted on the royal horses: and the pashas' ladies, in carriages and four, closed the procession. It passed on over more distant hills, the trumpets sounded fainter and fainter. At the gate of her palace the bridegroom waited. He knelt before her car: he offered flowers of hope: he combated with assumed ardour the coyness of etiquette. At length she yielded. He assisted her to descend; he lifted her over the threshold, the auspicious

moment for which a dervish pointed out, and the instant roar of artillery announced it far and wide. He led her upstairs, and there for the first time saw his bride unveiled. But three days of form, devoted to receiving compliments, elapsed ere he might call her his wife.

Each night, at such times, the Bosphorus may realize one's imaginings of Bagdad under Haroun al Raschid and Zobeide. The noble stream flows along for ten miles between palaces of fire. Every house on either bank is illuminated fancifully. There are Gothic temples, and Grecian colonnades with scrolled frontispieces, and gardens—but all of living flame. The Seraglio Point, one of Europe's extremities, is a blaze of light, and reflects itself on Asia's cliffs. Nothing of the sort in Christendom can give the slightest idea of Constantinople and the Bosphorus when thus lighted up. The effect is most striking on the water. As no object is visible except the creations of fire, the ships, which are traced out by lamps, appear to float in mid-air at indefinite distances, while the refulgent kiosks on the hill-tops of either continent may give the idea of magicians' abodes, for they also seem unconnected

with earth or water. One may readily fancy oneself alone in a dark lake on the Elysian fields, surrounded by mansions of the blest. From time to time, however, fireworks disclose the scene in detail. Huge wooden whales are moored for that purpose, and from their mouths thousands of rockets fly up over the gilded stream, to mingle first their evanescent brightness with the stars, then fall again in Danae's showers on its bosom. Numerous caiques then, previously hidden by the glare, emerge into form, and where you fancied yourself to be solitary, your rowers have scarcely room to move. You also see large fish, with shining tails and flaming eyes, paddled about by invisible hands; and carriages and horses, ingeniously built on boats, seem to be driving over the water as securely as on dry land. All is liquid radiance for a few minutes, save where a cypress-grove on either bank throws its shadow forth—as if, like the masked skeleton at an ancient Egyptian feast, to be a silent monitor. As the temporary brightness dies away, illusion obtains complete mastery of the soul: you see a splash, and you look for a sea-god to rise; you hear a voice, and you listen for a Nereid's song.

In the joy of his heart, Sultan Mahmoud declared that the offspring of the union which called forth such festivity and splendour in the summer of 1834, should be permitted to live.* A boy gladdened the young mother's heart for a few months, then died.

Sultana Saliheh was seventeen or eighteen years old; not pretty, but ladylike, according to the reports of some Frank ladies. She was reported to be haughty and passionate. She af-

* Revolting and inexcusable as the practice is of destroying the male offspring of royalty, it might nevertheless be said to have proved humanity in the end. The inevitable consequence, under oriental despotism, of a large family, has ever been, either the death of the princes in cold blood during the sovereign's life, or civil war afterwards; in the latter case, mutilation awaits the vanquished. Look at the result of the civil war for the Persian throne, in 1835, among the numerous sons of Feth Ali Schah: the eyes of some of the conqueror's uncles extinguished, others strangled, others fugitives. Amurath III., on his accession, killed five brothers and two odalisques left *enceintes*. Mahomet III. also put all his brothers to death, amounting to nineteen; on which occasion two of the bereaved mothers heightened the tragedy by poniarding themselves in despair on the bodies of their sons. Maternal feelings were consulted in the practice of royal infanticide; the task was assigned to the midwife.

fronted the lady pashas, it was said, when they paid their duties to her after the marriage: her foot they were bound to kiss, but instead of smiling on her worshippers, she turned away her head. More secluded than Mussulman women in general, no man (except the doctor) ever setting eyes even on her garments, a princess of the house of Othman hails her marriage-day as the day of escape from bondage. She is at once free, excepting in the usual checks of Mohammedanism. Her husband is slave by law and custom. Chosen by the sultan, he must obey; discard his wife if he have one; break off old connexions; then, perhaps, surrounded by his royal mistress's spies, live tormented by the fiend jealousy. The present sultan's sister (a widow) used to watch her husband so narrowly, that, on visiting the isles of the Archipelago, as capitan pasha, he deemed it prudent not to land without sending previously to make the Greeks veil. The fair ones of Scio, who prided themselves on their superior attractions, were exceedingly offended at Kutchuk Husseyin's apparent want of gallantry. They might rather have been flattered at his apprehension of their charms. Halil was not so hardly used:

he fretted after his former loves, and the sultan at length gave him leave to visit them in secret.

Originally a Circassian slave, purchased in the market by Khosrew Pasha, and adopted afterwards by him as his son, Halil Pasha filled, successively, the posts of general of division in the last Russian war, of ambassador to Petersburg, of capitan pasha, and of master-general of the ordnance. He saved the fleet during the Egyptian war by avoiding an engagement, which it was not the interest of Mehemet Ali's admiral to provoke. His conduct was termed cowardice, till known that the honours of "son-in-law" awaited him—then prudence became the word. By way of fitting him out for his marriage, his adoptive father sent him in the royal steamer on a marauding expedition along the shores of the Propontis and the Hellespont. No man dared refuse his request. In every town he "sat down," nor rose without giving cause to wish the sultan would follow the rule of his ancestors, and choose a rich man for his son-in-law. He "sat down" with his suite, in the house of the agha of Eneh for a week, and finished his visit by *borrowing* seventy thousand piastres. He also took a

fancy to a *tchiftlik* (farm) between Lampsaki and Channakalis, belonging to Hadji Dervish Agha, who had distinguished himself by raising a battery on Point Barbar, when Sir John Duckworth forced the Dardanelles. He ordered the twentieth part of the value to be offered for it; then requested the neighbouring agas to stock his new property with sheep and horses. While this farce was acting in the environs, a scene no less droll, no less encouraging for Turkey, was acting in the capital. Etiquette required that each pasha should present the bride with jewels; but as the *bezesten* might not be able to meet the sudden demand which loyalty would occasion, Mahmoud was graciously pleased to permit his nobles to purchase the state jewels. To save them the trouble of selection, the *khasnadar* (treasurer) made an allotment to each noble according to his rank, with the price affixed. The jewels, after marriage, passed from the bride's hand again into the royal treasury, there to remain till required to perform the same circuit at the marriage of any of her sisters. What say financiers to this mode—novel even in Turkey—of raising the wind?

There is ingenuity in the idea. The pashas who, from distance or disfavour, could not attend in person, were expected to send presents, and perhaps the tax fell heaviest on them.*

Mustapha Effendi, who had till lately been the sultan's bosom friend and secretary, appeared among the pashas who offered their compliments at Sultana Saliheh's marriage. He had replaced the celebrated Khalet Effendi in that trying situation. He had risen to a higher pitch of fortune, and little was wanting to lead him to the same end—the bowstring. Suspected of holding communication with Mehemet Ali's agent during the Egyptian war, he became in consequence a ready object of attack to envious courtiers. Mahmoud listened to their insinuations, and turned his face from his favourite. He might have been farther influenced by his wealth, for Mustapha had directed his attention to commerce, and owned several vessels. He might have been tired of him, for

* As the "gift" of the governor of Cyprus (in May 1836) did not equal royal expectation, his *capi kiaya* (agent) was ordered to freight a steamer and send it for him. He did so. The "Essex" went down to the island, and brought back the delinquent with his hands full. It is needless to add that the pashas thus bled, bleed their subjects in turn.

Mustapha was no longer the assiduous, downy-cheeked youth. At first it was intended that he should die; but the sultan contented himself with confiscating his property; then sent him to be governor of Terhaleh, (in the district of Cavalla,) a place noted for hastening the death of strangers, owing to its bad air and water. At Terhaleh, Mustapha would have pined forgotten, and have died unthought of, but for the marriage. Although not included in the summons to attend, he contrived to avoid a direct prohibition, and on the day of reception kissed his master's feet. Mahmoud deigned to smile on him. He inquired what he wanted. "Only," replied the cast-off favourite, "to be sent to some place where I may die easier." Judicious presents to the sultana bride and her mother effected the rest. He was soon afterwards nominated to the pashalik of Adrianople; where, aided by a French cook and a billiard-table, he passes a merry life, and may be glad that he was not chosen for the Sultana Mihirmah, as many people confidently expected he would be, on seeing the revulsion in the sultan's feelings towards him. But a restored favourite is dangerous to intrigue: Mustapha could

not be allowed to return to court, and therefore the choice was made to fall on Said Pasha.*

Since then no person can be said to fill the same place in Sultan Mahmoud's affection. He may deem mankind ungrateful, ignorant of the difficulty of pleasing where the feeling is not mutual. Achmet Pasha, the general of the guard and the marshal of the palace, is ostensibly the favourite. A certain Riza Bey, it is true, shares the royal intimacy with him; but as Riza cannot write, he is unable to enter into competition with him in state intrigue. Riza Bey's fortune has been as sudden as curious. The sultan one day, as he passed by a shop in Constantinople where Egyptian drugs are sold, remarked the lad, who was serving the customers. He demanded his

* Originally a page in the palace and a favourite—then disgraced and turned out, Said got a fit of religion, and turned dervish. After twirling and howling for some months, he was removed from the *Tekieh*, (college,) and made a colonel through the influence of the seraskier pasha. From that he was made a pasha of two tails with the government of the Dardanelles. Then, as "son-in-law," he became pasha of Brussa and military counsellor of state. All these changes within eight years.

name: *Riza*, was the reply. "Step forth, *Riza Bey*," said the sultan. *Riza* accordingly left his humble vocation and joined the royal suite. He became the companion of his master's pleasures, and was, in 1836, one of the richest men in Constantinople.

Achmet Pasha holds a valuable token of the sultan's regard in the city of Nicomedia, given to him for his use and profit. In order to increase its value, he cut a road to it, and established thereon a line of post-carts, forbidding all travelling by any other conveyance. As the carts are without springs, and the road is uneven, many persons would prefer horses. Every improvement in Turkey has for its object a tax. Thus also the merchants and shopkeepers of the capital are obliged to take in the state gazette, one among so many. They grumble at the regulation, because, in addition to the absence of any information beyond the sultan's movements, and some ordinances of etiquette, the style is so high flown that very few can understand it. If we desire to promote reading among the Turks, we must commence by using the vulgar Turkish, and leave off the court and diplomatic language, of which

half the words are Persian or Arabic. There are many libraries,* and hundreds of schools, at Constantinople, but as no books are written in the people's tongue, so they never get beyond the threshold of literary education. None but the "lettered" by profession can give the necessary time to study the polite Turkish, and even they are rarely able to read the language with ease and pleasure.

I mention the young pasha's post-road, because, in addition to its novelty, it is exhibited and spoken of as a proof of Turkey's advancement in social and political improvement. Allowing it to be perfect and agreeable to the public, it says not much: obliterate all the roads in England, excepting the one leading to Brighton, and you might have a parallel. But the aspect of Con-

* The library founded by Raghib Pasha, (a grand vizir,) and that founded by Kiuprigli Oglou Pasha, (a grand vizir,) are singularly elegant and commodious. The edifices are of stone, and stand in the midst of gardens. They are paved and vaulted, and colonnaded with marble. The rooms are furnished with sofas for the accommodation of the students. The literary contents are in Persian, Arabic, and Turkish, including translations of some European works. An elegant *mekteb* (school) is attached to each.

stantinople and its vicinity, as I observed before, is one of high prosperity, and a Frank who arrives at it by a steamer with preconceived ideas, may readily draw a corresponding inference for the country of which it is the capital. Many do so. On seeing one good regiment and barracks, one clean hospital,* one good band, one solid bridge, one tolerable road, they are enchanted; they return home, and with such colours paint all Turkey. They do not reflect that the revenue of an extensive empire, now as under the Greek emperors, is expended on one city. Government does nothing elsewhere. There are no roads; there are no canals; there are no bridges; there is no police; there are no public edifices; there is no post office:† thirty vessels compose its navy, and about 50,000 ill-paid and ill-appointed troops compose its army. All that can be squeezed from

* The hospital of the guard at Scutari does credit to Achmet Pasha. It is under the direction of Doctor Ansaldi, an Italian. It has beds for 300 patients, The diseases are chiefly dysentery and typhus.

† The Austrian and Russian post-offices at Pera are under the sole control of the Russian and Austrian legations. The Russian post-office is the finest building in Pera.

the provinces comes to Constantinople: the resources of the finest portion of the globe are lavished on that city.

One can, therefore, readily account for the complacency and self-importance of the Constantinopolitans, few of whom ever go twenty miles from their homes, and many of whom still think that the *Padischah* is, as his title says, lord of the earth and the water—lord of the east and the west. One day, in 1833, a friend of mine, as he was passing over from Tophana to Scutari, asked his *caikgi* his opinion of the Russian fleet, which was then lying in the Bosphorus, and about to leave it. "Oh!" said the *cockney*, "they are only a parcel of *Balykgis* (fishermen): the sultan gave them leave to come, but now he tells them to go away, and they are going—*Mashallah!*" They were *balykgis*, but the fish that came to their net were—Turks. One can, therefore, readily understand how a traveller who sees little more of Turkey than its capital can indulge in such reveries as the following:—

"The press exists: it affords the example of sound and, I must add, of free discussion upon the most important subjects."

"Let us protect the sultan until he shall have matured the reforms which at present exist principally on paper—until he shall again have become a *power*—until he shall have recovered Silistria—built new fortresses on the Danube—signed the acts of absolute independence for Moldavia, Wallachia and Servia—and opened his first parliament,—then Turkey will be safe."

In addition to the afore-mentioned gazette there are two newspapers (in French) in Turkey: one at Constantinople, called also the *Moniteur Ottoman*, first edited by Monsieur Blaque,* the other at Smyrna, edited by M. Deschamps, both salaried by the sultan. I should say that they have done Turkey mischief, by concealing, under pompous announcement of improvements, the vicious system which is gnawing her entrails,—by declaring to

* M. Blaque died, in 1836, at Malta, on his way to Paris. He would have done service there. Although he was obliged to write in a certain sense as editor of a newspaper, no man, I should think, had better means of knowing the real state of Turkey, and he might have undeceived some of the erroneous impressions which his writings might have produced at Paris. Sultan Mahmoud behaved generously to his family: he gave his widow a pension, and took the charge of his son's education at Paris.

the world that the changes in progress are genial to the clime, and agreeable to the nation; by which means people supposed that Turkey would be able to re-establish herself without foreign aid, so that when a crisis actually arrived, (the Egyptian revolt,) Europe, partly deceived by them and others, was unprepared to assist her. Moreover the "sound and free discussion" is inaccessible to the Turks: it is in French. Mr. Quin, no doubt, supposed, as did Dr. Walsh apparently in his last work on Turkey, that the Turkish *Moniteur Ottoman* is a translation of the French *Moniteur Ottoman.* Mr. Quin could not have been expected to avoid error in his six months' tour, but the learned doctor, as chaplain to the embassy for many years, might have had better information.

It is difficult to see why the safety of Turkey should depend in part on the sultan signing away the independence of the Danubian principalities. Has the signing away of Greece benefited Turkey? Is the tribute of those states of no service? Could they remain independent of Russia? As to Sultan Mahmoud's "first parliament," it is too visionary to think of. Perhaps

our agreeable traveller was informed that Achmet Pasha's road was cut for the convenience of the forth-coming deputies of Asia Minor.

Having mentioned him, having mentioned Tahir Pasha, having mentioned Halil Pasha, I have only to add Khosrew Pasha, (the seraskier,) to complete the Turkish cabinet in 1834-35-36. There were also the grand vizir, the Defterdar Effendi, the Kiaya Bey, &c., but they were cyphers. The above four, each arbitrary in his department, ruled the capital, and pretended to rule Turkey. But Khosrew was the planet. Halil might have been sent far away from his royal mistress to rule a distant province; Achmet, to disperse a band of rebels; Tahir, to eat his ration at Gallipoli; but Khosrew's presence in the capital was necessary. The sultan's right-arm for many years, Khosrew Pasha will probably remain till death, whether in office or out of office, an important personage; for what exists of organisation is due to his assiduity, for the quiet of the capital is owing to his police, for conspiracy is kept under by the dread which his tact and his merciless exaction of blood excited. *Babam*, (my father,) as the sultan used to call

him when I was at Constantinople, has shown himself a remarkable man. Many deny him the possession of talent, but do they not err? Consider the storm through which he has conducted Turkey, though not unscathed by lightning—though not with spars unwrung, but still above water: consider the Grecian revolution, the destruction of the Janissaries, the Egyptian revolt, in all of which he has been one of the chief organs of the sultan, exposed during that period to the malevolence of party, and to his master's anger, in a country where misfortune is a crime, and where to fail is to sin. Without his aid, Sultan Mahmoud would, I venture to say, have slept with his fathers before this hour. Since, however, he has been under Russia's protection, he stands in less need of his assistance. Khosrew Pasha may be termed the Talleyrand of Turkey. He has veered with every wind. He has massacred Christians; he has exterminated Mussulmans: he superintended the slaughter of Ipsara; he cast the parts for the tragedy of the *Etmeidan*. He was a staunch Janissary—he is now a reformer. He vowed hatred to Russia—he is now her friend.

As circumstances may cause a man to be cruel and sanguinary, so we should be cautious how we judge of individual character by the acts of a public life; and in this view Khosrew Pasha appears better than one might be inclined to expect. It happened that a certain *ridjal* (gentleman) among the Janissaries contrived to escape the destruction of the corps in 1826. As he was of consideration, strict search was made for him, but in vain; he was, therefore, supposed to have been reduced to a cinder in the conflagration of the quarters, or to have fled. Neither one nor the other was the case. He remained in the capital shut up with his wife and two faithful domestics in a retired house, living on the produce of her jewels, which she was enabled to dispose of without fear of discovery, as the out-door garb of a Mussulman woman is a complete disguise. The absence of domestic *espionnage* in Turkey renders concealment in a house easy. After nine years, however, their money failed; but Suleyman had a note of hand for twenty thousand piastres. He gave it to the partner of his seclusion, with directions to seek out the banker, declare herself, and obtain any part of

the sum. She accordingly went to the *khan* where banking affairs are generally transacted, and having found out the individual in question, she said to him, " I am the wife of Suleyman Aga, (of such an *orta* of Janissaries;) we have hitherto lived concealed from every body, but that is no longer possible: we are in want of means to purchase bread. Here is your bill. Take it: give me ten thousand piastres for it—give me five thousand piastres—as you will." The banker was a villain. " Suleyman," he observed, " in virtue of his Janissary reproach, was dead in law; therefore he could claim nothing: nevertheless, let the lady leave their address, he would see what could be done for the sake of friendship. Having thus dismissed the fair suppliant, he repaired to the *eski saray*, and denounced her husband to the seraskier, thinking to do the great man a singular favour, as well as to rid himself for ever thereby of a creditor. Khosrew was astonished: he commended the banker's zeal, who retired exulting in his treachery, and sent *chavasses* immediately to the proscribed man's abode. Suleyman, who from the moment of his wife's return might have looked

on the stork before his windows as the bird of fate, now deemed his final hour arrived; for what could the dreaded seraskier want but blood? He embraced his wife as though for the last time, and accompanied the messengers to the *eski saray*. Unexpected result! On seeing him enter, on seeing the beard descending to his girdle—sure passport to a Turk's favour—Khosrew's feelings flowed back to their early fountains. He rose up—he advanced to meet him—he took his hands—he led him to the sofa. Bewildered at this conduct, Suleyman would have declined the proffered honour; "The slave is not worthy to kiss the hem of his master's robe." "*Otour, otour,*" (sit down, sit down,) said the seraskier, "*korkma,* (fear not,) the evil time is gone by; you are no longer a bad man; you are a good man. We do not shed blood for the sake of blood." He made him recount the mode of his escape and his sufferings, in which he took a warm interest, for they had known each other in the "olden time." In the meanwhile he sent for the false banker, who started, and the pallor of death overspread his countenance when he saw his intended victim

sitting in the place of honour. "*Aman*," (mercy,) he cried, "what shall I do? I will do anything to turn aside this evil which has fallen on my head."—"Go home, wretch," replied the seraskier, "and return instantly with the twenty thousand piastres you owe this aga, with the interest thereon—not an asper less." He gave the money to the astonished Suleyman, then desired him to have no apprehension, but to go about as he was used to do formerly and see his friends; and, above all, to visit him again soon. How well Khosrew must have slept that night! I was then at Constantinople, and witnessed the glad effect it produced on the inhabitants, with whom Khosrew's ready wit and humour made him half a favourite, in spite of his notoriety.

"They used to complain of my doing nothing with the fleet," said Khosrew, "but I always brought it back again." A sly hit at Tahir Pasha.

As he was riding one day into Pera, some Turkish women mobbed him on account of the scanty supply at the fountains: "We have no

water to wash our dead with," they cried out. "So as their souls be clean, my darlings, you need not care about their bodies," replied the seraskier. "Ah! the *ghiaour!*" shouted the nymphs, between anger and laughter.

CHAPTER XII.

Merchant Vessel—The Dardanelles—Vourlah—Demonstration—Treaty of Hunkiar Skellesi—Agriculture—Decline of population—Contentment—Villages—Husseyin Bey—Kiosk—Smyrna—Casino.

As I was about to re-embark, after having passed several pleasant days among my friends, in order to return to the squadron, a trifling contrariety occurred to me, which I will just mention as showing the facility of raising a report in the East. On reaching Tophana, after an early dinner with the consul-general, we learned that the vessel in which I had engaged a passage had sailed an hour before. Provoking! to have left good wine and better company for nothing! Another bark, however, was just then "casting." "What ship?"—"*La Superba di Malta.*"

"Whither bound?"—"To Thasco." "A passage as far as the Dardanelles?"—"*Volontieri.*" Jumping on board, I made my bow to the captain, waved farewell to my friend, who shot up the stream for Therapia, and then, *vento in poppa*, we soon left the glorious prospect. We also left the good ship, the *Emerald*, behind us. Her captain, it appeared, had been delayed beyond the hour fixed for his departure: he had neglected to apprize me of it, but thinking, nevertheless, that his passenger was still ashore, he came the following morning to take me off with him. I was nowhere to be found. I had left the house the preceding evening, he was told, to embark, but had not since returned. Strange reports, in consequence, got into circulation in that place of marvels, Pera; and a German traveller, fresh from Vienna and ripe for anything, swallowed as a matter-of-fact, that an English officer, charged with despatches for the fleet at Vourlah, had been made away with—of course by *Russian influence*. The German took himself off,*

* His memoranda would, I dare say, make an excellent supplement to the travels of his countrymen, Count Augustus Von B—, who in forty-eight hours, scarcely long enough

Meanwhile, we were sailing pleasantly along the crocodile-shaped sea—the gulf of Nicomedia, the head of the creature, the Hellespont its tail, the gulf of Mondania its fore legs, while Cyzicus and the isle of Marmora figure its hind legs crouched up. The vessel I thus by chance found myself in belonged to my friend Captain Schembri, of Malta, and was commanded by one Signor Bonetti of the same island. She had left Valette with a cargo of furniture (of native manufacture) and floor paving-stones, and was now on her return home, intending to call at Thasco *en route* to cut fire-wood. Besides the captain, the crew consisted of thirteen persons, orderly and steady. Their united pay amounted to eighty-five dollars

to warrant the act of printing about a place, contrives to see strange things at Constantinople; although "seeing," I believe, in a traveller's vocabulary, is often intended to be read in the room of "good authority," in which sense the Count was more sinned against than sinning. Among other sights, he describes the sultan, in 1832, as wearing a *white and coloured turban*, and enveloped in a green caftan. As part of the old costume, the turban was forbidden in 1826, when the Janissaries were destroyed. The *turban* is too historical, it has too much influence on the mind of Turkey, to be handled carelessly.

a-month; the cost of their provisions to about as much more. They were allowed meat every other day, *pain à discretion*, a bottle of wine each daily, peas, maccaroni, &c. Mediterranean sailors do not like English rations. I am not surprised at their taste. Our lads, too, would like a substitute for meat occasionally in hot climates.*

A gentle breeze, before which we sailed slowly into the Hellespont, gave us leisure to observe the beauty of the scenery on either hand: the European shore has fine valleys; that of Asia is thickly wooded, and in consequence the Porte has slips there for building men-of-war. We hove to at midnight off Gallipoli to wait for daylight, when we again bore up and ran swiftly down the stream to the Dardanelles. I then took leave of

* Might not an arrangement be made by which the constant use of salt meat at sea would be avoided, and such articles as rice, maccaroni, &c., be substituted? Our rations, consisting of salt meat, biscuit, rum, flour, raisins, &c., are adapted for cold weather, but five-sixths of our ships are employed in warm climates. The government would gain by the change, not only in the price of the articles, but in the decreased consumption of medicine, which is enormous in our ships, owing to the food.

Captain Bonetti, with many thanks for his attentions, and landed at the town, while *la Superba* lay to for ten minutes to exhibit her firman,* and pay the consular fees. As it was not yet five o'clock, I strolled about the town, and witnessed the operation of a whole population rising together, which is only seen in the East; for in the West one class of society is often retiring to rest, while another is going to work. A bathe in the sea, and the good offices of a Turkish barber, made me comfortable and ready to partake of an excellent breakfast at our consul's. I then took up Lloyd's Field Sports in Norway, and amused myself with his bears and foxes, waiting for some vessel that should be going by to the gulf of Smyrna. One appeared at noon, and to my surprise she proved

* Every vessel that leaves the Hellespont must be provided with a firman to that effect, for which the cost (including the consular charge) is about five dollars. She also pays two dollars at Constantinople for her bill of health. At the Dardanelles she pays two dollars more. These are trifling charges for English vessels, but they fall heavy on small Ionian traders, and may be one reason for making them like the Russian flag, under which the charges are considerably less. Might not the fees be graduated according to the vessel's tonnage?

to be the said *Emerald*, whom I had supposed by that time to have been half way towards Andros. Her captain was equally surprised to see his lost passenger, about whose fate he was uneasy.

That afternoon and the following night we had sharp squalls with heavy rain, while passing Tenedos and Mitylene, which left us in the morning becalmed, as usual, off Cape Carabournou. We lay thus for several hours. At length the *inbat* (sea-breeze) came up, and enabled me to reach the Caledonia in time for the ward-room dinner. I found the good ship lying in the same place where I had left her a fortnight previous—in Vourlah Bay.

Scarcely marked on the map, its name undetermined, (the French call it Ourlak,) Vourlah is becoming European, as the spot where a British squadron rendezvoused year after year, in order to "animate" the Turks and "intimidate" the Russians, but which we observed only produced the effect of making the former exclaim—"Wonderful!"—the latter smile: which increased, finally, the influence of Russia by the amount of the hope we raised, crushed by the failure of the demonstration, shown by her continuing in her own way

at Constantinople, not caring two *kopecks* about the "imposing display."

To set aside the obnoxious article—obnoxious indeed!—of the treaty of Hunkiar Skellesi, which closed the Euxine to our ships of war, was, I believe, the avowed intention. Alas! our countrymen at Constantinople had the mortification to see their ambassadors extraordinary, the one to the court of Persia, and the other to St. Petersburgh, proceed into that sea in a king's steamer, disguised, while two of our frigates were lying idle within six miles of the entrance. Have we lived to write the words: "A sea closed to English ships of war?" The man who would have hinted at the possibility of such a dishonour in 1815, would have been stoned.

On this point many think we ought to have rung the tocsin—not at Russia, but *at the Porte*. We missed our aim by endeavouring to intimidate the former, instead of demanding it of the latter *as a right*. We and France sent notes to Russia, to the purport that we would consider that treaty as a dead letter; to which Count Nesselrode, it is said, replied that his master would continue to act as though *such notes* had never been written. The

wily statesman saw at once that we had taken up the feeble side of the argument. What had we to do with Russia? We should have acted as though *she* had not been in existence. Instead of talking to Russia of a "*dead letter*," we should have demanded of the Porte the instant annulment of an *offensive clause*, and have ensured its execution by sending a squadron at once through the prohibited channel, thus taking Russia unawares. Unhappily, the partisan view taken of Turkish affairs misled us, and allowed Russia, then and since, to use Turkey as a cat's paw.

We talked of a "dead letter," and acted as though it had been a *magna charta:* we should have admitted it to be what it really was, a treaty between two empires, breaking a former treaty between one of those empires (Turkey) and ourselves, and then have acted as though it had never received signature.

All honours were showered on Lord Durham; the pashas waited on his excellency, and told him their plans: one might have fancied his lordship the grand vizir. But—they could not allow him to pass into the Black Sea in the frigate which had brought him to Constantinople. They regretted

it much, but—certain reasons. "Poor fellows!" we said; "who can doubt *their* good-will, if it only depended on *them?* . . . D—n the Russians!" . . . But how can we reproach the Russians? *they* are not in evidence: they *do* nothing." Had we d—d the Turks instead, and threatened to coerce them if recusant, we should have been much nearer success. Their Russian ally might not have liked to suffer himself to be dragged into an unseasonable dispute in virtue of the defensive treaty. Precisely thus, I fear, will we act as soon as Russia shall have so far matured her plans as to wish to make a slight alteration in her treaty.

A demonstration, I may observe, in order to be of any service, should have sufficient strength to accomplish the object aimed at, otherwise it encourages your rival by showing the extent of your designs, and the amount of your force. In 1829, for example, a squadron of ours lay off Tenedos, for the purpose, if deemed requisite, of ascending the Hellespont, and going into the Black Sea,—a movement which would have altered the face of the campaign. What did Russia? She stationed as many line-of-battle ships there also. They

would have been beaten—destroyed; but would not our ships also have been disabled, rendered unfit to affect the movements of Diebitch? Our force at that juncture, to be of any service, should have had sufficient strength, (not forgetting steamers to tow, in case the wind should be foul,) to control the blockading squadron with a part, while the remainder should pass up the strait.

No wonder if, as it is averred, admiral Heyden jumped out of his cot and embraced the English lieutenant sent by Sir Pulteney Malcolm to inform him of the treaty of Adrianople. His men had been at their quarters three weeks, day and night, and the veteran would have died at his guns in barring the passage of the Hellespont. Yet this display * was seriously quoted in the House of Commons by a noble member as an argument of Russia's fear of England. Fear! it was the expression of a *brave man's* apprehensions—the joy he felt at having escaped an

* The report of the speech stated it as I have mentioned above; but I believe that Count Heyden was at table with Sir Pulteney Malcolm when the news of the peace arrived, and that his expressions of joy amounted to rising off his chair and waving his cap above his head.

imminent danger, which, nevertheless, he had resolved to encounter well. He knew that his government had placed him there as a sacrifice —as a tub to the whale. Could he be otherwise than glad at seeing the whale pass it by?

Midway between Cape Carabournou and Smyrna, on the southern side of the gulf, nine or ten islets, arranged in the form of a segment of a circle off the main land, which may be called the chord of the arc, enclose an excellent anchorage. Fragments of masonry on the southernmost of them mark the site of Clazomene: the causeway formerly connecting it with the main-land is still visible at low water, and is fordable at any season. Adjoining it, on the main, a mole affords shelter to coasting boats. There is also a custom-house and magazines to receive the sultan's dues of grain. Thence a winding path by the sea-shore for a couple of miles, leads to an ample fountain of excellent water, the pure cause of our partiality to Vourlah. Right off it, off one of the loveliest valleys in creation, we anchored, lying in the influence of the *inbat*, (sea breeze,) which so tempered the sun's rays, that we scarcely experienced twenty hot days during the summer.

Close by the fountain, the usual concomitant of an English squadron soon sprang up, in the form of a copiously supplied spirit shop. The affinity is ludicrous, and often savours of magic. No matter where we anchored, whether off a rocky island in the Egean, or up a deserted gulf in Hellas, nothing apparently forthcoming save wild herbs and shell-fish, *gin—gin—gin* speedily found its way to the beach, *Jack* the magnet. Flocks of geese, turkeys, fowls, piles of eggs, baskets of fruit and vegetables, covered the green meadow, making with their various costumed venders, a lively scene ; further diversified in winter by game and wild boar brought down from the hills by native hunters. Our boats—a muskito fleet—were sailing to and fro all day. In this cove we find the ships' carpenters at work : this rock is resounding with the armourers' forges. Under the shade of yonder olive-trees, the seamen's wives, glad to escape the confinement on board, are busy washing linen : farther on we see a game of cricket, or a party playing quoits : others, gun in hand, and with belted shoulder, are intent on a *battue* : others again, on horseback, are bound on a cruise to Smyrna, to try

their luck at the *Casino*. Everything is English. One might deem it the initiative of an English colony.

We were, in fact, as much the lords and masters of the spot as though such had really been the case. We might hunt, shoot, fish, pick fruit, cut down trees, deface monuments, land our marines, bury our dead; in short, do what good or ill we pleased, without saying "by or with your leave." If any of the inhabitants had a petition to prefer, or a complaint to make, our admiral was the only person they ever thought of addressing. On the whole, we behaved pretty well, and we gained the good-will of the natives, who pursued their field avocations with confidence, leaving their villages, as usual, under the care of Allah. They drew a flattering comparison between us and French ships of war; not that the latter were particularly unruly, but the Gallic disposition is too flippant, too mercurial, for the Turk. We soon knew all the Achmets and Mustaphas, and Mehemets, old and young, of the neighbourhood; but, except occasionally a Rachel-like form, standing with her earthenware vessel beside a well, we seldom saw the

Fatimas and Gulnares after the veiling age. Manners, even more than dress, particularly marked in the conduct of the children, distinguished the dominant *caste:* while the little Greeks would invariably teaze or coax us for *paras,* the turbaned urchins never moved the hand or lip of supplication. Taught from their earliest infancy to consider themselves as the masters, they seemed to scorn the practice of their rayas. There was a nobleness in the sentiment which made one respect even a child. But alas! the boy grows up and remains the same—a child in thought.

Various little occurrences contributed to increase the unanimity among us. Our medical officers, for example, would visit their sick, and our watering parties would give assistance in clearing out a well or in widening a ditch for them. But the following circumstance tended more than all to strengthen the good feeling. It happened that one of our bargemen let a fowling-piece go off by accident, and the contents of it riddled the turban of a Mussulman farmer, carrying away also a piece of the man's scalp. The poor fellow was immediately laid on the cushions of the

barge, and conveyed on board the flag-ship, where he remained as our guest and patient. No one expressed uneasiness about him, so satisfied were his countrymen of our kind intentions: no inquiries were made by the authorities as to whether he had been shot at by accident or on purpose. The wounded man himself was perfectly resigned, and only requested to know, when he came to his senses, if the wound were mortal: "for if so," he said, "I should like to see my wife and children; if not, let them remain where they are." He felt quite sure of our good treatment, but his mind was troubled at first with ideas of pork and spirits. He imagined that it was a part of our religion to eat and drink of these articles, and that, consequently, as good Christians, we should administer them to him in some form or other. And, although we relieved him from that apprehension, the previous idea never entirely quitted his thoughts; and afterwards, when recounting to his friends our kindness and attention, he always wound up his panegyric, by saying, "They never gave me pork or rum." His brother, who lived on board and acted as his nurse, also dreaded the foul taint,

and for some days would touch nothing cooked by us, but had his food brought to him from the shore. He, too, became certain that we could dispense with the "unclean animal." Our order, and our regularity, seemed wonderful to him and his friends: our church service, as simple as their own, impressed them with respect; but the "sick-bay" chiefly excited their admiration. "In our ships," they observed, "the sick are left to die or live as may be;* here we see them taken care of like bey-zadehs," (sons of gentlemen.) Ever and anon the most determined fatalism gives way at the aspect of science averting the hand of death; but, obstinate in his dogma, the Mussulman reassures himself by saying that the presence of the *hekim* (doctor) was predestined.

* During the winters of 1832-33, when the Turkish squadron lay at Lampsaki, in order to keep up a show of readiness against the Egyptians, upwards of one thousand of the crews died of cold and want. The vessels are usually laid up in the winter, and the men either discharged or housed in barracks. The want of proper bedding in the Turkish ships renders the men unable to contend with cold and wet weather. A bad cold may easily prove fatal.

In fine, the skill of Dr. Hillyar, (our surgeon,) aided by the wounded man's exemplary patience and water drinking habits, effected a perfect as well as an extraordinary cure. After four months, Hassan returned to his village convalescent and grateful, with a bag of dollars, raised by subscription among the officers of the Caledonia, to clear his little property of a mortgage. He came on board, at our return, dressed in a new suit, with a *bouquet* of flowers in either hand, one for the admiral and the other for the doctor.

Long will their infidel guests be remembered with affection by that quiet patriarchal race. When we were riding over the hills from *Sighajik*, eighteen months afterwards, the cordial *hoch ghieldin*, (welcome,) saluted us from every person on the road, with expressions of pleasure at the prospect of seeing the squadron again at Vourlah.

Husseyin Bey, governor of the district, only displayed authority respecting us by taxing all articles brought to our fountain by the country-people; whereby the prices were considerably enhanced, although no scarcity ensued. He sold the monopoly of supplying us to a Greek: he

repeated the bargain for the ensuing year; but as we failed to honour Vourlah with our presence in the summer of 1835, the Greek was outwitted—rare instance !—by the Turk. Husseyin was a sad screw: at the pretty village of Bournabat, of which he was also the aga, he used to oblige the market-people to buy their vegetables at his gardens, *at his own price.* These and other trifling essays on political economy pointed him out as a fitting person to succeed his father in the government of Smyrna, on the latter being appointed chief of the customs at Constantinople; and in that wide field for fiscal tyranny, he made his real character notorious to many others besides ourselves. Farming all sources of revenue, for which he paid the Porte a fixed sum, (about 30,000*l.* annually,) his speculations on spirits and vegetables, on beef and mutton, at Vourlah and Bournabat, were lost sight of in more extended operations carried on in the productive district of Aidin. And no one better knew how to disarm the complaints of his oppressed subjects.

On the highest hill of those bordering the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, a castellated, tur-

retted kiosk soars—fit residence for the king of air: gardens enclosed by walls and shrubberies cluster around the summit; winding roads lead to it from the valley. Who raised this crowning beauty? So, also, asked the sultan one day, remarking, while it was in progress, the expense and the labour of conveying materials up so high. "The humblest of your slaves, Husseyin Bey, designs it as an offering of fidelity to his lord and master," was the answer ready prepared. This gift converted the frowns of power into smiles, turned aside the rod of displeasure, and a long array of peculation, corruption, and extortion was wiped away, to be renewed on another occasion—to be as readily effaced. Ten thousand pounds adroitly employed will neutralize, any day, the complaints of the exhausted growers and cultivators of any province; and then a slight extra tax soon supplies the deficit in the governor's treasury.

Such mal-practices carried on at Smyrna, a city peculiarly favoured at all times, owing to its Frank population, carried on under the eyes of the Porte—*with its knowledge, and by its consent* —speaks volumes for the condition of Turkey,

and may undeceive many who have been of late misled by the equitable intentions and ameliorations so liberally ascribed to the sultan. Till lately, no governor of Smyrna, not even the military pashas who used to fill the situation, dared to carry extortion or monopolize to any length: instantly, if they did so, the French or English ambassador interested in the trade, and advised of the same by their merchants, would procure redress: but now their remonstrances are unheeded; or if a firman to the desired effect be sent to the offending functionary, a private intimation may accompany it to neutralize the effect.* Russia alone possesses the requisite influence, but she, of course, gives no advice that may benefit Turkey,—the more oppressive the Porte, the surer her game.

When we knew Husseyin he resided at Vourlah, a delightfully situated town, on a hill amidst gardens, four miles from our fountain. I often had occasion to visit him, and must in justice

* In 1835, we remonstrated against a monopoly granted to a Russian Armenian, of the produce of Rhodes, and obtained a firman for its removal. The firman, however, though repeated, was *not obeyed* by the pasha of the island.

give him credit for polished gentlemanly manners. He resided in a quiet bachelor way, his lady being at the time on a visit to her relatives at Constantinople. He had an elegant house, numerous attendants, and some fine horses. He might, therefore, have enjoyed life rationally; but, as usually happens to his countrymen, indolence destroyed its zest. We could never even persuade him to ride as far as our valley in order to see the marines exercising—a really fine sight, as eight hundred were landed together. In that respect, however, he was not singular: for a similar display on the point at Smyrna—a spectacle as novel as gratifying—as calculated, we thought, to excite the Turkish soldiers, scarcely drew fifty spectators. To see a few eunuchs carry along royal presents thousands would have flocked.

Sixteen hundred houses, (of stone,) one thousand Turkish and six hundred Greek, separated by groves and fields into distinct quarters, compose the town, with mosques, and baths, and well-supplied bazaars; comfort and cleanliness apparent among all classes. Excellent fruit is produced in the extensive gardens: oranges, figs,

and pomegranates come to perfection; but the melons are inferior to the celebrated and luscious ones of Cassaba, the perfume from one of which fills a house most gratefully, while the first mouthful produces the sensation of epicurean faintness. Eden had not better melons. They are sent to the principal tables of the capital. Pray admire a noble plane-tree on the skirt of the town; the girth of the trunk is twenty-five feet, while the branches shade a circumference of three hundred feet.

Fifteen villages are scattered over the district of Vourlah. Twenty-five years since five more were counted; but the revolution wasted two, and three gradually became so thinned of inhabitants by other causes, that the scanty remnants incorporated themselves with their neighbours. Traces of a town are visible near one of the villages, the pre-existence of which the natives venture to corroborate traditionally; enough, moreover, remaining in ruined fountains and neglected causeways to denote a much larger population at some period since the Ottoman conquest. It is now become diminished and unimportant. We had favourable opportunities of examining

its condition narrowly, for in sight from our anchorage, three of the villages, through one or other of which our daily excursions led us, graced the hills: Ghuendik, (of fifty houses;) Denizlu, (of thirty houses;) Hodja Deresi, (of thirty houses;) and a little farther off, but concealed by the brow of a hill, Usbek, (of twenty-nine houses.) Numerous paths, the pleasantest imaginable, connected them, branching out in all directions through a country planted with vine and olive, the fig and the pomegranate, and running wild with myrtle, arbutus, bay, dwarf-oak, holy-thorn, and various beautiful heaths. In a profusion indescribable, displaying on the same tree every colour from palest straw to crimson, the berry and the falling fruit, the arbutus offered equal attraction to the eye and the hand.

The peasantry were quiet and industrious. We saw in the care bestowed on their fields an example of one of the Turkish anomalies. One might suppose that the obligation to support troops on the march and government people (gratis) would operate as a check on cultivation: it is often quoted as one of the diseases of the land; yet to this custom, sanctioned by antiquity,

therefore not murmured at, must be ascribed the quantity of corn grown, which often causes bread to be of little value.* The husbandman knows that, be there little or much, the troops will eat and destroy; he therefore takes care to provide sufficient for their supply and his own too. Hence the passage of an Ottoman army, as I have witnessed, seldom leaves real distress: there is enough for the unwelcome guest to eat and to waste. "Old custom," also, is in operation. One is often surprised to see a farmer give himself apparently a deal of extra labour—labour, I should observe, in relation to the habits of the people; for farming is easy where manure is not required, and where a field lies fallow every third year: "Our fathers planted this land," you hear, "*inshallah!* (please God!) we will do so also." Nor does the nature of a crop often

* At a small town of Asia Minor, in 1834, the author found the price of bread to be ten paras the ok, (less than a penny per 2¾ lbs.) "What would it cost in such a village?" we asked. "They would *give* you and your servant as much as you could eat there," was the answer. Yet a month afterwards occurred a great scarcity at Constantinople owing to monopoly.

change in the East: in 1765, Chandler describes the *Stadium* at Athens with corn growing in it; in 1835, we found the same *Stadium* similarly planted.

The situation of each village is peculiarly happy. In that respect, all over Turkey, the moderns rival the ancients: not even the Ionians, in all their luxury, could have looked out on more enchanting prospects than meet the eyes of these villagers at every window. Right beneath them the sunny, island-studded gulf; before them, in the distance, over the glittering "Castle of the Flag," Smyrna and Mount Sypelas; on their left, Mount Mimas and Mitylene. From the hills above their roofs the eye surveys the other gulf, washing the southern shore of the promontory; far, far off, it rests on cloud-capped Samos. In as far as nature was concerned, they possessed all in abundance—food of every description, raised by labour that could only be termed healthful exercise—but beyond that they had no more accessories to the enjoyment of life than their forefathers had possessed two centuries before them. A rug, a couple of saucepans, a coffee-boiler, a few wooden platters and spoons, with

some bowls or cups, constitute the property of a cottage; that cottage, be it observed, being little else than four walls of stone loosely connected, with a roof composed of alternate layers of mud and boughs, offering a striking contrast with the profusion of nature on every side. They could scarcely, however, be said to require more. What would any peasant care about his dwelling if able to sit in the air nine months out of twelve, sheltered or shaded by such trees—oranges and pomegranates—as we gladly place in diminutive form in our conservatories?

As in the olden time, the children of the village assembled every day at the dwelling of the *imam*,* there occupied themselves with a kind of recital of parts of the Koran, with listening to

* The remuneration of the village priest of Turkey is purely voluntary: a village is not obliged to have one. The community find him a house and garden: each family supplies his meals by turns. At certain festivals they make him a present of money. The same priest rarely stays above three years in one village; he then goes to another, probably moved by the sake of variety. They are united among each other, and thus a chain of intercourse is maintained throughout the country. Koniah is a great supply for village *imams*.

precepts, with acquiring a quiet demeanour, and respect for their elders, who also met at the same place to discuss their little affairs, and obtain advice from the learned man as to the proper times for sowing or planting; for the year being lunar, the month is no guide to agricultural operations. They had not the least appearance of belonging to a nation—of having any national impulses. They seemed a small tribe, governed by traditional customs, guided by local usages. Anybody might be their masters. They would have submitted to our domination with pleasure.

On traversing many of the wide, fertile, but neglected plains of Asia Minor,—on wandering among the hill wilds of Albania,—on residing in the ruinous cities, everywhere the hand of despotism visibly impressed, we readily explain to ourselves the condition of Turkey; but on observing the same results, or nearly so, viz. man in the enjoyment of nothing beyond earth's gifts, and population rapidly declining, in a quiet, paradise-spot like Vourlah, with a clime and soil unrivalled, and contiguous to a great commercial city, we start; we in vain apply the reasoning which aided us elsewhere. We ponder over the

problem, an interesting one, as by it all Turkey may be estimated, more or less, in relation to its regenerative powers;—we find at length the solution to be—first, in the absence of *the aristocratic principle*; secondly, *in polygamy*.

Nations advance in grandeur and social importance in exact proportion as they have that principle. It is most remarkable among the English (with whom I class the Americans.) The French and Germans possess it next, but far removed. Then comes Italy. Spain has very little of it. We can scarcely speak yet of Russia, for her elements are of artificial growth, cemented by high talent carefully. fostered by power; but I do not think she has it essentially: too much Asiatic blood enters into her composition, and that will be a reason why her greatness should be of doubtful continuance in case the mind which has ruled her for the last century should cease tobe hereditarily transmitted. The Turks are without it in any way: they are truly republican in their ideas. With them the white man and the negro are on a par; they may call the latter a slave, and they buy him as such, but they allow him to attain the honours of the state. With them, the

master and the domestic are friends; the poor and the rich are equally beloved of Allah.* By the aristocratic principle, I do not allude to a nobility and to privileged bodies: France had them, Germany retains them; yet neither one nor the other could or can compete in exclusive notions with the Americans. I mean the feeling which leads men in all classes to admire everything in those above them, and equally to despise all in a lower condition—which makes them adore vice if gilded, and contemn virtue if disfigured by poverty—which places the felon confined in a jail and the tradesman fallen to a workhouse on an equality in the eye of sympathy. It may be termed the spirit of rivalry. It is set in action by the division of society into many grades; each barrier passable, but with difficulty; each new position, when attained, deformed by a comparison with the succeeding one. Nobody can stand still with honour to himself. All are subject to the condition of advancing or of remaining

* We carry the distinction into the punishment of crime. "Wellington Valley," in New South Wales, used to be set apart for the employment of "Specials," i. e. gentlemen convicts. Such are now, I believe, sent to Macquarie.

degraded. The preservation of the most intimate relations of life depend on success. The youth who is embarked in a career must return to his father-land fortunate, or he will find no home: cold looks, not smiles—reproaches instead of the "fatted calf"—will be his welcome. Hence national greatness is attained at the expense of individual happiness. Life, under such auspices, is a perpetual struggle; it is a precipice up which you must continue to climb and look up, or fall irrecoverably and remain unnoticed at the bottom.

All is contrariwise framed with Mussulmans, all is calculated to keep a man happy in the condition he is born to. Education with them tends to three things: to adore God, to respect age, and to be content. Riches may confer power, but that power is accompanied by insecurity: honours may bring adulation, but they rarely procure respect. Why, therefore, should the poor man, who is loved and caressed, wish to leave his state? His superiors do not despise him—therefore no latent feeling of revenge tempts him to aspire. Hence individual enjoyment of life at the expense of national greatness: con-

tentment is fatal to improvement. The Turk enjoys existence in his own way, without an idea that he can be made happier: the Turkman is satisfied with his black tent, his goat's flesh and his *ya'ourt;* the citizen desires no more than his cushions, his ambling nag, and his pipe. Hence the difficulty of *civilizing* him; for unless you can implant the wants of civilisation, you will not induce him to submit to its restraints. The Greek, on the contrary, imbued with the principle, and animated by the desire of pre-eminence, has ever striven and strives to rise above the position designed him by his lords. Unable to resist the impulse, he has steadily advanced, while the Turk has given way before the constant pressure.

But this stationary principle is less difficult to oppose than the increasing depopulation. Mohammed could not have contemplated the effect of polygamy, or he would never have indulged his followers with the fatal license. He might have had a dispensing chapter in the Koran for himself and his successors in the caliphate, and there have let the matter rest in as far as related to wedlock. Perhaps, however, the prophet ex-

pected that the few thus indulged would restore the equilibrium of the sexes affected by the oriental seclusion of women, which it was neither in his power nor was it his desire to alter: but in that case he argued on man as on an animal guided by instinct, not as on a reasoning being, led by passions and influenced by sympathies. It must not, however, be supposed that polygamy is practised to any great extent in Turkey. It is not: few men, comparatively speaking, have more than one wife; but the facility of espousing two or more is as mischievous. A woman's power over her husband in Turkey, where the mental qualities are not regarded, and where no society exists to exact appearances, depends on her personal attractions. To enhance these is her study, to prolong them is her chief care. She knows that on their decay the affections she lived on will in all probability be transferred to another, who may become as her mistress. She therefore avoids having many children—even delays having any. One or two may please her lord, may endear him to his home: at times circumstances may render the possession of any undesirable. The practice is very general: it is

resorted to with indifference, and is rarely attended with danger. The *Hebeh* (midwife) is an important personage in the East.

"For six weeks now," said a young *houri* to a friend of the author who had ventured on one of those *liaisons* in which death ever hovers near love, "the curtain of mystery must hang between us, —— but when I recover, your sight shall again gladden my heart." "For Allah's sake," said her lover, alarmed for the result too plainly announced by her words, "give up the idea: why resort to such a measure? I will cherish the token as the jewel of *giamschid*." "Impossible!" said the dark-eyed beauty, placing her *henna* tipped finger on her lips, "you forget ——."—"Come away then with me to other lands."—"Impossible!" murmured the fair Mohammedan, "you forget—my religion."—"But you will be ill—you may die."—"God knows! if I die it will be my destiny: if not, I will be happy with you again before the next moon is over." Thus saying, and smiling at the fears of her infidel admirer, she pinned her *yakmash* over her long bright tresses, hid her pearly mouth with muslin less white, drew her *feradjee* round

her graceful oriental attired form, and left the kiosk. In beauty she left it, but the fountain of Juno seemed to have showered over her when next she stole along by the old Grecian wall to the rendezvous.

Add to this practice the seclusion of the slaves of the *harems*, the celibacy of the followers of pashas and of the troops, their vigour sapped by eastern vices, the annual mortality occasioned by the pilgrimage to Mecca,—and we cease to be astonished at the decline of the Mussulman population,* to which of late years another constant element has been added in the conscription. The civil wars and the conscription of the present day draw as vitally on the Mussulman population as the exterminating sieges and battles, on the European frontier, of the last century, where quarter was rarely given and the wounded never recovered.

In the midst of the "rich, the populous, the

* In accounting for the extraordinary contrast between the population in Christian and in Mussulman countries, we must not forget that one great source of increase in the former does not exist in the latter, viz. illegitimate children, in the general sense of the term.

voluptuous Ionia," within a day or two's reach of Cleos, of Colophon, of the Hermus, of Ephesus, &c.; amidst scenes offering attractions for the naturalist, the botanist, the medallist and the antiquarian, we did not find our protracted stay at Vourlah very tiresome. To say the truth, however, we were less alive to its merits than it deserved: for earth to such as us, in consequence of early and continued habits, is chiefly centered in towns: its glorious hills, its blue lakes, its enamelled meads, are in general less cared for than thronged streets and glittering shops. The works of man are our delight, billiard rooms and hotels are our "pleasant places." We were not either without the means of deriving amusement and instruction in the society of those who read where others are blind. In the Rev. Hugh Salvin, our chaplain, known as the elegant translator of the *Mary Stuart*, *&c.* of Schiller, we had a guide well versed in the art of the antiquarian. We were indebted to him for the discovery of an ancient mineral bath and some curious basalt columns on the hill. Several of our officers also dabbled in the *ologies*: some were geologists, some were ornithologists. Captain M'Adam, of the royal

marines, shone conspicuous as a botanist, able at a glance to see the vegetable treasures of a country; and after him Sir Josias Rowley followed in the pleasing study, as well as in the graver pursuit of medals.

When tired of ruralizing, we visited Smyrna eighteen miles off. Beautiful is the city, in the distance, resting on the slope of that brown hill; and gay is yon row of houses, inhabited by Franks, stretching along the beach to the northwards, sparkling with their bright casements, and grotesque with the crown-capped ensign staves, denoting the abodes of consuls, not less in the estimation of Levantines, than those Rome sent forth to rule kingdoms. Mournful is yon cypress grove on the right, where the living seek communion with the departed, and the traveller of the day meets the traveller bound on his last journey, the crack of his whip disputing echo with the Imam's farewell hymn. Imposing is that castle, towering above all, proud in its ruin, and gentle in its decay, its remains spared by the sweet clime and by man respected. A lovely valley lies at its base, on the farther side, sprinkled with pleasure kiosks, and spanned by an ancient

aqueduct. In that city the Rhodian knight waved high the cap of hope, in the name of St. John. Bold in faith, true in valour, there stood he the shock of Tamerlane's destroying hosts: where Bajazet quailed, the warrior monks still held firm. Thence, defeated at length, their own machines hurled their reeking bodies over the waters to bear the tale to their own ships. And where are they now, those soldier priests who so long made the Osmanleys pale with their cry of faith—whose gallies swept the Mediterranean from the Hellespont to the straits of Gibraltar—who planted a banner on every shore? Ah! where?

Yielding to no city in the Levant for European modes and habits, so much so as to have gained for it the appellation of *Ghiaour Ismir*, (infidel Smyrna,) Smyrna is, in all respects, a pleasant abode. Having been for centuries the chief emporium of Turkish commerce, Christians are better looked on there than elsewhere: the "dog" is caressed, and though he have not a "soul to be saved," he is considered as a tolerably "clean animal." As the principal seat of our "factory," we had long unbounded sway in it; our ancient

consul, John Werry, Esq., who filled the post forty years, and died in 1832, at the age of ninety, might do what he pleased with the "faithful." Appointed solely for his merit, Mr. Werry ably served the Levant Company, and upheld the honour of our name; but in 1827 he incurred official displeasure: he hesitated about striking his flag, and then preferred remaining in the place as a private individual to quitting the country with his colleagues in office. He felt, and felt truly, that *his presence* would be a safeguard to British subjects and their property. No man more lamented the premature step of leaving England unrepresented in Turkey at that critical period; no man more surely predicted the consequence: but the "new light" was abroad, and the experience of half a century was hidden by its glare.

The Greeks, in particular, live securely and respected at Smyrna, and acquire wealth.* Frightful scenes, it is true, occurred, as in other cities, on the breaking out of the revolution; but in ordinary times the place is well regulated, and the

* Many of those who fled in 1821, returned after the war; their property was restored to them on payment of a fine.

police, under our fat friend, Hadji Bey, is civil and efficient. In the Frank quarter, the cleanest and most commodious part of the city, the houses are good, and perfect liberty is enjoyed by day or night. The Franks live harmoniously together, and on a footing of equality which gives a great charm to society: they seem to form one large family. Excepting a theatre, they possess everything to assist life in sliding away easily. They have a retreat from the summer heats in three charming villages, at an easy distance from the city: Bournabat, Bourdjah, and Sedikeuy, frequented also by the wealthy Greeks and Armenians. Bourdjah is distinctively called the English village; Bournabat the French village; Sedikeuy the Dutch village. During the winter, the Casino is opened, and offers constant resources. Hospitality presides: strangers are introduced, and free admission is given to the officers of the ships of war of all nations. The cup of coffee handed to each person on entering denotes the eastern locality. While the carnival lasts the ball-rooms are rarely closed. Terpsichore is the lady-patroness. Long noted for their beauty, the fancifulness of their attire, and their gaiety,

the fair Smyrniotes bear away the palm of dancing, and always keep the scene animated by their smiles, and lighted by their eyes, till daylight breaks in on cheeks which dread not the intruder —on feet, still untired. One morning, after dancing the fiddlers asleep and awake half a dozen times over, a joyous party, instead of retiring to rest, put themselves into a steamer and came down to see the squadron at Vourlah; after which they returned to Smyrna to dine, and then to another ball. Hapless chaperons! Poor husbands!

CHAPTER XIII.

Mitylene—Ishmael Bey—Greeks—Scio—Samos—the Samiotes—Archipelago—American frigate—French Commodore—*La cale*—Punishments—Russian men-of-war—Russian navy—English officers—Promotion.

Our cruises away from Vourlah in the island-gemmed sea, occasionally led us to Mitylene. Nothing in it recals to mind the birth-place of Sappho and of Arion; no stone remains of its "superb edifices." An aqueduct and a castle denote the presence of the Genoese before the Othmans captured the island. The chief town is dirty and prosperous, with well-furnished bazars. We readily obtained supplies* for the squadron,

* Bread thirty-two paras the oke; meat sixty-four paras the oke; oil ninety paras the oke.—Seven and a half paras one penny: 2¾lbs. one oke.

and the governor allowed us to ship oil, duty free.

Of an ancient family and a large proprietor in the island, Ishmael Bey was unbounded in his attention towards us. On our first visit he sent the admiral off a present of bullocks, sheep, and fruit; which, however, owing to a recent order about "presents," were necessarily sent back. The Bey was much offended, and it required considerable address to make him understand the reason for so treating his peace-offering; but we were enabled to inform him that one of our officers had recently refused presents from the Pasha of Egypt. This appeased him: what Mehemet Ali could eat, he might swallow. Among other questions, during our conversation, he asked if we were not afraid of Russia approaching Hindostan, an idea which all Turks seem to possess. He foreboded ill to Turkey from the actual posture of affairs, but said, "What can we do unless you aid us?" I seldom met a native of information without the same opinion: when such prevails a nation may be called morally lost. Speaking, on another occasion, of the Greek clergy, he inquired if our *papas* gave us

any trouble. We could not help smiling, the question was so apposite; but we abstained from amusing Ishmael with the subject. He was then preparing a *benevolence* for the sultan in the form of a large frigate, which had been on the stocks a year, and would require another year to finish. Few workmen were employed on her: the Bey paid them four piastres a day each. The timber (fir) came from the gulf of Adrymiti (as *miri*, duty.) Her constructor was a Turk, educated at Constantinople, and he appeared very well acquainted with his art.

The inhabitants of Mitylene, chiefly Greeks, might thank their stars, seeing the fate of Scio, for having resisted the inducements of Miaoulis to revolt. The vale to the southward of the city is covered with their villas and gardens, and presents an appearance of security and competence. As we were strolling about among them one afternoon, we came on a Greek family, sitting under a tree: we approached and entered into conversation. The gentleman of the party informed us that he kept a shop in the town; he left it every evening for his country box, and returned in the morning. He next, according to

Grecian custom, favoured us with a tirade on Turkish oppression, and, in the same breath, exulted over the rich prospect the scene before us would present in another month, when the ground would be swarming with his countrymen and women to gather the fruit. He then rose and invited us to accompany him to his house, which was close by, and on our assenting, his boy ran on before to prepare for the "illustrious strangers." We walked across a corn-field belonging to him, and some gardens interspersed with arbours of vine, with hedges of myrtle and oleander, and in a few minutes reached a comfortable rustic dwelling. He welcomed us with coffee, raki, and preserves, and again tried to awaken our sympathy with the sufferings of the Greeks. Some of my companions, who had not been in the Levant before, were surprised at this picture of a trodden-on Greek; it was a lesson to them. If writers on the same subject had taken the trouble to examine as well as listen, they would also have thought differently, for they would have seen that oppression in Turkey (except during civil war) rarely went the length of depriving a man of the necessaries of life, or of

compelling him to toil hard all day for subsistence. Our shopkeeper however was not singular: in every Greek community I ever visited, I have always heard similar complaints; but, on inquiring about their hardships, I could never descend so low as *want of food, or of fuel, or of raiment*; and oftentimes I have excited disbelief, by hinting at the state of pauperism in Europe. *That* is beyond the comprehension of the rayas of Turkey, who judge by the travellers and others who visited their villages: in them they see only the pure metal, ignorant of the quantity of dross and dregs thrown off in the process. In their estimation, to remain quiet is the privilege, to wander is the penalty.

In analysing the motive of this universal feeling amongst the rayas against the rule of the Ottoman, we find it to lie not in the direct oppression which affects a man's physical state, but in the broad sentiment which makes an insult be more resented than an injury—a taunt be more felt than a blow. The Turk was porcelain, the Greek was clay. The Turkish clown might insult the educated Greek; the Turkish urchin pelt the Greek priest; the Turkish "danc-

ing girl" mock the Greek lady. The rarer the outrage, the more bitterly was it felt; even though never committed, the liability to it would be gall. At night, a surly pasha passing by, might order the lights in a Greek gentleman's house to be extinguished, and the music to cease; or the police might summon the master of the entertainment in the morning to answer for disturbing the peace of the neighbourhood with his frolics. These were the real stings of Turkish oppression, the true causes of Greek revolt, enhanced by intellect and education being on the side of the reviled; and the effect of white turbans and yellow slippers, noting the Turk, was as marked as that produced by the plumes and red heels of the supercilious comparatively uneducated aristocracy of France. The Turks were as the aristocracy of the land; the rayas as the serfs—the villains; but the former made the fatal mistake, as I mentioned before in Chapter V, of allowing the latter to acquire knowledge, unwilling to take the trouble themselves. Such and such like vexations, of dress and privilege, ideal when commented on, but sadly real when felt, weighed down the secu-

rity of real property* and the trade of the empire in the other balance. Vanity, and the desire of gain, are so evenly weighed in the Greeks, that those in Turkey forget their real advantages in the wish for independence: those in Hellas think light of their freedom, looking back on the broad field of enterprise in the Ottoman empire.

Under these circumstances, repeated revolt, and finally emancipation, became inevitable, delayed only by the jealousy of the Greek character. All this might have been averted by the Osmanley, had he understood the mutual relation of the parties —the unnatural, inverse position of subject and ruler; but this required a process of investigation, a metaphysical apprehension of certain influences on the mind, superior to his reasoning powers. Ignorant of the effect of education, of travel, and of commerce, he never considered them as the causes of the unvarying hostility, the carelessness of benefits, the smothered contempt,

* Among many families in independent Greece, of hereditary wealth, I may mention four: the Notara, the Zaima, the Benaki, the Crevata, who have held their property since the conquest, above three hundred years.

the smile-wreathed treason of his vassal: he attributed the feeling, too apparent to remain unnoticed, to the innate leaven of the Christian. Incensed, he smote, at times; but, like the blind man's efforts, his blows fell at random: the vulnerable part was missed. A few heads might roll, a few limbs might be maimed, but the principle of resistance continued unimpaired: commerce remained to the sufferer, education waited on his children, respect encircled his religion and property. The regenerating sap revived, strengthened after each assault by additional fibres of hatred, which fructified at length into revenge and retaliation, waving to the world in the evergreen forms of liberty and patriotism.

The Turk has offered a practical lesson on the effect of allowing certain classes in a state, who are designed by society to remain in an inferior position, to become educated. There can be no doubt, that had he treated the Greek as the Spartan treated the Helot, as the Mamaluke treated the fellah, the Greek would have remained his bondsman to this very hour. The question is curious: if it be argued as one of liberality, I

agree fully in the propriety of education; but if it be defended on the grounds of expediency or of beneficence, I deny the premises. In giving their vassals, or their dependents, or their clients, or by whatever name we may please to call them, the means of self-instruction, the upper classes have not apparently the intention of encouraging the latter to lessen the distance between them. Yet such is the decided tendency of education; for education renders a man impatient of control; for education tells a man that it is not a law of nature that he should toil while his inferior in intellect reclines in indolence; for education teaches a man to regard the condition, which in his ignorance he supposed preordained by the Almighty, as one of dire oppression. The pauper, if accustomed to reason, cannot avoid drawing a comparison between the condition of his own child and that of the gentleman's horse. I, for my part, wish to see education widely disseminated, for it will sooner or later cause such monstrous disparities to disappear; but the rich should be aware of the truth, and yield in time; they should bear in mind, that in the proportion as they decrease the mental space between them and the

poor, so must they erase some of the marked distinctions of wealth—draw closer the extremes of society—or if they are not thus inclined, their acts are at variance with their thoughts, and they expose themselves to lose by force, in consequence of their own deed, what they refuse to give. It is a singular fact in the history of legislation, that the "Diffusion of Useful Knowledge Society," and the "New Poor Laws' Act," emanated from the same source, and about the same time.—Many persons, with every desire to keep the poor man down, imagine that education, by sweetening his lot, and by rendering him more cheerful under his privations, is a means thereto. They give themselves credit for beneficence—for reconciling an individual with an inevitable life of hardship. This is also an error: for education prompts desire, and desire ungratified is pain,—for education sickens under irrational supremacy,—for no torture equals that of the mind when curbed by ignorant authority. I refer to any woman for the truth of this position, who has the misfortune to be united to a man intellectually her inferior. What a struggle between duty and

reason! what a sinking of the spirits at times—what a searing of the heart at others! Obedience offered to a superior being becomes adoration, but when exacted by an inferior, it degenerates often into a scornful tribute. A woman can seldom purify and exalt her master's ideas, unless the feelings chance to correspond: she may tame him, she may lead him; but to do so, she must descend to his level. Happier might she be, thus doomed, if her mind had remained uncultivated, incapable of drawing a comparison between her actual life and the one her thoughts ceaselessly fly to.

To return to our subject; it is true, the monopoly generally made of the staple product of a province, as of oil at Mitylene, forbids the acquisition of wealth, but it equally prevents individual distress; depriving the few of luxury, it leaves comforts to the many. By his own showing, our Greek shopkeeper enjoyed his house and fields tax free: he baked his own bread, made his own wine, distilled his own raki, prepared his own conserves, spun his own garments: though his shop were unprofitable and his oil might be wasted, he would still remain

well off. Could the Porte be induced to remove the shackles from exportation, its revenue would soon be doubled; but it treats every part of its dominions as if it were a foreign country.*

The hills of Mitylene are covered with olives; each tree is surrounded with a parapet of stone, to preserve the roots from the action of the torrents. Half the juice is wasted by the rude process of expression, which renders the towns very dirty.

On leaving Mitylene, we made the counterpart of one of St. Paul's voyages, as briefly described in Acts xx.: "And we sailed thence, and came the next day over against Chios; and the next day we arrived at Samos."

We hove to off the city of Scio. Sad spectacle! the beautiful plain covered with ruined villas, speaks eloquently as well of the former prosperity of the inhabitants, as of the terrible re-

* One hundred and fifty thousand cantars of soap, and one hundred thousand cantars of oil, must go to Constantinople in the year: the surplus may be exported at will, paying first to the government an arbitrary duty. In 1834, the monoplists purchased the oil at three piastres the oke, then resold it to the people of Constantinople at five and five and a-half piastres the oke.

tribution which befel their untimely revolt in 1822. Once before, in 1694, in a state of equal prosperity, they rebelled, incited by the Venetians. Then also the hand of the avenger swept over the land, but not so fatally: the Latins fled to the Morea, recently conquered by Venice, and the favour of the sultanas again relieved the islanders from the odious distinction of caste. If ever a massacre might be excused, that of Scio is a case in point: every traveller during the last century expatiated on its happiness, and the more recent accounts of Galt, of Carne, &c, show the continuance of an enviable condition up to the fatal year.

"You were at Scio then?" we asked of a respectable Turk.—"I was." "You assisted at the massacre?"—"I did." "You knew the island when it smiled over the sea, a bower of industry and joy, when the loom and the song went together?"—"I knew it then." "You see it now—its wasted gardens, its ruined churches; you see the moon-beams shining through its roofless houses?"—"I see all." "Was it not a shame, a crime, thus to smite the garden of the Archipelago?"—"A shame truly, but not a crime." We

asked farther.—"Surely it was a shame to light the torch in that fair city, to slay the wife and the husband, to drag the maiden forth by the hair to the knife or to the market."—"But *we* were not in fault: Sultan Mahmoud gave the order; his firman to 'take, burn, cut,'* was read in the mosques; what could we do?" Perceiving us unconvinced, he continued, pointing to our ships in the bay, "If *your* sovereign were to command you to go and fire on a place until you utterly destroy it, would you not obey him? Did you not slaughter our men and burn our ships at Navarine?" His argument was unanswerable. If we, followers of a mild religion, citizens of a free state, obey blindly and joyfully, conceiving ourselves irresponsible to God or man, a sanguinary order, shall we be surprised if the ignorant fanatic Turk, whose sovereign stands in the royal and sacerdotal light, be no more scrupulous?"

Merchants in the principal cities of the empire, the Sciotes always returned to pass the evening of their days in their native land, and embellish it with their wealth. Eminently en-

* A Turkish laconism signifying "take their money, burn their houses, and cut their throats."

dowed with the spirit of commerce, transmitted to them by the Genoese, they raised themselves far above all the other Greek communities; and the same quality, exercised more keenly under misfortune, has again given them pre-eminence. They lost their country, but, like the Hebrews, they preserved nationality. Frugality, patience, and mutual succour, have worked a miracle: in Pera, in Syra, in Smyrna, in Nauplia, in Patras, the rich merchants are Sciotes, and we find their houses established in London, in Marseilles, in New York, &c. The Sciotes are remarkable among Greeks for oriental manners respecting women: they marry often without having seen their brides, and they are very jealous.

As we opened Port Vathi, (capital of Samos,) where lay a Turkish squadron under the command of my friend Hassan Bey, a Greek boat came off to us from one of the villages, to know if the squadron were come for the purpose of aiding the insurgents. The island where Marc Antony immersed himself in the pleasures of Asia, and thus gave Octavius time to prepare for victory—where Augustus afterwards received the homage of the kings of the world, even from the

far Indies, then exhibited the spectacle of a petty guerilla warfare, carried on by the inhabitants of a few mountain villages. Having ejected the Turks during the war, the Samiotes expected, notwithstanding their geographical position, to remain annexed to Hellas; and on being undeceived, they took arms, and threatened to abandon the island rather than submit to the Porte. Many went. Thousands left their homes on the faith of pompous offers by the Regency of land in the Negroponte and of fraternization. Read "Le Sauveur" and other papers of the day, to know how ill they were realised. Poor women! poor children! they soon discovered

> "Quanto sa di sale
> Il pane altrui, e quanto è dura calle
> Lo scendere e'l salir l'altrui scale."

Fortunately so, however, for them. Fortunately for their interests the Hellenists seemed to dread, scarcely less than plague, a mendicant immigration of their countrymen. Fortunately for their welfare, the Regency was struck as usual with judicial blindness, for what greater luck for Greece than such an accession of inhabitants? Shaking the dust off their shoes, the greater part returned,

in a short time, to their wine and onions. They had no reason to repent the counterstep. Hassan Bey pacified the island with address; not a drop of blood was shed; and the Porte consented to their self-government.*

The boat was dismissed with civil words and good advice: then, not wishing to excite vain expectations, the admiral hauled his wind and worked out to sea. At sunset we were becalmed. We lay becalmed in an amphitheatre formed by Samos, Nicaria, and the intervening isles; closing around us so lofty and so imposing, that

* The families that remained in Greece discovered, by the arrival of a Turkish commissioner to effect a sale, that the houses the government had GENEROUSLY allotted them, were Turks' property.

Samos, Patmos, Lero, and Calymno were united in one government, and placed under Prince Vogorithes. The Porte granted them a national flag. The tribute was fixed at about fifty thousand piastres, (£500). This, one might have thought, would have satisfied them; but in the following year (1835) the Samiotes again rose; not against the Porte, but against their own notables, whom they averred were corrupt in the management of the public money. The Capitan Pasha went to them, restored tranquillity, and brought up some of the instigators to be lodged in the Bagnio.

even in our own imaginations we seemed as cockle-shells on the blue reflecting stage. The ever-varying and picturesque grouping of the isles, and their combination with mountain scenery, form one of the principal charms of the Archipelago: almost the sole one to those who, in large ships, pass island after island by, some tantalizing by their freshness and beauty, others awakening desire by association. We see the fruits and cannot taste them; we scent the flowers and may not cull them.

But sunset is ours. It is usual to talk of sunset on the ocean. I grant it magnificent: gorgeous clouds rolling in solemn array, now representing a city perishing under volcanoes, now figuring a battle-field of Titans, where elephants are charging brazen towers, and hill is hurled against hill; and then the sun disappears at one plunge, setting the half of ocean on fire, and painting the firmament with ineffable hues up to the seventh heaven. But such is rather too sublime to be interesting; mortals we are, and we require something connected with ourselves. Moreover, in the ocean it is always the same, the same grand spectacle, whereas in the Egean,

variety, grace and beauty, in sublunar forms, adorn the " witching hour," making each change of view a *Claude*, breathing harmony and inspiring dreamy wishes. You scarcely recognise any one of the islands on which you may have gazed an hour before, so different from the daylight reality are its naked rocks and heathless slopes when bathed in the Tyrian dyes of evening. How soft yet how palpably it stands out from the fawn and orange tinted sky in the back-ground! How caressingly the blue wave seems to nestle round its base! Not a feature is lost, though every asperity is smoothed down by the balmy haze: not a jagged peak or a tremulous curve is missed on the outline; not a windmill, or a pine, or an ancient column rises indistinctly above the purple ridge. And various isles, each lovely, each perfect in design, still more lovely, still more perfect in their clusterings one with the other, and their blending with the mountain range, the jutting capes of the continent, group enchantingly on every point of the compass. Far, far off—so clear the atmosphere, that vision is only intercepted by the earth's curvature—some mountain-

top appears on the surface of the water, like the solitary tenant of an unknown deep, like Ararat when it rose above the world of waters.

Thus one evening from off Port Calouni, we gazed on Mount Athos, one hundred and ten miles distant. We almost looked into the Gulf of Salonica. We seemed to touch Samothrace with one hand, the peak of Scio with the other.

The sky, too, has its isles. There, in the west, beneath yon pile of clouds gushing with refulgence, amber, and violet, and azure-coloured isles float in light—so still, so like where angels may be supposed to live, we scarcely deem them the offspring of vapour; with others, farther off, resembling houris' dwellings—hollow pearls with luminous edges: all glowing more intensely, irradiating more the waters, till, rolling on—O would he linger!—the sun bursts through his canopy; stays a moment, silvering over the hoary peaks of the eastern hills, then sinks to rest, wrapping in a golden mist the celestial Archipelago, and leaving in chaster beauty the isles of ocean born. The moon then appears half-way up the heavens, and dips the scene in paler and more various colours. Her broad and tremulous ray is as a river of light in the sea, flowing from

the horizon to your feet. Gradually the distant islands melt away in thin air, or stand out as shades of their departed selves, while the last murmuring ripples of the evening breeze lull themselves to rest.

We beat to windward against the *uzum meltem*, (grape wind,) so called from the grapes ripening after it; we rounded Skyros, paid another visit to Mitylene, then returned to Vourlah. Foreign ships of war also occasionally came to Vourlah and afforded us variety. The "Constitution" lay in company with us for some time. Our "brother" harmonised with us pretty well. The admiral, the captains, the lieutenants, and the midshipmen of our squadron entertained him, as courtesy required, and he returned the compliment. Captain Dacres, of H. M. S. Edinburgh, who acquired much honour in losing the "Guerrier" to the same "Constitution," was the foremost in showing him attention; and we had occasion to admire a farther display of good taste and gentlemanly feeling in the gallant captain, when his actual captor, Commodore Hull, visited Malta the following year. No sort of intercourse took place between the crews. If

any of our boats had occasion to wait alongside the American, the men might be asked up in order to be treated to a glass of grog, but not any of her boats-crews was allowed to cross our gangway. I do not suppose that the fact of most of the "Constitution's" men being English born led to the restriction, for that circumstance during peace is immaterial to them; but the milder treatment on board of our ships might have been considered a reason by the American officers, so as to avoid a comparison. The "Constitution" tried rate of sailing with us, and boasted pretty handsomely, I believe, of having beaten all the squadron, but the wind did not allow of a fair trial that day.

The *Ville de Marseilles*, Commodore Lalande, commanding the French naval division in the Archipelago, frequented our anchorage oftener than any other foreigner. We liked the commodore and his officers, and we met them frequently. One of them was a Saint Simonian, and wore his beard. We had in M. Lalande a delightful specimen of the old French school—one who came more up to the idea which Madame de Sevigné and others give us of it, than one has

often the fortune to meet with in these days of Lafayette's "best of Republics." His manners were highly polished, and his conversation was always agreeable. He came on board nearly every evening, *sans façon*, to have a quiet chat, and drink a cup of tea with our admiral.

One day we observed a sailor suspended to the main-yard-arm of his ship. We thought him executed, and wondered at the unceremonious manner of hanging a man, without paying us the compliment of getting farther off. Presently a gun was fired. Drop! and down the fellow (as alive as any of us) went ten fathom deep. They run him up again to the yard-arm, and then we perceived that a weight was tied to his feet. After a few minutes of breathing-time, he underwent a second dip. Again he was run up to the yard-arm. A third time he was let go: and thus finished the operation of *la cale*. The French officers would not admit the severity of the punishment, but they said that the men considered it very degrading. We should think so! We are no advocates for the lash: it is gratifying to see how very little of it suffices in a well-ordered ship; the power to inflict it in the hands

of a sensible commander, being generally sufficient: but we are certain — the necessity for punishment being admitted—that our men would infinitely prefer it to the substitutes of our ingenious neighbours—*la cale* and *le boulet*—not to mention the increased necessity of capital punishment under the latter system, and which certain philanthropists would do well to think of, when they talk learnedly of abolishing flogging in the navy. Restrain the practice—watch over it—visit with deserved disgrace any officer who abuses it—but go no further: the first consequence would be to put discipline in jeopardy, the next to render an occasional resort to the final measure indispensable, as with the French, and as must always be the case where corporal punishment is forbidden. We will not doubt the motives of any honourable gentlemen who inveigh against flogging as a barbarous and unchristian-like punishment,—we will not suppose they have not the interest of the service at heart —but we say that surely the men who are exposed to it ought to be consulted on this important subject. It may read very fine in a novel that a man prefers to open his breast to the

bullets, rather than bare his back to the lash; but let those who argue in this manner leave the drawing-rooms and the boudoirs of an artificial existence, and descend into the arena of real life; let them see its stern realities, and they will cease to confound in one sentence, *the lash* and *death*. The question of military and naval correction lies in a nutshell: it is simply this, that in order to preserve the shadow of efficiency some heavy punishment is required, and the problem is, what punishment combines the most good to the community with the least suffering to the offender? We must also look farther than the individual: we must take care, while punishing him, that we do not injure any other part of society—that we do not extend the infliction of it beyond the grave. We do not envy the feelings of any legislator that would bring a fellow-creature to an untimely end, or transport him to the antipodes, and consign, in consequence, a widow and her orphans to a workhouse, when a few dozen lashes would have effected the same good in the way of example—the legitimate end of all punishment. Corporal punishment, in most cases, supplies the place of death: it

creates a panic scarcely to be accounted for; it produces more effect than the sight of any other secondary punishment, even though twenty times as severe. As yet, the lash does not degrade our men in their own estimation beyond a week, and it would be cruelty to give them the idea of it, thereby subjecting them to the penalty of transportation or of death, which, I repeat, is the inevitable alternative.

Many persons, I believe, who desire the abolition of the lash, are actuated by the notion that it renders the service unpopular, and creates the difficulty which at times exists of manning our ships. Even did it so act, the argument would still be practically unsound. We can assure them, however, that such is not the case. The polishing work, and the black list,* not the lash, are, as we have ascertained by observation and inquiry, among the causes which induce men

* On flogging being discountenanced, the "black list" was invented, i. e. compulsory disagreeable work for offenders. At first, officers were puzzled to find work, but polishing was discovered, and then all difficulty vanished. In time, where the mania raged, it became necessary to *create* a black list for the bright work.

to prefer the dirt and labour of a merchantman to the ease and plenty of the king's service. We have all of us seen ships in which the teazing and trifling have tended to counteract in two years the efforts of government, during ten years, to avert the necessity of impressment. Men would rather be flogged occasionally than worried incessantly; and the latter may make a good man incur the former. This important truth should not be lost sight of in treating of punishment. Yet promotion sometimes follows the latter system, and therefore officers are encouraged to persevere in it, and many who condemn it themselves are obliged to follow it in order to please. The inspecting officer, on a ship's return home after a three years' station, is delighted with the theatrical appearance, the drawing-room neatness, of the lower decks and orlops: he does not pause to consider whether, in order to attain that end, the comforts of five or six hundred men were not daily sacrificed: he does not ask himself whether the crew were deprived of a *home*, in order that their lower deck might be a pretty show occasionally for a party of ladies from the shore. In the third year of a ship's commission

time, I grant, the system appears to work easily, and the men seem contented. We are inclined to form a judgment thereon, forgetting that it required eighteen months of asperity and ceaseless watching to grind the materials down. If a ship remained ten years in commission, it might seem worth while thus to employ eighteen months, or, rather, some reason might appear on the surface of it, for eight years of profit would remain; but in three years the men are "paid off," before their recollections of needless restraints have time to be effaced by a "second nature." These men then quit *us* for the merchant service.

The Russian keeps his crews together twenty-three years; therefore whatever system he may adopt, howsoever trifling in principle, or obnoxious to men's feelings, he has the full benefit of the "second nature." Much of the time, however, employed by us in holy-stoning and polishing is given by him, I have observed, to drill.

The *Iphigenia* and the *Themistocles* also visited us occasionally to enjoy and profit by the spectacle of an English squadron, and to show us that

they did not do their masters discredit. Russia's tact extends to minute trifles: her ships stationed in the Archipelago all came recommended by names of antiquity. They were calculated to produce a beneficial impression rather than otherwise. Thus, when our "Creole" went by chance to the South American station during the war of independence, the Buenos Ayrians, who gloried in the name, as distinguishing them from "old Spaniard," took it as a compliment to themselves. We seldom study the unities: we send the "Sappho" to Bengal, and the "Malabar" to Athens; we make the "Ariadne" a coal depôt, and the "Dreadnought" a hospital. As all foreign officers experienced Sir Josias Rowley's hospitality, we had opportunities of seeing Captain Poothathin and Captain Carniloff: more intelligent, able men it was seldom our lot to meet; particularly the former, who had travelled in England, and spoke our language with facility.

Russia is already politically our enemy; she will become so in reality. There will be a fourth Punic war; perchance it will also commence for a colony. Let us take warning from the past: let us profit by the most important lesson of an-

tiquity, and remember that the Roman soldier at length beat the Carthaginian sailor—*because the latter despised the former.* The Roman learned the art from his rival: *we have taught the Russian.* Let others say whether she be weak on land, or simple in diplomacy; I only say, *do not underrate her by sea.* Unperceived, her navy has grown up; unnoticed, the elements of success are fast developing themselves in it, and it behoves us to give more attention to the subject than our pride usually allows us to do. Some persist in looking only at the condition of that navy a few years back, and still talk oracularly of "sailors in boots," and of "horse marines." Others, who cannot blind themselves to the change, affect, nevertheless, to hold it cheap, on account of moral influences: they cite the forced entry of the crews, their ill-treatment, their bad rations, &c., and they lull themselves to rest in consequence. Do we forget that the period of our naval glory presented the same blots? Shades of Howe, of Duncan, of Jervis, of Nelson, of Exmouth! I see ye point to the heart-rending, distracting press; I see ye point to the blood-dripping "cat," and mock the theorists who dwell

on "feelings," on "slavery," &c. as having any effect on the general result. What man in action thinks of anything beyond the excitement of the moment? This is a most important consideration. If the Englishman, who is brought up to consider himself free, who from childhood hears about "rights of man," about "habeas corpus," &c., can, when suddenly wrenched from all he holds dear, and imprisoned on the deep, serve his king and country with ardour and zeal, why should the *Russian serf*, who changes in nothing save name, act less warmly as a soldier or a sailor?

We may, however, be well surprised at our own success when we reflect on the elements, which often composed the crew of a British ship, including lord mayor's boys and parish offerings: but, herein lies the secret,—our officers in those days were young and energetic, and *promotion* constantly waved her silken banner before their eyes; the electric fluid which animated them descended to those in a lower station, and kept away devilry and discontent. Those days are past; the service is no longer a path of excitement, it is traversed by the majority as a dull

routine; but such days exist for the Russian officer, in addition to the discipline we once had, and why should he not equally succeed?

Superiority at sea is only a talisman, inasmuch as we endeavour to preserve it. Vainly have we fine ships, skilful gunnery, well-paid seamen, if attention be not also given to the condition of the officer, on which mainly depends the effectiveness of a service. Every advantage, I rejoice to say, is held out to the seaman, every indulgence is granted him, but everything is done to discourage the officer. There is just enough promotion to check despair, but not sufficient to excite hope. The lieutenant of twenty years' service goes ashore again without a penny more pay, without a token to denote that he has served his country. But hope still lingers: the morbid feeling which forbids repose without honour, urges him on again, and the country cruelly profits by it. She takes him from his half-pay of five shillings a-day; she adds one shilling and sixpence to it, and sends him out as the first lieutenant of a ship to the Indies, or to the coast of Africa. For that eighteen pence a-day she works him for three years, exposed all the while to be degraded if

in fault, with no reward for merit: she then, with his health impaired and with his connexions weakened by absence, sets him ashore again (in the face of the debt he incurred for his outfit) on his original five shillings,* and no distinction—the same exactly as the lad of yesterday's promotion.† Should promotion, by chance, shine on him at last, age often dulls its zest to the individual and mars its utility to the service. I will not mention the bitterness caused by unfair patronage, which lets two boys enter the service together, yet leaves one still a midshipman, while the other, without, perhaps, merit, talent, or zeal,

* The youngest lieutenant on the six shillings a-day list, is of twenty-five years' standing; the youngest on the seven shillings a-day list is of thirty-four years' standing.

The corresponding rank in the army, though of only one day's standing, has seven shillings a-day. The subaltern's pay increases after seven years' service. Why this difference? Our privations are more numerous, our duty is more severe; we come from the same station in society.

† The Russian naval officer when he goes on foreign service has his pay *quadrupled*. After ten years' service he receives the cross of Saint George (which is not an empty distinction in Russia) in addition to his legitimate share of advancement.

is a post captain: call not the feeling envy; it is the fruit of emulation blighted—of that emulation so carefully nurtured in the youthful breast, which makes us dare so much, and strive so long, and submit so painfully: it is enough for my purpose to dwell on the general and positive evil of slow promotion in the aggregate, which is increasing to an alarming extent. We now daily see the afflicting spectacle of sexagenarian captains, aged lieutenants, and grey-haired mates, all in one ship, and not only in one ship but in many: nearly all, too, serving without present advantage or future prospects. Should our navy decline, ought we to wonder? Should Russian ships equal ours, who will be in fault? Let not the country lay the blame *on us*, but on the system which is sapping every branch of the service.

What gave the republican armies victory after victory? The young and ardent officers who were opposed to the veteran ones of Germany. What won Bonaparte the field of Marengo, the imperial diadem? The years of Melas. Melas's arrangements gained the victory, but he had not the energy to secure it: he saw the battle won

but he could not remain on the field to turn the defeat into a rout; he retired to Alexandria to take his siesta, and in the interval, Desaix came up and Kellerman charged.

Slow promotion and aged officers are, without extraneous aid, unavoidable in long-established services; the converse applies to a rising nation. Facts and experience, added to the most common knowledge of human nature, make us aware of the inappreciable superiority which the latter confers. Many, like the Bishop of Burgos, may not relish the awkward truth, but I trust, unlike that worthy prelate, they will not be offended with it. The remedy is easy; it is in our hands: shall we for the sake of a few pounds sterling let Russia have that superiority? Shall it be said that our glory sank, for having resorted to the shifts of a petty state?

Carthage, and then Rome, perished through economy; not the economy which checks corruption, but which withholds lawful expenditure on the public service. Money makes money, but money must also be employed to preserve money. We are rich, we are gorged with wealth, we have made the world tributary to us; we are haughty

and supercilious in consequence: but we act as if we expected the nations would continue to respect the former and endure the latter, out of a tender regard to our feelings. The *prestige* of our power still influences them, but that is fast vanishing: the shadow remains but a short time on the retina after the substance has disappeared. Why did we pension off our ancient watchmen, and replace them by a young and active police?

In order to reduce our lists, said to be too large, we promote *one officer* for every three who die on the list above him. Generous! politic measure! Did the grievance affect only individuals, did it only blight the prospects of three-fourths of the present generation who have devoted their youth and their talents to the navy, I would be silent; but I trust people will agree with me in saying that it works farther and deeper—that national welfare is connected with it beyond immediate calculation. Why will not the country come forward and buy old officers off the list; thereby rewarding them justly and infusing a new tone into the service? Less by nine-tenths of the sum given to the negro owners

would suffice. A sum not exceeding in amount the cost of the new palace, added to the estimates for new houses of parliament, would reinvigorate the arm on which the honour of the king and the independence of the parliament depend. The lists may then be kept within reasonable limits; but in trusting to the slow process of death we establish a gangrene which will tell fearfully in another war. Even the most sanguine calculator can anticipate no favourable result from the *one-in-three plan* under thirty years from its introduction. Thirty years! will Russia, think you, wait that time? But the calculation is unsound, because in the first place it is separated from practical considerations, and in the second place it has no relation to the effect of moral influences. Worse, I fearlessly assert, will come of it every year: disgust will eat deeper and deeper into the service. We are depressed enough as it is, but in what an infinitely lower condition should we lie, had not William IV. twice given an impulse to the navy by causing an extra promotion. The country little knows, but it may have occasion to acknowledge it by-

and-bye, the debt it owes his majesty for his patriotic exertions in behalf of our ill requited service.

We merely here allude to the subject, for to do it justice would require a separate volume; but while we trust that abler hands will take it up and duly enlighten the nation as to the effect of misplaced economy, we cannot refrain from touching on another point, connected with promotion. By the "naval instructions," a captain is forbidden to take his wife to sea: the reason for which *ungallant* order is, that her presence might, it is supposed, damp his ardour; but, and I think the fair reader will agree with me, the infirmities of age are likely to prove more serious impediments in the way of enterprise. No woman would interfere with her husband's glory; but age, save with the few, points to repose. I might name some in our service, like the Dandolos and the La Valettes of old, but no rule is good that is founded on an exception. Yet while distrusting the sex, the Admiralty carefully provides against the chances of any man having the command of a squadron, or even of a line-of-

battle ship, until his years might entitle him t the honours of grand paternity. This is accom plished by adhering to the regulation of pro moting captains by seniority.

No more cunning mode of securing the perma nent advancement of men of high, or of certai connexions — no surer means of entailing th effects of patronage on the country—no highe premium for indolence, was ever devised tha that which makes promotion in the junior rank depend on interest, in the upper ranks on senio rity. In all other services in the world the oppo site rule is observed. By it, the fortunate youtl is enabled to turn round and say to the thousand over whose heads he has jumped, "I am safe you cannot overtake me; do whatever a high spirit may dictate, fight, toil, make the four quar ters of the world ring with your fame, you mus still remain *behind me.* Do what I please, must be an admiral. It requires thirty-five year to get through the list; of these I must be si years afloat; the remainder I will enjoy lif ashore. What need I care?—I must be an ad miral." Is not this feeling acted up to? Do w

not daily see men taking the command of ships after having existed twenty or twenty-five years on half-pay, buried perhaps in some inland town of the continent, or employed in occupations totally apart from the service?

We will not here trouble the reader with the practical working of the system; of its defects the whole navy is aware; but we will point out that the consequence of it will be, after a few years, to give the admiral's flag to the men who have seen the least service, and to exclude from that rank men who, if the navy were polled, would be pointed out by acclamation as the most capable of disciplining our squadrons and of leading them into action. This may appear paradoxical, but it is correct. The young man who attains his post rank at twenty-five, may reasonably hope to live to sixty, when, if he should have condescended in the interval to sail about in a man-of-war during six years, he will write himself down rear-admiral; but the man who serves in various grades till the age of forty before he attains post-captain's rank, will probably content himself with the thought of "captain" being inscribed on his tomb, reminded by the words of

the psalmist, "the days of man are threescore and ten," &c., that the chances are against his reaching the age of seventy-five. In order to make the case clearer, let us suppose an illustration: Commander A— winds up a series of faithful services by capturing an enemy's corvette of superior force: for this exploit he is posted; while at the same time Commander B— receives the same rank in reward for some opportune services of his family at a contested election. The two men are thus equal in rank, and must become admirals if they live; but Commander B— has the advantage—has, in fact, been much higher rewarded, in being ten or twelve years younger. Years roll on: the Gazettes tell us in the interval that Captain A— has taken a frigate, and has received the thanks of a body of merchants for his protection of their trade; but not a word do we hear uttered in praise of Captain B—. Years roll on, and the brevet at length comes out. Rear-admiral A— is little more than able to attend the levee and "kiss hands" on his promotion; but rear-admiral B— is only sixty; he can talk of his claims, and select the station he would like to command. Soon afterwards we find ad-

miral A— an invalid and forgotten, while admiral B— has his flag hoisted, with his cousin for flag-captain; his son for flag-lieutenant; and he winds up, at the age at which his competitor in the unequal race died, with the highest honours of the service, and the red ribbon blushing on his breast. Here lies the real "dead weight;" the man of no merit may remain on half-pay twenty-five years, certain, notwithstanding, to enjoy the honours and emoluments attached to the flag; the man of real services often retires on half-pay in the conviction that he cannot live to be useful to his country: the former chooses retirement to suit his convenience; the latter is condemned to it by the nature of the system.

I speak prospectively. As yet we have not felt the evil, nor has the injustice made itself so apparent as it might have been expected to do; for many of that fine old school who imbibed the experience of twenty years of war till the mysteries of the art seemed part of their nature, and their nerves became like steel fibres striking fire to the flints of danger and difficulty, remain on the list. Could they remain, good; but they must pass away, and be succeeded by men who

will in a few years have their age without their experience. Age, joined to services, is the most estimable sight in this world; we willingly see all honours and rewards showered on *that* union, which it has been our happiness to behold and to serve under of late; but we cannot acknowledge the principle which makes *age* alone out-balance zeal, talent, services, and devotion. Such is the principle of the seniority rule when confined to the upper rank, and it will make itself disastrously felt, if allowed to exist during many more years of peace.

The only argument ever urged in favour of that principle is, that it prevents the pushing up of men of interest over the heads of the deserving. But such, evidently, is not the fact; it prevents, on the contrary, as I have shown, the promotion of the latter. If nine-tenths of the captains were placed on the list through services, and one-tenth *through interest*, the argument would be sound; then the principle would be admirable—it would keep the *one-tenth* in its place: but as nine-tenths, in time of peace, become captains through favour, and one-tenth only for merit, the rule has just the effect of preventing that *one-tenth* from

ever being employed in the situation it is the most qualified to adorn, simply because a few additional years tell forcibly in the decline of life.

The men who attain post rank young may be divided into three classes: those who owe it to high aristocratic birth—those who owe it to parliamentary or borough influence—those who owe it to the chance of a relative being in the command of a "station." By the seniority rule, all these men must become admirals, to the prejudice—I may say, the exclusion—of the few "service men," who attained the rank a few years later. The original evil, in principle—the original injury to the service, in their quick advancement, was, perhaps, unavoidable, constituted as our government is, but why ordain the perpetuation of it? why entail the effect of patronage on the country, when in many cases the evil need only be partial? Of the three classes I have mentioned, one only, provided the seniority rule were abolished, would have a probable chance, without further merit, of attaining his flag. Captain G——'s connexions would, in all likelihood, remain the same through life; the interest

which obtained for him his post-rank would still exist after the lapse of years; but Captain B——, obtained his promotion by means of a certain election; but Captain M—— gained his rank by the chance of an admiral afloat giving him the benefit of his patronage: therefore, as their interest, or influence, was temporary, they must establish *further claims* on the country, if they wish to advance; they will be unable to live in idleness twenty years and still progress; they will cease to be as a dam, arresting the current of merit.

But leaving aside speculation and argument on the subject as unnecessary, we feel certain that when it comes to the question of *choosing* men to be admirals, merit will not always be overlooked,—we feel certain that inefficiency will rarely be selected. There is a wide difference between giving a man the charge of a ship, the bad discipline or loss of which is immaterial to the nation, and entrusting him with the charge of a fleet, the mismanagement of which may affect its honour, and compromise the minister who chose him. The very same reason which compels ministers to select, with some deference

to public opinion, their bishops and their judges, will, and must, influence them in the choice of admirals. This will be felt by the service at large, and it will be an inducement to exertion on the part of captains which is now wanting even to the most fortunate. The dreary prospect of remaining a captain thirty-five years strikes the most ardent with dismay. The man of influence who now *claims* post-rank for a young relative might be deterred from asking an admiral's flag for him: the minister who would grant the former favour would not dare in some cases to concede the latter. Besides, when no longer requisite to remain a post-captain thirty-five years, there will not be that feverish anxiety to attain rank very young: a man will be content to wait a few years, when he knows that he may make up for lost time by his assiduity afterwards. He would rather serve longer in a lower rank, when he feels that his "flag" will no longer depend on the accident of living a given number of years—that something more will be required than a certificate of having occupied a ship's cabin five or six years. Occasions that called forth a Nelson may again arise; but, alas! according to the

present system, no Nelson could be employed. Nelson attained his flag at forty years of age: between that and forty-seven he gained his honours. Would he have achieved so much at the age of sixty or seventy? (as in these days he would have been.) He might, but is it certain? Would he have led his fleet so confidently, after sunset, into the unsurveyed, unsounded Bay of Aboukir? Would he have shown the naval courage to leave his station off Toulon, and, obeying the call of genius, pursue the French fleet to the West Indies? Would he have passed night after night in his boat, sounding and buoying the passages into Copenhagen? He might have done so, I repeat, but twenty years would have given odds against him—twenty years of unsatisfied ambition, of unoccupied energy.

CHAPTER XIV.

Russian lugger—Russian navy—Russian poet—Copper machine—Plague—Precautions—Catholic priests—Hospital—Quarantine—Turkish barracks—Sultan Mahmoud—His amusements—The sweet waters—Circassian slaves—Circassian war—Russia and Circassia.

I LEFT the squadron one afternoon off Porte Oliveto, the spacious harbour which scoops out one end of Mitylene, and again proceeded towards Constantinople. The admiral's tender, the well-known Hind cutter, better known for the courtesy and hospitality of her worthy commander during many years, was this time my conveyance: and the service I was usually employed on gave me various opportunities of having a cruise with my friend, Lieut. Thomas Coleman, each time with renewed satisfaction to myself.

We coasted along Lesbos with a pleasant breeze: we passed near Capo Baba, the extre-

mity of Mount Ida; we saw the ruins of Assos; and the following afternoon we approached the island, rendered conspicuous from every direction by a singular hill in the middle, whence sprang the serpents which decided Troy's fate. A-head of us, on a gently sloping plain, covered with dwarf-oak and myrtle, Alexandria Troas greeted our eyes. The ruins of what is called "Priam's palace," as they bore about E.S.E., appeared to great advantage: before it, a white cliff marked the site of the ancient port; while behind it, three jagged, verdure-clothed peaks, intersecting an opening in a low chain of hills, defined the range of Ida.

The evening breeze carried us past the castle of Tenedos, and inside Cape Janissary, then gradually died away. We edged over to the Asiatic shore, and anchored under the village of Arankeuy in fifteen fathom water, three cables length off shore.

We weighed anchor early in the morning, and ran up the strait with a gentle breeze from south-west, following in the wake of a Russian lugger of war. By keeping too close in shore, in order to avoid the current, he ran on a bank opposite

the inner castle of Europe. We sheered to starboard and escaped it, then anchored in order to give all friendly aid. No slight aid sufficed; the lugger had run herself fast aground. We brought one of his cables to our mast, then hove away on our own anchor, while he hove also on the one which he had laid out: we could not move her. He then landed his guns; we hove away again, but could not start her. He then landed his provisions and ballast. We strained at the windlass-bars once more, but still she remained glued to the bottom. In this dilemma we took counsel of some Turkish boatmen, who advised us to wait till midnight, when the water would rise.* Under the general impression of the absence of tide in the Mediterranean, we had not thought of this. At one, A.M., accordingly, the vessel began

* Accustomed to see the tide in the ocean rise and fall by feet, we observed not the almost imperceptible change in the Mediterranean. "There are no tides in the Mediterranean" became an axiom. In most parts, however, as I have often noticed, there is an alteration of a few inches, the knowledge of which might be invaluable in getting a heavy ship off a bank. By starting her water a line-of-battle ship lightens herself four or five inches: add three inches for

to feel lively, and an hour afterwards we dragged her off without much difficulty. The Russian then set to work to restow his ballast, and re-embark his *materiel;* and, to our infinite astonishment, at nine in the forenoon, he was again under sail, in company with the cutter. As the latter's orders carried her no farther than Channakalis, (town of Dardanelles,) I accepted Lieut. Mittline's cordial invitation to proceed on with him, and transferred myself and portmanteau from the "Hind" to his Imperial Majesty's vessel, the "Chiroki," preferring that conveyance to a hot ride with a Tartar.

I enjoyed myself exceedingly during the four days our little voyage lasted. Mons. Mittline had a nicely-furnished cabin, with some excellent books: he kept a good table, and was, better than all, a pleasant, well-informed man. We dropped nationalities of course, and became cosmopolites. I had not the advantage of com-

tide, she may float easily; but if the existence of tide be unknown, you may heave at the wrong time, and strain the vessel exceedingly, and to no purpose. I recommend my brother officers, on grounding in the Mediterranean, to ask at once the opinion of the fishermen.

municating much with his officers, for, excepting the surgeon (an Italian) they spoke indifferent French; but, as far as politeness and attentions could go, they left me nothing to desire. The doctor had entered the service during the war of 1828-29, and was then about to return to Italy. Unless in the higher ranks, I should say that the Russian service is not eligible for foreigners: too many points of comparison exist in the lower grades. Her pilot was a Corfuyote, and consequently hailed me as a countryman; he had the usual pilot's wages, one dollar a day.

Fifty in all, the crew of the lugger were strong and healthy; all men—not a boy amongst them. They worked willingly, and seemed contented. I remarked no punishment of any sort or kind. Their diet consisted of a wholesome soup at eleven o'clock, preceded by a dram; in the evening they had a plentiful mess of seasoned rice, preceded by a cup of wine: each man, in addition, had two pounds of bread a-day, with vinegar *ad libitum*. Like the Roman armies on the march, the Russian sailor and soldier drink ordinarily vinegar and water. They eat after the fashion of Orientals, with this difference,

that each man used a spoon instead of his fingers. They were very devout, and duly crossed themselves before and after meals. Some persons might object to the quality of their food, but the quantity is beyond a murmur: its wholesomeness is proved by the appearance of the men; and no one who reflects that Trafalgar was fought on a scanty breakfast of rice will think it can have a deteriorating effect on the animal spirits.

I particularly notice this point, because in the course of my late service in the Mediterranean I have observed several officers allow their judgment to be influenced by the cant phrases—"the Russians eat train oil,"—"they mess like pigs"—"they receive no pay,"—till at length they almost persuade themselves that the use of oil and the absence of comfort (in our sense of the term) necessarily implies disaffection and cowardice. As a party cry to bring a people into contempt, such expressions may be useful, in the same manner as we formerly dwelt on the frog-eating propensity of the French. With our habits of costliness, we cannot be too careful, while forming an opinion of foreign armed bodies, to make a distinction between the useful and the ornamental—

between luxuries and necessaries—between cleanliness and fastidiousness. So accustomed are we to the "silver" and "cedar-wood" of our regiments and ships, that we are inclined at length to consider them as components of efficiency; while knowing that a gun is not the less useful for being polished, we are apt to forget that it will throw as good a shot when rough. We need only compare the condition of our men now, especially as relates to their food, with what it was during the war, in order to come to a right conclusion on the subject. We, of the new school, can form no idea of the difference; but many old sailors, as well as officers, who themselves served before the mast, have assured me that in those days they never knew the meaning of a full belly.* The biscuit was mouldy and the domain of maggots; the beef and pork pieces shrunk to half their size in the "coppers," and

* When preserved meats were on trial in the navy, some of the surgeons, in their reports on them, instanced the utility they might become of, by averring that, in many cases, invalids, in consequence of yellow fever, fell into consumptions and died, through the want of nourishing food to carry them through the stage of convalescence.

as the men received no pay abroad, they could not furnish themselves with any of the extras which are now carried to sea. Hence the custom of chewing tobacco; it allayed the craving of the gastric fluid. Yet those half-fed, unpaid crews swept the navies of Europe from the seas, and left us in undisputed possession of the trident.

The Russian sailor has scarcely any pay. He makes a saving, however, on the clothes furnished him by government, and that is reserved for him until the expiration of his time,—twenty-three years form the period of service; but if a man can show fourteen years petty officer's rating he may receive his discharge. Such men usually get warrant officers' situations in port, as the command of tanks, lumps, preventive boats, &c. No foremast man can become an officer: a wise measure, on principle, for so very few commissions can thus be given away that the emulation which the prospect of them may excite is overbalanced by the widely-spread sense of disappointment among the less favoured. The inducement also to qualify himself for a situation which he will probably never attain, makes a man neglect his present duty, and may render him above

it. The conscription appears the hardest condition of the life, but *we* cannot judge of it. When an *ukase* ordaining the levy of so many in a thousand reaches a village, the villagers have generally the right of selecting the conscripts: the choice, unless there happen to be a *mauvais sujet*, falls on the families according to the number of sons. Everybody naturally dreads the conscription, but as it is usually known before-hand on whom the lot will fall, the individual is taught to look forward to it, and he makes up his mind accordingly as to an inevitable misfortune. It is his destiny. He shoulders his musket and calls the emperor *his father*, with as much frankness as the individual transported for one of the thousand offences generated by a highly civilised state of society, still cries "God save the king."

The sailor's life is less severe than that of the soldier. Deserters, I have been told, from the army, often feign crimes in the hope of being sent to Siberia: in the same spirit the French soldier used to maim himself, and I believe our old naval surgeons could tell many a tale of the same colour. Individual oppression in the Russian service is more often the cause of such acts of

desperation than anything else: there is a check on it by the instances which occur of tyrannical officers being found killed in sequestered quarters, or on detached duty. Such acts of "wild justice" are rarely looked into; promotion is caused by it, and that compensates, in the minds of the deceased's comrades, for the irregularity: unless it should extend to any length, as in the formidable mutiny in the military colony of Novogorod shortly after the last Polish war. The cholera was raging, and consequently the men were congregated in various huts, and not allowed to go from one station to the other: but when they saw their officers did not observe the same quarantine, they began to question its utility. Reasoning was succeeded by anger, that by violence. From complete submission to frenzy is a speedy transition among the totally uneducated: the tiger observes no medium between licking his keeper's hand and tearing his throat. Fanatic violence took possession of their minds; they seized clubs and murdered a number of their officers. This could not be overlooked: in the ensuing three years the mutineers, it is said, amounting to several thousands, were all sub-

jected to the *knout* or to the *gauntlet;* thus affording the most remarkable instance ever given of the effect of discipline. We can readily understand the making an example of a regiment by firing on it or charging it, as we were compelled to do a few years ago at Barrackpoor, but to be able to venture on the hazardous step of inflicting punishment on a body of men individually, extending it over a length of time, shows an enormous power at head quarters, together with a widely spread sense of subordination. Any colonel would without hesitation draw his regiment out to fire on another regiment in mutiny; but he might fear the consequence should he attempt to flog the mutineers one by one.

Promotion in the lower grades of the Russian navy goes, as in the French service, by seniority, but singular merit well backed will gain an officer a step out of rule. Thus the present Admiral Lazaroff, on his return from a voyage round the world, obtained additional promotion. A Russian captain has not such a pleasant billet as our captains have; for no officer of the watch, or master, or pilot, is allowed to share responsi-

bility with him: they are placed there to aid him. If any remissness on his part should appear in the loss of a ship, he would be nearly sure to be degraded. Anxious to obtain a navy, and not able to afford to lose ships of war as we can, the emperor sometimes exacts attention too rigorously. The case of the captain of the *Champenoise*, who was degraded by sentence of a court-martial to serve before the mast, because his ship caught fire at Cronstadt, and was burnt, in consequence of inattention in clearing out the magazine, appears to have been one of singular hardship. I admit that in anything relating to powder too much care cannot be shown, but how is a captain of a ship to have his nose everywhere?

The Czar gave an earnest of his intentions regarding naval affairs when he appointed Admiral Lazaroff to the command of the Euxine. Brought up as a midshipman under Captain (now Rear-Admiral Sir Frederick Maitland,) he served afterwards in all grades in his own service and was captain of the *Azof* (Count Heyden's flag-

* When an officer is reduced to serve before the mast, he rarely works or lives with the men, on account of the *droits de noblesse.*

ship) at the battle of Navarine. That affair gave him his flag, and he was next sent with full powers to give a new tone to the Black Sea squadron.

When the said *Azof* was broken up, the Emperor paid her late captain a beautiful compliment by ordering a set of cabin furniture to be made from her timbers, and then sent to Admiral Lazaroff in his name. On another occasion also, as he was dining *en famille* at the imperial palace, just before taking up his command at Sevastopol, the admiral received an equally flattering token of his master's regard. A custom still exists in Russia of presenting a friend who is about to depart on a journey with his saint's image, together with bread and salt. The Empress gave Lazaroff the image and bread on a gold plate, on which he bowed and was going: "Stay," said the Emperor, "my wife has forgotten the salt—be that my care." He increased the admiral's appointments, and called it "salt."

The *Azof*—in accordance with the rule by which a ship with St. George's ensign* is not to

* The Saint George's ensign is the usual Russian ensign, with the addition of a *Saint George* and the *Dragon* in the centre, on a red ground. The crew are sworn not to sur-

be destroyed—was resuscitated in another ship, on her lines, bearing the same name. The regulation is admirable, and is right well calculated to inspire a service. How we should all rejoice if the "Victory" had been thus immortalized! wherever seen, on every sea, she would have sailed a living memento of our glory. Why should not "Trafalgar," or the "Nile," be worked into a ship's ensign for the same reason that Salamanca or Vittoria appears in the colours of a regiment? A few such simple appeals to men's feelings would facilitate the manning of our ships, and the sight of the magic word displayed over the stern would stimulate their ardour to be the foremost and smartest in everything.

Releiff's poetry was a favourite in the lugger: I heard the officers read it, and the verse flowed harmonious to the ear. Ignorant of the language, I could not judge of the style, but I believe it to be vigorous and manly. I heard that the government tried to suppress the work after the author became involved in high treason. Involved in the

render it. The "*Azof*" and the "*Mercury*," (the brig which gallantly escaped from under the guns of the Ottoman squadron in 1829,) are the only vessels as yet with it.

revolt which occurred on the accession of Nicolas, ostensibly in favour of Constantine, but in reality to subvert the imperial family and establish another form of government, Releiff made himself prominent by wounding General Miloradovitch, the gallant fellow whom the French called the Russian Murat, during the campaign of 1812. "I will not believe," said the dying general, "that a soldier has done this foul deed." He judged right, Releiff had never served in the army. With two others he was hanged. Had he not given this unfortunate blow, the poet might have continued to exercise his muse in Siberia: there have written odes to winter, and sonnets to the polar bear.

As the residence of political offenders, Siberia has the advantage of as polished society as any in Russia. The treatment experienced is luxury compared with that of state prisoners in Austria, so affectingly described by Silvio Pellico. A gentleman is rarely set to compulsory labour. He becomes a peasant, and the inhabitants of the village where he is located are ordered to furnish him with a cabin and the necessary implements. After three years' residence, if a good report is

made of him, he may visit the next town; in three years more, if the governor approve of his conduct, he obtains leave to circulate in the province: then in another triade, on a similar condition, all Siberia is open to him. Thus it is not uncommon to find the inmates of a cottage with refined manners, or to hear your postilion address you in French. When a person is exiled his property goes to his heir : his wife may join him, but she must share his fate. Children born of exiles are not permitted to leave Siberia: should that favour be granted to them, they have no claim to the *droits de noblesse.* Even a wretch condemned to the mines has still a ray of hope, though not of light : if he find a given quantity of gold, he obtains his freedom.

Individuals who live under an arbitrary government are often liberal-hearted, unprejudiced in *private* society, and compassionately inclined. Exposed to be trodden on themselves, they can feel for their neighbours: liable to require individual sympathy, they are ready to afford it to others: the sword suspended over each is a bond of union for all. Inverse reasoning too often applies to the members of free states. Who is so

hard a task-master as the American citizen? Who is so unscrupulous as, in many instances, the factory-master? Secured in his own person by certain laws, invested with imprescriptible rights, he cares not if the cry of outraged humanity reach the ear of power. In this way do I account for the anomaly between the principles which are supposed to guide Russian officers, and the feelings which actuate them individually towards strangers. I never received more kindness and hospitality than while I sojourned in the Russian lines in Roumelia, in 1829-30, nor did my recent friend, M. Mittline lead me to apprehend that I had met with exceptions. We terminated a pleasant cruise by a bathe together in the "golden horn." I met him once afterwards at Buyukdereh, but he did not remain there long; I am glad to say he was soon afterwards advanced to command a brig in the Euxine. He expected to have been stationed in Greece, when I should have seen more of him, and have been able to return his civility, but that did not happen. Russian vessels of war often passed up and down between the Black Sea and the Archipelago: they anchored about the strait: their crews at-

tended the Greek churches; in all they were at home. They seemed determined to show *us* that the passage of the Bosphorus was not closed to *them*.

I found the good citizens of Constantinople in a state of excitement on account of the revolt against Mehemet Ali, to which allusion has been made in chapter eight, and of the combustible state of all Syria. Some of the smokers and pilaf eaters confidently expected to see Ibrahim's head brought in. Fortunate Tartar who should have carried so precious a trophy! two "tails" would have rewarded his speed.

The divan, however, seemed more occupied with a copper-rolling steam machine in the arsenal, which, by mismanagement, had become damaged. In order to prove its efficacy, or with an intention to break it, the workmen had placed pieces of metal (far too thick) under its action, then set the steam going; and in consequence, as the copper would not yield, and the rollers could not widen, the machine itself gave way to the pressure, and flew in many parts. The sultan, the seraskier, the mushir pasha, the topchi bachi, &c., held daily consultations on the

subject, and examined people: one might have supposed it the machine of state that was broken. At last they insisted that the merchant who had supplied it should make good the damage, for it must have been defective, they averred, before it left England. Maudsley would not stand this imputation on his professional character, and therefore visited Constantinople in person. Even then the Sublime Porte refused to pay the merchant the original bill, unless he would warrant the machine for fifty years. He might have answered, "Get some one first to warrant your empire for that duration." Vain of their attempts at machinery, the Osmanleys began to imagine that they were rivalling us: in this view, they asked the English engineer, employed by them in erecting a musket boring machine, how many steam engines there might be in England. "I cannot answer you that question, he said, "but I know of three hundred at work in one town." —"*Yalan der*," (untrue,) was in their thoughts; as on the tongue of Raif Pasha, (at the Dardanelles,) when he heard Namik Pasha's people, on their return from England, speaking of the Thames tunnel: "Stop," he said, "what

you have hitherto talked to me about may be true, but this must be a lie; go away—go, lest I get into a passion."

Variety amused us during the summer and autumn. First, the Hellenists plagued the authorities by claiming the exemptions of Franks with the privileges of rayas. "No," said the Turk, "you are either Franks or rayas; you cannot be both. If you are the former, you have no right to settle as trades-people and belong to corporations; you are strangers who deprive our people of work: if you are the latter, we shall treat you as such." This having no effect, the police proceeded to bastinado such as would not submit to the city regulations; and the "Porte" finally ordained that all the Hellenists should quit the capital. Otho ought to have thanked the sultan for this mandate, for he had thus a chance of recovering some of his subjects. But the Greeks remembered the "flesh pots of Egypt," and numbers of them either eluded the regulations or consented to live as rayas.

Next occurred a scarcity of bread, owing to a monopoly; and, in consequence, some of the bakers' shops were nearly stormed by crowds of

women, who had no idea of their children remaining in want of bread. A female *emeute* is a puzzler, for one does not know what course to take to disperse it, (unless it be with fire-engines,) and therefore the bread riots in Constantinople are frequently successful.

After that, plague came on us breathing hot and deadly. On which people incontinently quitted the bounds of propriety. Sundry precautions were at once adopted, as useless in reality, as absurd in the eyes of many who care not for them. When you enter the house of an alarmist, at such times, whether on business or through courtesy, you are put in the first place into a kind of sentry-box which stands by the door: that is closed on you. A chafing-dish, containing herbs of villanous odour, is placed under the grating on which your feet rest, and you are left to the mercy of the porter. Should the smoke make you sneeze, he will retain you in longer, for sneezing is symptomatic of disorder. After being nigh stifled and blinded, you are let out, and admitted into the presence-chamber, from which every article of furniture which can hold miasma is removed. Your friend still keeps

you at a respectable distance: you offer to shake hands; he retreats: "Are you mad?" he exclaims. At length, having succeeded in seating you on a *wooden* chair, the alarmist, with a stick in his hand to repel your advances in case you should become animated, commences to talk. But the conversation soon turns on the disorder, and anxious inquiries are made as to whether it be *malign* or *benignant;* how many died yesterday, and what fools people are,—a reflection on yourself—to go about in such times. Few persons in the East follow the sensible example of Boccaccio's gay party. As I was rather careless in my communication with the natives, I was particularly avoided by a few, and received an extra fumigation accordingly in some of the Frank houses. One cannot help feeling amused. It is the only time to walk about Pera with any degree of comfort: you have then ample elbow-room; every body makes way for the "fatalist." You may perchance think, on leaving your apartment, that your appearance is tolerably clean and respectable; but, if so, your vanity is soon lowered on finding every fellow, however ill washed or ragged, lessen his precious person as

much as possible in order to let *your excellency* pass. Creatures whom *you* would not like to touch at any time now jump out of your way. Some persons carry their apprehension so far as to wear oil-skin dresses over all. I own we experienced a wicked sort of satisfaction, on knowing several of them to be attacked notwithstanding.

The disease in 1834 was "*benign.*" The deaths rarely exceeded six hundred a-day; probably the average per diem was four hundred. Such a mortality is scarcely visible in a large city. Business went on as usual among the great proportion of the inhabitants, and the bazaars were equally crowded. We read letters, it is true, "from Constantinople," which mentioned fourteen hundred deaths in a day, and that the bazaars were closed; but they could only have proceeded from the pens of alarmists. Beyond the display of individual fears, and various clusters of tents and huts (for the compromised) on the neighbouring hills, nothing indicated its presence. One cluster of seven loosely-constructed huts attracted my attention; they overhung the brow of a hill above the road leading to the *okemeidan*, (archery ground,) that unique spot for a

ride, where you may gallop among hundreds of of columns, on turf softer than velvet, on hills within reach of the cool breeze from the Euxine, and suspended as it were over the harbour and its bewitching scenery. Two women and some children were sitting in the first hut. I approached them with diffidence, under the fear of intruding on affliction, but their contented air reassured me. One of them had lost a daughter by the plague, and for that reason the family was on the hill performing quarantine. "When did she die?" I asked. "Yesterday." I started. I thought of some mothers who would have gone nigh distracted. "Doubtless," I observed, willing to help her case, "she was an infant."—"Not so: she was my eldest; she had fifteen years." I turned away. Equally tranquil and unconcerned, another family were exercising patience in the next hut for the death of a son; they also seemed only anxious for the end of their quarantine. *Toujours des Grecs*, rose in my thoughts. But I was unjust. Plague's greatest attendant, fear, had taken possession of their hearts, and absorbed all feelings in the contemplation of nature's first law. With his mother's milk, every

raya sucks in paramount hatred of the Turk, and paramount dread of the plague. At the entrance of the last hut, which stood apart from the others, a young woman sat: I was still passing on, unwilling to detect any more examples of humiliation, but her posture arrested me. She offered a picture of concentrated distress: her head rested between her hands, her hair was dishevelled, her dress seemed as though untouched for a month; while, as if to heighten the effect, two pretty children were playing on the grass before her. Deep woe excites respect: I should not have spoken, I was going, but she raised her head, and her forlorn look invited confidence. "And you too, poor creature, have lost a favourite infant?—"Worse, worse," she cried, "twenty-two days since my husband died;" and so saying, a flood of tears inundated her pale wan cheeks. I felt glad; it raised human nature again in my estimation. I gave her little boy something to play with, and turned away down the hill. A faint "God bless you" followed me from the fair mourner's lips. When I passed that way a few days afterwards she was better; tidier, and could speak of her loss: "He

was kind, but it was God's will; I must not repine." Her Mohammedan-like resignation rather surprised me. I saw her for the third time, just as her quarantine was about to expire. A young man was sitting by her side; her child was on his knee; she was smiling—she seemed happy. *Toujours des Grecs,* I again thought.

One must not be surprised at any sudden revulsion of feeling, or at any strange act which may be witnessed during the plague panic. Strangers certainly express astonishment, but they are not understood. A man might slay his father, or a woman eat her child, without either the one or the other exciting attention. Every trait of heartlessness which is related as having occurred in any noted pestilence, as that of Athens, or that of Florence, is repeated in the Levant; but, I blush to say it, only by the Christians. Let the pinions of the monster flap in the distance, and instantly every oriental Christian's heart is turned into stone. Revolting selfishness becomes the order of the day; sympathy is called folly; assistance to a fellow-creature is termed suicidal. Let a man be *impested,* his family, instead of being a solace, increase his pangs: his wife takes her

children by the hands and leaves the house; his servants abandon him, and he is left under the care of some wretch whom the plague has spared at the hospital. The services which love, honour, duty, and religion shrink from, are obtained for a shilling a-day. Should a son perchance have the courage to remain in the house with a dying parent, he is cited as a prodigy; the act is styled heroic, it is deemed worthy of national recompense.

But there are exceptions: a bright, a heavenly ray is thrown across this gloomy picture by the Roman Catholic priests, who attend the Frank plague hospital at Pera. Their professed object is to smooth the path of departing souls; but they do every office besides, which the meekest Christianity, the purest love of mankind can dictate. They dress the patients' sores, they nurse them, they play with them when recovering, they embrace them when dying. Voluntarily, without recompense, and without distinction, do these holy men thus beautifully serve their God. The same two had lived there for many years: several hot plagues had passed over them scatheless; and they might well have deemed themselves under the special protection of a good angel:

but this time Padre Rosario received his reward. The evening of August 24th, I conversed with him at the door of the hospital; the next day he fell ill, and on the 28th he was no more. Another "brother" immediately took his place.

See the Mussulmans of all classes; see with what Christ-like charity they behave. We may lament their want of precaution, but we must admire the devotion with which they meet the destroyer, as well as envy the attention shown to each other: the delirium of pain is soothed by the tenderest offices; the corpse is washed by the hands of affection before it is consigned to the grave. Had science seconded their good feelings, plague would long since have ceased to be an object of alarm: whereas it is still nearly as much dreaded, and as little known, as it was one hundred years since,—thanks to quarantine.

Quarantine was useful in the infancy of medical science; now it discredits the art. We cannot blame the Frank doctors in the East for not attending to the disease: where a wife leaves her husband, and the child avoids its parent, we cannot be surprised if the doctor, who would lose his practice if he were known to attend a plague

patient, be equally scrupulous; but with a motive for exertion, the faculty would long since have grappled with the disorder. Really desirous of benefiting Turkey, and with it all mankind, the European ambassadors at Constantinople should have advised the establishment of two or more plague hospitals, with surgeons at liberal salaries, debarred from private practice. Unable thus to gratify the ruling passion, they would have sought to gain distinction by studying the disease, and thus quarantine might have been raised, without causing alarm even to the most timid, all over the world.

Instead of doing this, a quarantine was projected as a necessary reform for the sultan, and Captain Schembri came from Malta to arrange one; but obtaining little countenance from the government, and finding no sympathy among the people, he soon abandoned the idea. The attempt thus to subject a large city to the horrors of quarantine, without ensuring it the *supposed* commensurate advantages, seemed premature. Before it could derive even the shadow of protection from the measure, it would first be necessary to purify the city, and then to teach the Mussulmans to abandon their sick relations. Every time plague ap-

pears at Constantinople, people puzzle themselves to find out whence it came: now, they say from Trebizonde — now, from Smyrna—now, from Adrianople: if we had but a quarantine we should always be safe. They never dream of its dormouse existence inside of the city—alternately asleep and awake. Take a healthy interval, thoroughly purify the city, (were that possible,) then establish a medical police, instruct the inhabitants in the safest modes of giving relief to each other, and it is probable that plague would never more be heard of at Constantinople, for the climate is not such as to cause the baneful fevers,* to which most large communities are liable, to rise to so deadly a height, provided the proper treatment could be procured. Without these preliminaries, a triple cordon of quarantine would not ensure a month's safety.

Quarantine necessarily implies that plague is purely contagious,—it draws a line between contagion and infection. If it be communicated solely by contact, as seems to be the prevailing opinion, what causes it to cease so suddenly and entirely as it does in the cities of Turkey,

* Two agents of disorder are active at Constantinople: malaria and the cold winds of the Euxine.

without the application of any sanatory measures? What keeps it away years at a time, notwithstanding the presence of the elements of contagion in miasmated clothes, and in unpurified houses? What conclusion may reasonably be drawn from the fact that it increases and diminishes in intensity according to the season? May we not logically deduce, therefrom, that the air is in a state which pre-disposes the constitution to receive disorder? Disorder appears among the lower classes under the aspect of fever; that fever is neglected, it becomes aggravated, and finally, by the want of the commonest aid, terminates in plague. So would the typhus of London or Paris become plague—so would any other violent disease in any large city become as deadly, if you were to leave it to its own devices. During the actual plague of 1834, many of us at Pera experienced a general *mal-aise*, which we could only account for by an insalubrity in the air. Without doubt, had we taken a feverish cold, and neglected to apply prompt and energetic remedies, a serious illness, which might or might not have become plague, would have quickly supervened. My confidence did not arise from fatalism, but from the conviction that

I had a remedy. I had resolved, on feeling any symptoms of fever, to treat myself as I had been treated for yellow fever. I should have sent for a barber, and made him relieve me of a quantity of blood, and I would have taken a good dose of calomel, repeating the operation next day if not better. In nine cases out of ten, incipient plague would vanish before copious venesection and calomel. Previous to the introduction of this practice in our ships and regiments, five cases out of six of West India yellow fever died: now we scarcely lose one man in twelve. A prejudice exists in the Levant against the use of the lancet in plague, because death has been accelerated by it. That is true, because (as formerly with us in cases of yellow fever) the blood was removed by ounces, not by pounds. A slight abstraction gives an impetus to the hot tide in the veins: you must draw deep from the fountain of life in order to repel death.

The presumed deadly nature of plague is another fallacy which helps to support quarantine. Notwithstanding the absence of medical aid,—notwithstanding the moral depression caused by a total abandonment,—notwithstanding the allies which death has in the Greek and Arme-

nian hospitals, less than one-half of those attacked die on the average at Constantinople. The bare idea of being sent to one of these hospitals is enough to destroy a person with weak nerves. Laid on the still reeking pallets of the many who have preceded him, and have been dismissed to quarantine or the grave, if he escape he may well believe in destiny. If plague get into a Greek or Armenian house, the infected bedding afterwards is given away to the hospital. Christians who cannot afford to be located separately are sent to one of these receptacles. The mode of transfer is prompt and characteristic. A Greek servant, for example, falls ill; on which his master, without more ado, sends for a porter, shows him the object, and gives him ten piastres. Hassan throws him across his pack, and trudges off with his groaning burthen, whose heels dangle one way, and his head droops on the other, as careless as though under a bag of cotton. He deposits him at the gate of the so called hospital.

It is a fact, too well attested to be doubted, that the porters who carry about the dead and the dying seldom catch the disorder. I have remarked several individuals thus employed, day after day, for months. I cannot even guess

at the reason of their immunity, except it be in their greasy garments and persons.

The natives of the East do not fear imported plague: unless generated in the place they have no apprehension about it. The disease rarely travels far; if conveyed to another place by an individual, it dies there with him. Three times I have resided in cities with the plague, but in no instance did it extend ten miles off, though merchandise, and Tartars, and travellers, came and went as usual. In June, July, and August, 1836, plague carried off eight thousand persons at Magnesia, a city eight hours from Smyrna, on the high road between it and the capital. *Smyrna escaped.* As if to test contagion, to prove its dependence on atmospheric influences, a company of Smyrniote Jews went to Magnesia to speculate in the clothes of the victims. They purchased a lot, brought them with them, and sold them in the bazaars: *still Smyrna escaped.* The miasma could not apparently traverse Mount Sypelas.

Two evils thus appear to flow from quarantine: first, it keeps us in ignorance of the nature of plague; secondly, it produces an alarming demoralisation. At the same time, it falls short of

the object aimed at, which is the only excuse that can be offered for inflicting it on mankind in its present form.

By observation and purification it pretends to guard against the chance of the disease being conveyed in vessels from certain ports: but where sanatory vigilance can be applied, infection has never been known to pre-exist; where it cannot be exerted, infection has often been traced.

For example—a cargo of cotton, on arriving in a lazaretto from Egypt, is opened, aired, &c., for a given number of days; but the experience of all the lazarettos in the Mediterranean concur in showing that infection never came in a cargo of any description, and the readiness of labourers everywhere to engage themselves, at the usual price of labour, in the service of depurating cargos, proves the absence of any apprehension on their part. In the same ship, however, are a variety of articles, such as furniture, dress, &c., which cannot, from the manifold inconveniences that would be occasioned, be subjected to the process of depuration; but to such an origin is plague usually traced. It was so traced at Malta, at Gozo, and at Corfu; though in my humble opinion the judgment was the deduction

of the popular error respecting plague, for we cannot reasonably suppose that the introduction of a parcel of slippers, (as at Malta,) of a box of trinkets packed in cotton, (as at Corfu,) should, without predisposing atmospheric causes, have spread the disorder in a few days over a vast surface. We cannot suppose either, (leaving climate out of the question,) that a disease propagated from so trifling a cause should not, but for the panic caused by the word plague, and the reluctance of the poor to declare it, have been instantly checked. A man is ruined if plague come into his house: he is separated from his friends, his business is stopped, his clothes and furniture are destroyed; therefore he will conceal it, and therefore plague is often working silently *inside* of a quarantine long ere it be discovered.

As, therefore, *preventive* quarantine can only act on cargoes which are never infected, (for good reasons,) and is inapplicable to articles where contagion may lie dormant, it follows that the advantages are not equivalent to the inconveniences it occasions, and that it may be considerably modified without causing the slightest uneasiness to any one.

If we examine the application of preventive quarantine to a ship of war, we shall see its inefficiency and irrationality still more plainly. Every person, professional or non-professional, admits that the concealment of disease among the crew of a man-of-war is impossible, owing to the constant medical supervision. Yet, on that chance alone twenty or twenty-five days' quarantine are imposed on her when arriving from a Mussulman port. I say, on *that chance*—viz. the seeds of the disease in an individual becoming developed—for no farther, be it observed, than the general aspect of the men and of the ship can the strictest sanatory vigilance (which is always inferior to discipline) extend. Private effects cannot be subjected to an inquisitorial research; every youngster may have things in his desk purchased in the bazaars. Thus, quarantine observes the crew who are free even of suspicion: it cannot pry into the cabins, the trunks, the drawers, the store-rooms, where disease might lurk, though it is highly improbable that it should do so. If there be any danger to be apprehended from a ship of war, no quarantine of any duration will preclude it: keep her in quarantine for one year, she would be still as

liable to the plague as she was the day she came into harbour. If it be true that no fear need be entertained, as we may reasonably conclude that it is, from argument as well as from the fact that no epidemy has ever yet lived in a ship of war, why should we continue to deprive ourselves by quarantine of the influence which the possession of Malta would otherwise give us with Barbary and with Egypt, with which countries we ought to cultivate relations assiduously, and which we could do with ease, with safety, and without disturbing public tranquillity, were our men-of-war freed of a useless restraint? Instead of making it our object to know the Arab, our chief aim on approaching his coasts is to avoid communication with him, so that we may return to Malta in pratique. We throw our despatches on the beach, and make sail away.

Let us make Malta again an African island—let us gradually remove the yellow barrier which separates it from Africa, and I venture to predict that in ten years' time our commerce will be increased tenfold in Barbary. When Tripoli was a dependency of Malta, (why should it not become so again?) it was the Montpelier of the knights. Let us open the communication, and

then English intelligence and wealth, backed by the legitimate authority we may exercise over the Barbary coasts, acting on native wants and curiosity *through a native medium*,* will give us peaceably the commerce of internal Africa, for which (her ulterior object) France is fighting and expending millions. Only by the means of Malta and Tripoli combined may we ever hope to see our cottons penetrating freely across that vast continent, and we must commence betimes to find a market to make up for the loss we shall sustain from the inevitable working of the Prussian commercial union.† All our efforts at

* Tripoli exports to Malta oil, wool, dates, salt, and cattle. The imports are—cotton, drugs, and English manufactures. Without the restraint of quarantine, the trade might be extended indefinitely. Two thousand Maltese are settled in the Regency. Were Tripoli again under its own princes, as before 1835, and we were then to exert our influence properly, we might free Malta entirely of its overplus population, and by that means civilise Tripoli to our advantage.

† This masterpiece of legislation has converted the rivalry of a number of small states into an union of interests. It gives to each and all the advantages of a large empire, in freedom of transit one with the other, in an equalisation

Sierra Leone and on the Niger will continue to be of no avail, because we have no foundation to build on—because there is no intermediary link between the European and the Negro.

of duties, and the consequent diminution (under one uniform system) of custom-house dues and smuggling. It gives them the farther power of entering into commercial arrangements with any large state on equitable terms, for (comprising twenty-four millions of inhabitants) it can offer a fair reciprocity. The impetus given thereby to the German manufactures, especially to those of Saxony, is excluding ours from the legitimate German markets, and may in time enable them to compete with us elsewhere. The benefit which accrues to the members of the union is so great and so certain of increase—for it conciliates the interests of all classes, from the prince to the peasant—that accessions to it will certainly take place. Each accession will tend in an accelerated ratio to the injury of England, for each will reduce the contraband trade in our goods which is now carried on across the frontiers of contiguous states, not members of the union, especially from Brunswick, and which has caused us not to feel so immediately the operation of the system. The union will also work a vast political change in Europe. It is the commencement of the realisation of the day-dream of every German, viz. to form one German nation. If not so in name, it will prove so in fact; and Germany then, united by interest as much as by sympathies, will be a sure counterpoise in the West to Russia.

We have hitherto regarded Malta only *per se*—as a fortress—as a port. Let us draw the veil; let us open our eyes to the fact of its importance in a political view—an importance yearly increasing, owing to the break-up of the Ottoman empire. It is a watch-tower from which we may regulate the proceedings of the Egyptian and the Arab: it is a lever, by which we may uphold all those from the Gulf of Scanderoon to the confines of Algiers, who look up to England, and who would give her advantages, to share in her glory and protection.

But quarantine stands in the way. Why, I seriously ask, should it do so? France does not allow it to cut *her* off from Algiers. She gives vessels which arrive therefrom at Toulon or Marseilles only six or seven days' quarantine, notwithstanding that Algiers is in free communication, and carries on a considerable commerce with Tunis, which regency is in sixteen days' quarantine with Malta. I believe that a person might go from Tunis by land to Algiers, there embark in the steamer, and be in the inside of a diligence in France before his friend, who embarked at the Goletta at the same time, (several days before he embarked at Algiers,) obtained *pratique* at Valette. We might

certainly follow her example. At all events we should cease to apply quarantine to men-of-war and packets—vessels with surgeons to detect the seeds of disorder, with discipline to maintain cleanliness. Malta may then become a port of access, and a home for the dark-skinned sons of the south. Of what advantage to Malta is Italy or France for whose sake quarantine is kept up,* compared with what Africa may become under another system? Civilisation is banding against us; we have taught it our arts —it would turn them to our evil. Let us therefore cling to "barbarism"—let us train its wild energies—let us breathe our soul into its

* The quarantine was nearly doubled at Malta in 1825, in order that the island might be in free communication with France and Italy. I believe the merchants have not gained the advantages they expected thereby, if indeed any. The quarantine might be said to have been trebled in the case of men-of-war, for thenceforward they were not allowed to include their passage from a Mussulman port in the probation. As the quarantine then from Smyrna was only twelve real days, a man-of-war had not more than two or three days on the average to ride out at Valette. The intention, however, of the change is frustrated, because, either on account of fears of cholera or of liberal opinions, Naples and Sicily almost always of late years have kept Malta in quarantine. Thus we lose both ways.

rude existence, and we shall be able to avail ourselves of its faculties.

I am aware of the difficulty of combating a prejudice of long growth, based on the fears of mankind, and I know that any change which may affect it should be done with a tender hand. I by no means deem quarantine superfluous; I only exclaim against it as applied indiscriminately to all persons and things, whether clean or foul, under any circumstances. When plague is raging in a neighbouring state, the passage from which is short, quarantine is a barrier of prudence, necessary at all events to calm the public mind: when disease actually appears it is the sure ally of the medical man, although it should not even then be suffered to interfere too much with the duties of nature and of charity. Thus far precautions were used in a certain degree at Constantinople during the season of which I am speaking: the troops were confined more or less to their barracks, and the crews to their ships. The situation of the former in the airiest parts of the city, or in camps on the hills, and of the lattter in the stream of the Bosphorus, offered a tolerably secure guarantee: very few cases occurred amongst them.

As I had free access to both the ships and camps, I often used to accompany M. Calosso to *Ghul-haneh*, the quarters of the third regiment of the guard, a delightful spot on the shore of the Propontis within the seraglio grounds. His duty usually consisted in teaching the officers to ride. Cypresses shaded the riding-school, on one side of which was a "stand," where we used to sit with the colonel smoking chibouques, and observing the progress of equitation. In the opinion of M. Calosso, the chief instructor of the cavalry of the guard, the sultan committed an error in reforming the Turkish cavalry, that is, in exchanging the masses of irregular horse, which the old system furnished, for a few regiments trained *à l'Europèenne*. The effectiveness of cavalry, if I have been informed rightly, depends on individual skill and address, as much as on combined movements. Every man fights for himself in the *melée*. Native-born Turkish horsemen are perfect; in numbers such as used to take the field, they proved formidable to any troops. See the desperate charges of the Mamelukes at the battle of the Pyramids—not a gun to open the way for them, not a square to fall back on. Irregular infantry is a mob; but irregular cavalry, I have

heard, aided by a commissariat, with the countenance of artillery and regular foot, would be equal to any disciplined regiments. Morier and Fraser speak of the excellence of the Kurdish horsemen: they would have followed the sultan's standard by thousands on their own saddles, wearing their turbans and sashes, and brandishing the crooked sabre; but they would not learn to ride again, or submit to be tortured by discipline, the noble acceptation of which is often lost sight of in a series of vexatious observances.

M. Calosso had necessarily had opportunities, when the new drill was a royal toy, of knowing the sultan personally, and at one time enjoyed high favour: he received from him the *tourah* in brilliants, and a house in Pera. Many looked on him as the *Le Fort* of Turkey. Mahmoud had in him a valuable servant, if he would have employed him adequately, but not even in his case was the prejudice of religion waved. As one of the instructors who accompanied Husseyin Pasha towards Homs, (as mentioned in Chap. XI.) he was sent back to Constantinople in order to avoid the effect of the jealousy of the officers. Called on to give a report of that army, he did so: he painted truly its condition, and predicted defeat

—disgrace. This turned the smiles of royalty from him; but his words were disastrously fulfilled, and he was suffered to retain his appointments. He thought that if the Sultan had been wisely counselled after the destruction of the Janissaries, his character would have appeared in a more estimable light. Mahmoud's kindness and liberality to those about him he considered as remarkable; but his highness displayed no firmness—no constancy; the favourite of to-day he would bowstring to-morrow.

I should rather be inclined to cite capricious cruelty as his characteristic. When the head of his favourite of ten years standing, Khalet Effendi, cut off by his order, was exposed at the "Sublime Porte," he rode under the gateway expressly to look at it. He sent for his other prime favourite to eat strawberries with him the evening before he departed for exile, as if to enjoy Mustapha's perturbation, or to render his journey more bitter by the disappointed hope. A passion for building, a difficulty of access—unusual in Oriental princes—and debauchery, are the minor traits of his character. The latter is carried to considerable excess, if we may believe one-tenth of all that is said.

After sun-set the palace is lit up; wine, music, and dancing-boys appear. His gallantry while I was at Constantinople was also indecorous and unprecedented; it caused a revolt in the harem. It chanced, while rowing along the shore, that some Greek girls of humble origin pleased his eyes, on which he spoke, and they were transferred to the palace. Great was the consternation among the eunuchs? Deep was the resentment of the fair Circassians and Georgians—brought up with such care for the imperial harem, proud of their beauty and haughty in their faith! Loud were the complaints of his female relatives, to think that their tastes were not refined enough, but that he must demean himself so far. The Kislar Aga, they say, felt so insulted that he was on the point of retiring from office; for whenever before did a sultan receive a woman except from his hands? In fine, the monarch who had cut down the Janissaries, who daily braved insurrection in all parts of his empire, was obliged to yield: the young Greeks were sent back to their island, and peace restored to the caged bowers of the seraglio.

To be amused appears his sole object: to amuse him seems to be the principal duty of

his ministers. Pleasure is laid out for him in every form, and each hour is appropriated to some pastime or other. The Bosphorus is his pleasure lake, its environs form his park: on its banks are continuous ranges of latticed halls and colonnades for his use. He is lord of all he surveys. All things animate and inanimate are bound to administer to his senses. He has no occasion for Aladdin's lamp, or the ring of the genii: wherever he goeth all that is adapted to please the taste or soothe the fancy accompanies him. He must not ask for anything in vain. His presence makes solitude a crowd: converts the vacant space into peopled haunts. Near Constantinople is a pleasant spot, called the "sweet waters:" it is a flowery vale, green and soft as a mermaid's hair, lying, like a rough set jewel, between two ridges of stony hills. Umbrageous avenues intersect it, and a stream slides through it in shining serpentine windings, and disappears in the head of the Golden Horn. Chinese bridges span the river, while on the banks two kiosks, with purple and marble ornaments, and the gilded "cipher" on the gates, denote that royalty loves the spot. Water-works, constructed by a Frenchman in the reign of Selim III.,

play sweetly all day by the larger kiosk, in faint imitation of those at Versailles. The vale may be four miles long by three quarters of a mile in width. Its contrast with the surrounding scenery during summer is perfect. After riding over the arid plain and the barren hills which intervene between it and the city, you descend by a precipituous road all at once into the delight of shade and perfume. You fain think of Rasselas. You would feel alone, were it possible to be alone with trees and water. You are resting your nag in one of the leafy alleys, or you retreat into the deeper shade of the hill, and sit down beneath the verandah of the cafeneh. Hark! an indistinct murmur seems to arise like the distant breaking of water on the shore. It increases. Sentries appear, as if dropped from the clouds on the hills, and guards occupy the avenues. You gaze around: you are no longer alone. An audible whisper is heard, "the padischah (sovereign) is coming." Eunuchs, casting around jealous, hateful glances, now appear; and next fairy-shaped caiques, rapidly succeeding each other, dart up the silvery stream, each with some lady of the harem and her women. The soldiers on the banks fasten their eyes on

the ground as they shoot along to the curtained palaces: but you, you infidel! you fear not to look on those heaven-lit eyes, floating in their own lustre, which turn not away despite the ireful looks of the black guardian in the stern. Then comes the sultan; followed by his pashas, reclined luxuriously in their cushioned and carpeted boats. The latter crowd the river, while their ladies drive to its banks in their *arabas* and carriages, there remain eating sweetmeats and talking scandal about the Frank and Greek women who are walking about. Tents of all sizes and shapes are soon pitched on the ground for the accommodation of the rapidly increasing crowd; *kabob* roasters and sherbet venders and *cavedjis* take up their stations accordingly. All is gay and varied; gay in costume, and varied in pursuit: there the Turk is smoking, there sings the Greek, there the Armenian dozes, and there the Hebrew is driving his bargain. You might fancy it a vast fancy dress party, got up impromptu for a meeting of princes. In three hours all the idlers of the city are assembled, including every woman who can afford a vehicle of any sort, for women in Turkey have nothing to do but to amuse themselves, and the ladies of Constantinople ride

about all day long under the care of their servants. Yet, amidst all the variety and animation, an indefinable sensation of dread seems to penetrate; an invisible voice floats in the air and repeats, "the master is present." Happier by far is that valley, though less gorgeous and less thronged, on the occasion of a Greek fête, or when selected for a day's excursion by some fair Turkish leader of fashion.

The Esmeh Sultana ranks foremost among the latter. You smile incredulously on being told for the first time that Sultan Mahmoud's sister is in yonder arabah (waggon) drawn by two oxen. The lady is a Tory: carriages are in vogue, and horses share with oxen the honour of drawing about the rank and beauty of Stamboul; but, nevertheless, she clings to *eski-adet*, (old usage,) and loves to ride as her mother rode before her. But the costly simplicity of the *feradjees*, the transparency of the *yakmashes*, and the brilliancy of the diamonds of her attendants prevent any mistake. Her simple equipage always attracts attention, for, in addition to her own rank and her affability, we know that some one of the beautiful maidens with her may be destined to grace the imperial harem. We anticipate in

thought her regret at quitting their kind mistress, in order to swell the ranks of the *odalisques*,—the sweet intercourse of sisterhood exchanged for jealous rivalry,—maternal solicitude replaced by an eunuch's guardianship. The sultana adopts young Circassian slaves, and brings them up in all the accomplishments of the East, for the purpose of pleasing her royal brother. Should he, on visiting at her royal palace, remark one of her fair attendants who line the saloon, either by word or sign, that suffices: the girl, often by force, and in despair, is transferred to the seraglio; there to pine uncared-for amidst hundreds of similar victims, or to emerge into the honours of *valideh sultana*, as caprice may dictate.

The decline of the fair slave supply, the trade being now contraband, offers a subject of regret to the sensual Osmanleys: it is a sign to them of the fall of the empire, for Circassian and Georgian beauty has ever been connected with Ottoman glory, till at length the one seemed dependent on the other. Circassia is said by many to be the cradle of the human race, and certainly, if we may draw a conclusion from high personal and intellectual qualities, the assertion is not exaggerated. At first we are inclined to suspect

that climate has more to do with their excellence than blood, for while Circassia has given birth to half the gentle-born of Turkey for ages, the talent visible in the country comes directly from the Caucasus. Even the slave who acquires honours in Turkey and shares them with a daughter of his land, rarely transmits his own secret of success. But this is easily accounted for. The young slave has more chance of succeeding in the field of intrigue than the young noble: trained from infancy to self-restraint, to study the whims of the master, he treads with more confidence the treacherous walks of the seraglio. There is also another reason. Oriental despotism abhors the shadow of independence near its presence, and therefore reposes its trust and its affections in slaves, who have no soul but their master's —no hope but through his favour—no stability but in his welfare. Hence most of the pashas of the empire have sprung from slavery: hence the Circassians have abundant motives to regret their separation from Turkey. I believe that the forced suspension by Russia of the slave trade is one of their principal motives for disliking her rule. The market of Stamboul was the foot of the ladder of ambition: it was the India for the sons and daughters of the mountains.

Hitherto Circassia has been connected in our thoughts chiefly with lovely creatures, reared to please the eye of desire,—taught by a mother's care to feign the wild caress, to breathe the yielding sigh, to mould persuasive accents: but now we see her in a nobler attitude; we see a nation of banded warriors striving for their mountain independence; we see them, though encircled by ships and legions, hemmed in by towers and traversed by intrigues, still preserve a bold attitude in the face of Russia.

Sympathy for their cause has excited in us a corresponding estimate of their resources, and has made us reckon on them as a powerful diversion in the event of a war with Russia. "Throw arms and powder into the Caucasus," we cried, "and Russia will be ruined;" while on the other hand we have cited the unavailing efforts of Russia to reduce them, as an index of her weakness. But we should not forget that any reliance on the active co-operation of mountaineers is ever liable to be disappointed; for so as their hills be respected, they look no further. In the late wars of Russia with Persia and Turkey, the Circassians had splendid opportunities of inflicting injury on the common enemy: but no; they re-

mained quiet; they forgot the wise proverb until too late, *aide toi et Dieu t'aidera;* they would neither assist the Schah nor the Sultan to any purpose. We should also bear in mind that deducing weakness in a power from ill success in mountain warfare, is to argue in the face of the experience in the world. We long contended with the *Ghoorkas* of the Himmalaya; at last deemed it wise to make a compromise with them. During twenty-five years the Suliotes resisted the power and the hatred of Ali Pasha, who reduced them at length by adopting the counsel of the Moabites to Holofernes; by resorting to the measures since pursued by Russia in regard to the Circassians: viz. enclosing them, cutting off their trade, and constantly attacking them. An operation of this nature, is like a mine, its success rarely appears till the moment of explosion.

Nominally dependent on the Porte for ages, the Circassians nevertheless refused direct obedience to it; and as the Porte found her account in the supply of slaves she cared not farther. In the same spirit of mountain independence they resist Russian domination. Would they were free! —Would there were more free states in the world!

but, viewed as a corollary of the general question of the East, the only way in which the declaimers in their behalf regard the struggle, will their indepence affect it? Can you give them an interest in the political state of any country beyond their hills? Did their self-called independence previous to 1829, affect the progress of Russia on all sides of them? Has the existence of Switzerland ever influenced in any degree the destinies of Europe? restrained the march of an army, the ambition of a king, or the license of a people? But we may, we are told, by means of independent Circassia, light a flame which will spread through the recent conquests of Russia, and which, backed by a small effort on our part, will suffice "to drive her back to Siberia." No point requires more consideration than that, much dwelt on of late, of the assumed disaffection towards Russia in her newly-acquired dominions. The natural repugnance of man to the restraints of civilisation, (unless born among them,) must cause her rule to be disliked in the provinces, bordering on anarchy, which she has wrested from Turkey and Persia; but though she cannot overcome the feeling as far as the actual generation is concerned, she neutralizes it by

an exemption from the heaviest tax—conscription—for a given number of years, and by giving the nobles an interest in the new order of things. We have seen, for example, a Georgian, native born and bred, fill the office of civil governor of Tiflis. Even the innate causes of opposition are disappearing under the influence of the sultan's "reform," which equally tends (ineffectually) to coerce the lower classes, without meaning to benefit their chiefs. We can hardly suppose that the Kurds, who have been engaged for several years in civil war with the sultan, occupying his grand army,—so sorely pressed, that in 1834 Redschid Mehemet Pasha burnt their villages as he reduced them and sold the inhabitants into slavery, will have any particular objection to a change of masters. We cannot suppose that a contest carried on with such revolting barbarity that, in 1835, the sultan's general *impaled his prisoners*, while the Kurds retaliated by *roasting their prisoners alive*—can lead to a conclusion unfavourable to Russia, who certainly does not chequer the unavoidable horrors of war with such atrocities, or have recourse to unnecessary acts of military rigour, but endeavours to conci-

liate existing prejudices with her system of conquest and centralisation.*

On discussing the question so much dwelt on lately, of Russia's title to that portion of the Caucasus now under arms, we stop at once at the fourth article of the peace of Adrianople, which ceded the sovereignty of it to her. We are gravely informed, however, that the Porte had no right to sign it away, because it was not hers to give: we are told it was not hers, because she never had any authority in the country.† This is a slippery argument in treating of the Ottoman empire, and one which will not bear a moment's

* "As we passed along, an old Kurdish shepherd cried out, 'Ah! you are just the men I have been wishing to see for a long time. Our governor here oppresses, beats, and kills us. This is a Kurdish town; the Kurds are many and the *kuzil bashes* (Persians) are few. When are you coming to take the country and allow us a chance to beat and kill them?' He supposed we were Russians; and the inhabitants of a Kurdish village not far beyond, seemed equally glad to see us, and asked when we came from Erivan."—Missionary researches in Armenia by Eli Smith and H. G. O. Dwight.

† The Porte certainly held the forts on the sea coast of Circassia, and was acknowledged as the superior lord by the neighbouring districts.

consideration. If it be once admitted that the establishment of authority is a requisite condition of sovereignty, what becomes of the integrity of the Ottoman empire? The Porte had exactly the same power in the Caucasus as she has ever had in many other parts of her vast dominions. She never had any direct power in Kurdistan: she never had any direct power in Arabia, except in a few cities: she never had any direct power in the Montenegro, and not much among the hills of Upper Albania. But are these states independent? Has *she* no right to cede them? Does she not make war on them whenever she pleases, and treat them as rebels without reference to anybody? If she have the right to sign away Kurdistan, or Turkish Arabia, or the Montenegro, she had a full right to sign away the Caucasus. Apparently her right, however long in abeyance, is never lost in the opinion of some: she was allowed to re-assert it over Tripoli, (in 1834,) although that regency had been totally independent (even of the form of presents) and ruled by its own princes above a century; its independence, moreover, in the eyes of Europe, being proved by every state of Christendom accrediting an agent to its pasha, while any country

made war on it without referring to, or raising a question with, the Porte. What comparison can be drawn between the independence of Tripoli and that of Circassia? Was the latter ruled by an hereditary family? Had Europe representatives residing at the court of its sovereign?

We might say to Russia with more reason, "You declared in 1828 that you desired no accession of territory, and therefore as we chose to believe you, and were perhaps more indifferent to your success in Turkey than we might otherwise have been, you ought not to retain Abasia:" to which she might smilingly reply in the spirit of an individual who should constantly express his indifference about money, yet readily alters his mind if a fortune chance to alight on him: or she might cite as an apology for her own error the retention of Algiers by the French, notwithstanding their solemn assertions to the English ministry that satisfaction, not conquest, was their object.

Whatever right, however, Russia may or may not have to the Caucasus, whatever sovereignty the Porte may or may not have exercised over it, whatever may be the opinion of the Ottomans on this subject, we continued very indifferent to,

and ignorant of its fate until the autumn of 1834. In that year one of our countrymen at Constantinople, having acquired some knowledge of the struggle for independence from some Circassians in the capital, resolved to go to the spot in person and see if it might not be turned to political account. It was not easy to put his wish into execution, because Russia held the country under a blockade; and the excursion in any form seemed likely to involve some personal sacrifice, because the natives, even did he succeed in eluding the vigilance of the former, might take him for a spy and hang him up accordingly. This, in fact, namely, the means of communicating unsuspected with the Beys of Circassia, was the greatest difficulty. But it happened that a certain Sefer Bey (a Circassian) was residing at Sampsoon as an exile or an absentee, and he removed all apprehension on that score. The public history of Sefer Bey, whom my reader may have heard spoken of, may be said to have commenced in 1828, when he was taken prisoner at Anapa, and transferred to St. Petersburgh. He resided there until the peace, after which, being set free, he commenced travelling as a political missionary to endeavour to obtain suc-

cour for his compatriots, always with the song that a supply of arms and money to Circassia would shake Russia to its centre. He first addressed himself to the Porte, but without effect. He then solicited the good offices of Mehemet Ali, but equally in vain. Neither power would meddle with Russia's concerns. Sefer apparently was not more disposed to do so himself, for instead of joining his countrymen in arms, as we might have expected to see him do, he sat down quietly at Sampsoon,* on the Asia Minor coast of the Black Sea. There Mr. U—— had the good fortune to find him, and he obtained through his means a mode of communication with some of the hostile chiefs of the Caucasus. Sefer Bey was delighted with the hope of obtaining, as he expected, the countenance of England; and he therefore spared no trouble to facilitate the object of his English friend.

After allowing time for Sefer's emissaries to arrive in the country and make the necessary arrangements for his reception, Mr. U—— finally sailed from Trebizonde for the interdicted

* The copper of Tocat, and the silk and fruit of Amasia are exported from Sampsoon. It carries on trade with the Crimea.

coast. In order to be strictly in accordance with international usage, he directed his course in the first place to *Soukoom Kaleh*, a Russian post. The commandant received him with due hospitality, and entertained him frankly as an English gentleman, sailing under English colours, had a right to expect. It must have proved a treat for the Russian to meet with one in that retired spot. From *Soukoom Kaleh*, our traveller proceeded to *Ghelindjik*, the next Russian station, where he also experienced frankness and hospitality on the part of the officers of the garrison, who were equally delighted with so agreeable a variety to the monotony of their existence, and talked unreservedly about the rebels, as they chose to term the Circassians. From *Ghelindjik* he sailed with the avowed intention of terminating his cruise at the Russian town of Anapa, by which he disarmed any suspicion that might have arisen of his object; but instead of going so far, he put into the intervening Circassian bay of *Soudjouk Kaleh*. I fain hope that he regretted not having been able to effect his purpose from the Russian posts; but that was impossible, for the one side would not have let him go, nor would the other party have received him well from

such a quarter. At *Soudjouk Kaleh* no obstacle existed. Sefer Bey's signals were here acknowledged, and Mr. U—— was enabled to hold communication on shore with some individuals of rank. In two days he acquired decisive proofs of the spirit of opposition among the people, whom his presence animated, and sufficient information, as he supposed, to organise a plan for emancipating the Caucasus from Russian domination. He then returned to Constantinople. He might have flattered himself that his visit to *Soudjouk Kaleh* would remain unknown to his Russian friends at *Ghelindjik* and at *Koukoom Kaleh*, but, by one of the trifling oversights which often mar the best laid schemes, Lucas, one of his interpreters on the expedition, was in Achmet Pasha's pay; and as Achmet Pasha was in constant intercourse with the Russian minister, his excellency of course obtained prompt information of the voyage of the *Argo*. From that hour, in consequence, the coast was more rigorously blockaded, and the English flag looked on with suspicion even twenty miles from it.* In order to follow up the plan

* The following year, the "Lord Charles Spencer," English merchantman, when about eighteen miles from the coast,

so happily begun for the delivery of Circassia, but which ought in our opinion to have been preceded by *opening the Euxine to our ships of war*, since without their support no aid direct or indirect could be afforded, Sefer Bey was invited to leave Sampsoon, and come to Constantinople for a short time. The Bey accepted the invitation; but unluckily for his comforts, he found on his arrival that his friend had returned to England, and that consequently he was on the *pavé*. On account of his position in regard of Russia, none of the Turkish grandees would acknowledge him, although many of them were Circassians, and a relation of his was also in the sultan's army. For several months he subsisted on the charity of some Englishmen, who either espoused his cause, or were influenced by personal motives. A friend of mine gave him £25 one day to relieve his immediate necessities: on another occasion he was so reduced that he told us he was about to send for two female slaves belonging to his lady, in order to sell them in the market. We could not help smiling at

was turned off by a Russian cruiser. The year following again, the Vixen was captured in the bay of *Sudjvoll Kaleh*, by the Russian brig Ajax.

this practical commentary on his song of liberty. With the ignorance of an oriental in such matters, he imagined that as an Englishman and a friend of the ambassador had induced him to come to Constantinople, so the British government was connected with his proceedings. He knew not that Englishmen can do a great deal on their own responsibility. He expressed himself, in consequence, an ill-used and betrayed man. Of course our ambassador had nothing whatever to do with his ill-timed advent, and so the author was authorised to inform the Bey. It is a hard thing to convince a distressed man. "Why," he said one day, "if I were to go to the Russian minister he would receive me with open arms." "I would advise you not to take that step," observed a gentleman who accompanied the author; "for if you do have recourse to him, M. de Bouteneff will know at once the nature of your hopes of obtaining assistance from England: he will laugh at you. If you really wish to treat with a Russian minister, return to your country and speak at the head of your clan." But that was not Sefer Bey's idea. He nevertheless continued to talk high, and long continued an object of interest and bounty with

sundry influential persons connected more or less with politics. His position at length became humiliating to himself, and ridiculous to his supporters: and I believe he succeeded in wearing out the patience of the Russian embassy, for he was ordered, after two years, to leave the capital. Various reasons, which it would be needless to mention, induced us to think that he had no material influence in his own country. It is true, he professed to be, and would show us papers in support of his assertion, the agent of the "Circassian nation," and their intermediary with the British government. Such documents however are easily obtained. It was not likely either that, in the first position, he would have remained a beggar at Constantinople, and it was quite impossible in the next place that our ministry would have consented to intrigue so clumsily with a people in arms against a friendly power. Wishing to profit by the state of Circassia, it would, I imagine, have taken other means of expressing an interest on the subject, and of establishing a correspondence in the country.

CHAPTER XV.

Burial — Dardanelles — Arankeuy — the Troade — Bounar Bashi—Old Troy—Gallipoli—Boulairkeuy— Exi-milia — The Chersonesus of Thrace—The Hellespont—Russian brig—Channakalis—Vourlah — Archipelago — Cape Colonna—Cape Saint Angelo—Caloyer.

One forenoon in May, 1830, six boats with their ensigns and pennants displayed half-staff high, shoved off from an English frigate, moored near the "scale of mortality." Slowly, with measured strokes, they rowed down the Golden Horn. One boat was in tow; and the crew of this boat sat composed and mute, and a union jack for a pall overspread the stern sheets, and a sword and hat rested thereon. At this unusual spectacle, the numerous *caiks* skimming on the glad waters encircled by Stamboul and its attendant cities, paused with respect. Dissolution in any shape

appeals to the hearts of all; at its aspect sectarian prejudice sinks; the Pagan and the Mussulman, the Gheber and the Christian may join hands round one grave. The procession continued to row down the crowded harbour: it entered the arrowy stream of the Bosphorus, and stopped nigh midway between the shores of Europe and Asia. The boats formed a semicircle round the waterhearse. It was a curious and impressive sight to see that group of Protestants drifting as the current willed towards the Propontis; so isolated, in the solemn duty they were performing, from all around them, they might almost deem themselves alone—an ark on the waters; and if, as schoolmen say, life suggests death by the force of antagonism, the phantasma of the loathsomest charnel-house might have stood revealed before them, suggested by the varied, animated, picturesque scenery on every side, so redolent of existence in its sunniest forms, so fraught with pleasure to every sense. Resting on their oars, the men breathed low: uncovered, the officers stood up; while the clergyman, with a faltering voice, for a messmate lay before him, read in the face of Heaven and the Mussulman capital, the service for the dead. Dust to dust could not be

said, but we committed the remains of a fine spirit to the element, emblem of the Creator—vast, ubiquitous, and omnipotent; unalterable in its movements, equal in its laws. The wave parted for a moment, then flowed on again swiftly and silent. Three volleys swept over and concealed the conscious ripple.

Four years and a half later, while struggling in the water on the same spot, the scene rose fresh and real on my memory. The same panorama of Scutari, shifting behind the minarets of its own mosques, as we drifted, attracted my failing sight. Poor Capponi!* I thought of him with affection, but with no wish to follow his shade to the sanded depths. "Let go," said the *caikgi*, each effort I made to free myself from the Nereids' cold embraces nearly upsetting his frail skiff, whence I had awkwardly tipped overboard, while standing up to hail a vessel in which I was about to embark: "let go, and be ——, it is your *khismet*," (destiny.) Foolish! I thought, to have escaped the plague only to get drowned. Better to have died in a tent on the hill side of St. De-

* The estimable surgeon of H. M. S. Blonde, who died in the harbour of Constantinople, and was buried in the Bosphorus.

metrius than thus to sink like a dog, because—it is my fate! However, my friend read my forehead wrong: he saw that I did not choose to drown alone, and therefore, at length, aided me to get in again.

It was a bad omen: we nearly ran foul of the Seraglio Point on leaving the harbour, and then lay becalmed a day and a night in the sea of Marmora. The fresh winds of August had given place to autumnal weather—squalls, calms, and showers. The second day we passed Rodosto, a picturesque-looking city, with many minarets by the side of a hill, and the next morning, September 12th, we reached the Dardanelles. I landed, in order to remain some days and obtain all the information possible about the fortifications* of the strait and the resources of the country; for we still hoped that our squadron might venture farther north than Mitylene.

The hospitality of our consul, Charles Lander, Esq., rendered my duty pleasant, and the pre-

* By a careful examination of all the batteries, we found that the number of guns had hitherto been over-rated in every report on the subject by more than three hundred. The mistake, I suppose, originated in some person, from whom others afterwards copied, having taken the crenelated walls for lines of embrasures.

sence of his lady, an accomplished Frenchwoman, made me sometimes doubt whether the little village of Arankeuy, their country residence, were in the centre of the plain of Troy. I could not remain long with them at a time, for my occupation confined me principally to the town, but I rode over when possible to enjoy the combined pleasures of country air and agreeable society. How classical was the view from their windows! We looked over the Chersonesus of Thrace on to Imbros, the sea between the island and the promontory running apparently as narrow as a river, but deep and blue. The effect of water seen on this side and that side of high land is beyond expression beautiful. Farther to the right, towering high, twenty leagues off, we saw Samothrace. To the southward, looking over *Koom Kalehsi*, over Cape Sigæum, over *the tumuli*, our eyes rested on Tenedos, separated also from the main land by a narrow, shining strip of "blue:" while, on clear evenings, about sunset, we gazed on Mount Athos, distinctly visible one hundred miles off. At times, when a southerly wind sprang up, we had a noble sight from our windows of sixty or seventy vessels, of all nations, making sail together from under the various points, where they had lain wind-bound for weeks

or months, and running past the little town, which on its part displayed, from the various consulates, all the colours of Europe. Ah! we often thought, when shall we be in an English fleet, thus running up the Hellespont, shrouded in the smoke of its own guns?

Homer has been criticised for calling a stream, not three miles wide, the "vast Hellespont." Without alluding to the right of poetic license, we may say that it often really has that appearance. After a succession of southerly winds, a bluish mist floats above the water and intercepts a distinct view from Asia of the steep cliffs of Europe: the Hellespont then appears so wide that you fain stop and rub your eyes, under the effect of an optical delusion.

Covered in part with vallonier oaks and fruit-trees, washed on two sides, and bounded by the range of Ida, Troy's plain, independent of the past, is a splendid feature. Winter is the time to view it in perfection, for then the beds of the rivers are full. In autumn, we found the Scamander a mere brook, and the Rhodius a muddy rivulet: we galloped over the Thymbrius, and forded the "impetuous Simois," knee-deep. Scarcely any place has so fallen as the Troade:

it contains not so many villages as there were formerly cities on it. With everything to allure man—a fertile soil, a heavenly clime, and an unrivalled position for trade—no district in Turkey is more destitute.

We felt this the more particularly at Bounar Bashi, the wretched hamlet which occupies a corner of the site of old Troy. Can it be true? Are these few huts collected here by mere chance, or thus placed by an all-wise Providence to be a lesson to our pride, to show man how low he may sink? Touch them, enter them; then look through the vale of years, over the army of Xerxes drying up the river with its thirst, to the farther end of the vista! See those walls and towers rising dimly in the halo of the glory which furnished materials for the proudest monument ever offered to human vanity, or consecrated to human misfortune. Egypt! thy Pharaohs would give all their pyramids for as many lines of Homer.

The exact spot! Strabo himself could not have noted the ground more accurately. Too great a poet to trust his fame to niches of art, Homer shrined himself in nature, and made the rocks, the hills, and the rivers, eternal witnesses of the

truth of his pencil. I am surprised how Alexandria Troas could have been allowed to wear the honours so long. It proves how inclined we are to be misled by a name; for though so many learned and classical travellers, from St. Paul down to Pococke, visited the place, no one questioned its identity with the poem, till Le Chevallier came and invited the bard to speak for himself. Although we cannot repeat *seges est ubi Troja fuit*, which has been considered by some as a sufficient answer to certain sceptics who say that, even allowing the materials of Troy to have been removed, the ruins should have left inequalities of ground, still no argument is required. You have only occasion, if unprejudiced, to examine the spot once, in order to satisfy yourself that from this side Hector issued, prescient of his fate, and from that angle Priam beheld the victor's savage triumph. "Three times round the walls!" There you pause; the rocky bed of the Simois arrests your career. The acute antiquarian, searching for an error, and eager to show *his* learning by detecting an inconsistency, would, with that to rest on, throw a cold doubt over the remainder. But is Homer allowed no license? or rather is not the description still correct? If

Achilles drove his chariot along the city wall until the ravine arrested him, then back again to the same obstacle at the other end of the segment, is the picture overdrawn? No modern despatches give one so good an idea of any field of battle as the Iliad conveys.

The identity of Bounar Bashi with the site of old Troy is questioned, I have heard, by some, on the plea that Alexander, had he been able to discover it, would have built *his* Troy on the same spot: his not finding it shows, they say, the uncertainty of the site two thousand years ago—*a fortiori*, more so now-a-days. But the Macedonian, when he founded a city, studied the union of personal fame with public convenience. In the latter respect his city, owing to its sea-coast locality, possessed infinite advantages over its sire, being still quite near enough to the poet's scene to justify the name then, and to account for the assumption afterwards. Of course he gave out, and his words were oracles, and his geographers supported him, that he had found out the exact spot, disclosed to him in a dream by the son of Thetis.

Many, also, regardless of the evidence graven on the plain, refer the Trojan war to another

epoch, and act it on another stage, because the ascribed motive appears to them to be totally inadequate to the result. They should recollect that the apparent cause of any great event in the world is rarely the true one—that the trifling event which determines the crisis is as the drop of water which makes the glass run over. History seldom elucidates the mystery, and Poetry, who often funishes her sister with materials, always allies herself with popular opinions. If the ten years' war grew, as I believe it is supposed by some of the learned to have done, out of a project of colonisation for the relief of Greece, in which everybody must have felt interested, was not the Lady Helen a sufficient as well as a fair pretext? Stamp an ideal value on any person or thing, arouse national feeling in the cause, and mankind will go any length, aid any imposture, in the pursuit; and ignorant must they be, even of very modern history, who think that multitudes are not to be armed and led anywhere in the cause of a supposed injured woman. Helen was as the holy wood, the prophet's banner, the bigot's crucifix. When old Priam animated the vacillating Trojans by the sight of her charms, he paid not

so high a compliment to beauty as to common sense; for surely there is more reason in going wild for the likeness of an angel, than for a saint's bones, or a martyr's hair; surely there is more consistency in fighting for a woman, described, on the one hand, to the Greeks, as detained against her will—represented, on the other hand, to the Trojans, as delivered from a barbarous husband, than in desolating Europe and Asia for the sake of the true cross.

Having perfectly convinced ourselves that we trode the birth-place of the unheeded prophetess, whose fatal gift neither aided her country nor benefited herself, we sat down by one of the four springs of Scamander, all gushing fresh and pellucid from the living rock. We ate grapes under a "wild fig-tree," and plucked water-cresses. Some Trojan maidens also appeared in pursuance of the same object, as in ancient days, but the contact of their arms and feet with the stream moved not the amorous deity. There we reclined, cool and happy, till the sun invited us to follow him in his western course. We accordingly mounted, and rode quietly back to our cheerful village. Every object on the plain is "heroic." The carts, for example, are of exactly

the same form as we see represented in *bas-reliefs:* two low wheels, each composed of three pieces of wood, solid from the axle to the tire, support the frame; while a rounded, oblong, wicker-basket, open behind, and removeable at will, forms the body. Drawn by oxen, the creaking of one of them is grating beyond endurance, and may be heard half a mile off: it stimulates the animals. We were out late on our return, and enjoyed the almost volcanic spectacle of a tract of blazing underwood on the Chersonesus. It reminded us of the camp-fires of the Greeks. The burnt wood afterwards, for only the lighter twigs disappear in smoke, is cut down for charcoal; and then, after the first rains, the young grass sprouts luxuriantly. In two years' time the underwood grows again, as umbrageous and intricate as ever. Several parts of the *Troade* are thus charred, and often stripe the sportsman's trowsers like a zebra's skin. Partridges, hares, and woodcocks, abound on the plain. As Mussulmans will not eat shot-slain animals, and the rayas may not carry arms, the Frank has an unbounded range. Wild boars are found during the autumn. Bears used to frequent Mount Ida, but I never heard of

any in the present day. If you would like, however, to break a lance with one of these gentlemen, you have only to ascend that beauteous mountain which shades Brussa, and overlooks the Lake of Nicæa.

Some of the many Europeans, who sail or steam on the wave which rolled over Leander, land and gallop over the soil which entombed Patroclus; but scarcely one in a century gives a thought to the opposite, not so famed but still celebrated, country of the Thracian Chersonesus. I should have to plead equal negligence, for often had I landed on it, nor gone beyond its shore; but wishing to inquire into everything connected with the defence of the Hellespont, I thus fulfilled as a duty the prompting of inclination. For this purpose I rode one afternoon, accompanied by my young friend, Mr. Frederick Calvert, about twenty miles along the Asiatic shore of the strait, as far as Lampsaki, in order to cross over to Gallipoli. Lampsaki is now a pretty village on the slope of a hill, surrounded by gardens, though no longer famous for the wine which obtained for it the honour of being given to the hero of Salamis. It is chiefly remarkable in the present day as the spot where the Otto-

man fleet supplies itself with wood, furnished gratis by the inhabitants. Between Constantinople and the Archipelago the capitan pasha generally drops anchor three times, for the purpose of thus proving the loyalty of the natives.

As it was sunset on our arrival, we had some difficulty in finding a boat: Kukutcho, however, the consul's dragoman, who kindly attended us on this occasion, persuaded a fisherman to leave his tackling for our sake. The wind was tolerably fair, and we fetched over into the little mole of Gallipoli at eight P.M. At that early hour a Turkish country town is wrapped in sleep. Dogs will salute the benighted traveller, vultures will flap away heavily at his approach to their carrion feast, but no lighted casement indicates where he may knock and it shall be opened; no convenient policeman or sleepy sentry appears to give him a seasonable direction. The moon may be sailing in light, but the streets have no names, and the houses present all the same aspect of decay. But the worthy Hebrew, Mr. Cohen, to whom we carried a recommendation, was a personage of some repute, and our boatmen undertook to find his house. After a few wrong turns, and some stumbles over collected heaps of

rubbish, which the four-footed and winged scavengers had neglected to diminish, we stood before his door. The family were at rest: I do not say in bed, for though one may lie down soft and comfortable in Turkey, there is none of the operation of "going to bed," which adds a proportionate irksomeness to the "getting up." People go to sleep and rise again without forethought or trouble. Mattresses, sheets, and coverlids; are taken out of a press, and laid on the floor of the room where you are sitting; in the morning they are removed. By this means a house is always a large house; it is not diminished by bed-rooms and dressing-rooms. By this means the number of guests depends on will, not on space. We are the only people who sacrifice so liberally to Morpheus—who make his divinity so sacred. The French and Italians, in adapting their sleeping-apartments to the general purposes of life, partly imitate Orientals.

With his hand on his breast, and "welcome" on his lips, Mr. Cohen descended to the door: he kissed our hands, and thanked God for the good fortune. His wife and daughter stood in the hall behind him: they also took our hands and saluted them. When thus bestowed, these marks

of respect do not appear slavish. You fain would reverse the practice, and kiss the fair hand which lifts yours so demurely to its lips; but you feel that offence would be given, knowing that woman in the East does not like man —the lord in reality—to affect submission in public. After these preliminaries, we were ushered into the "guests' apartment," lighted up with the "candle of ceremony." Our host insisted on taking off our sashes. His wife brought us a basin and towels. His daughter sprinkled rose-water. We were next arranged commodiously in one of the angles of the sofa, and supper was placed on a tray between us. Talk of comfort! we know it not. In short, we experienced Eastern hospitality, which everywhere seems to indicate that the admonition, "receive strangers kindly, lest there be a wandering angel among them," is never lost sight of. In the East, a man inconveniences himself to aid his guest: in the West, the guest often administers to the ostentation of his host. In the former, you enjoy a favour—in the latter, you may chance to suffer a distinction.

Shining in through the stained oriel panes of our room, the sun aroused us early. We opened

the shutters and let in a current of dewy fragrant air from the garden; then appeared our hostess and her maid with the matinal cup of coffee. While a more substantial repast should be prepared we strolled about the town. Though so early, everybody was out, and engaged with the morning pipe. A string of carts was bringing in the government tithe of corn, the collection of which is of consequence, as the biscuit for the Ottoman navy is made at Gallipoli.* We observed two handsome trading caiques building on the mole, and there were others windbound in the bay, with troops on board, on their way from the Dardanelles to the capital. As usual, Gallipoli seldom remaining long without one or two of those sports of fortune, a couple of exiled pashas were in the town, sitting on the carpet of patience, eating the bread of disappointment. Dervish Pasha had once filled the office of grand vizir, and his companion, Alish, had been pasha of Adrianople in 1829, in which situation I had known him.

* Besides corn, the Chersonesus produces about sixteen hundred quintals of cotton yearly. It also supplies Constantinople with dressed lamb's-skins: good wine is made. Gallipoli is famous for oysters.

I cannot speak of the merits of the former, but the latter richly deserved his fall. The effects of a disgraced pasha are confiscated, but as the harem is sacred from the eyes of power, his wives' jewels remain to him. Being supposed, however, to have nothing, he is quartered on the governor of the place of his exile for *taim*, (rations,) for so many persons and horses, according to the firman of banishment. The exiles are well treated, for so mutable is fortune in the East, that the jailer may chance to find himself after a few months in the custody of his prisoner.

The exact time when houses cease to be habitable, and become uninhabitable, seems to be ascertained at Gallipoli. You would choose no one house, fearing its proximate fall; but once settled in one, you would remain there, deeming it secure for some time longer. Two old castles of a Greek date, the one situated by the harbour, the other commanding the approach landways, denote its former military importance. Their position, added to the natural strength of the site, gives us a favourable opinion of Orchan, the son of Othman, who took the place, and thus gave the Ottomans a secure footing in Europe.

After breakfast we took leave of our host, and rode towards the isthmus in a north-eastern direction, across some fine corn upland, from which we had a good view, on either side, of the Hellespont or the gulf of Saros. After riding nine miles, we halted at Boulair-keuy, a Mussulman village, with two mosques, situated on rocky ground, and in an admirable position for the head of an entrenched camp, with the intention of arresting an invader from Thrace, and covering Gallipoli. An elevated *plateau* extends for a couple of miles to the south-west of it, connected on one side with the Hellespont by deep ravines, while off the low plain beneath it, on the other side, ships might anchor, and completely enfilade it. Two antique granite sarcophagi, used as water-troughs, before the cafeneh where we alighted, attracted our notice. "Where did they come from?" we asked. "God knows!"—"From Eski Stamboul?" (Alexandria Troas.) "Perhaps, there are more of the same kind in that place."

We descended from Boulair-keuy into a plain, and followed a road by the shore of the gulf of Saros. We passed Baqla-bouroun, a long low tongue of sand, forming a good anchorage

on either side of it. Anciently a fortress ornamented the point, and in later times the Turks had a battery on it; but the guns were transported to Adrianople in 1829, and became Russian property. Connected with the defence of the Chersonesus, it would prove a valuable position. We continued in the same direction for eight or nine miles; we then found ourselves by the well-known salt-pans, and near Kavak, (a Mussulman village,) the first post-station between Gallipoli and Constantinople. We did not proceed to it, but turned on the right towards Exi-milia, (a Christian village,) which seemed to be the point of separation between the promontory and the continent. We ascended a steep hill above the village, and spread our carpet in the shade of a windmill, in order to take a bird's-eye view of the scene, as well as to partake of the contents of our saddle-bags. The miller furnished us with excellent grapes and water. From near Boulair-keuy to the hill whereon we were seated, the distance from shore to shore appeared to us the same, about four or five English miles; it then spreads out into a wide fertile plain. Miltiades (the elder) divided Exi-milia from this

plain by a wall, which was probably kept up in the time of the Lower Empire, for some fragments of masonry of the latter era still remain. We observed that the wall did not traverse the isthmus in its narrowest part, because, in that case, it would have excluded the hill of Exi-milia. The most direct line is just to the southward of the hill; a valley there runs across, not apparently much elevated above the sea, through which a canal, I apprehend, might readily be cut. Any other government, any other than the Porte, would do so, if feasible, and the undertaking would prove of utility in various ways. Vessels are now often detained at the Dardanelles by north-east winds for months together; but, with such a canal, they might work up the gulf of Saros, and launch at once into the Propontis at any season of the year. A small toll would soon cover the original expense. Did the Powers of western Europe seriously contemplate the saving of Constantinople from the hands of Russia, which, it seems by their indifference, they do not, the occupation of the Chersonesus, in order to secure a passage into the Sea of Marmora, without which nothing could be effected, would necessarily be

their first step; and, in that case, the canal of Eximilia would prove invaluable, in a military as well as in a commercial point of view.

On another day we took the opposite direction, and rode through the Chersonesus towards its extremity. We rode in the first place from Gallipoli to Yeni-keuy, a Christian village about three miles from the gulf of Saros; we then turned to the southward, and continued by a good road for some miles through a tolerably cultivated country. Broad valleys and sloping hills were the general features. After proceeding thus for eight miles, we entered a mountainous, barren district, occupying nearly the centre of the length of the Chersonesus, and extending across it. Traces of volcanic action were evident. Every where defensible, this spot would stop any troops. Our road now contracted into narrow, precipitous paths, so awkward in some parts that, notwithstanding our faith in Turkish horses, we dismounted and let them pick their own way into Scheitan-keuy, (Devil's Village,) so called from the wildness of its site among bleak crags and overhanging precipices. After two hours of toil, we emerged from the rocks and entered a country similar in fertility and culti-

vation to that we had traversed on the northern side of Scheitan-keuy, but of a more Asiatic character, for the valleys are finer laid out by nature, and the hills, especially towards the Hellespont, are loftier and more picturesquely designed. We stopped to bait at the first village we arrived at. It happened to be a Mussulman one, to our satisfaction, on account of the cafeneh, which convenience is not so general in the Greek villages. The company were very civil to us, but seemed uncommonly puzzled at the idea of our riding in the sun and dust for amusement. The travelling propensities of Franks astonish orientals: they never understand the feeling, and rarely believe the motive.

I should say that the Chersonesus contains about fifty thousand inhabitants, half Greeks, and half Mussulmans. One is inclined at first, judging from the extent of cultivated land, to reckon the population higher; but cultivation, as I have observed elsewhere, is no guide in any part of Turkey. Very little trouble is required: the crops depend on a rude plough, seed loosely scattered, and nature. Man also requires twice as much to eat, as he is obliged to content himself with in populous countries, and, therefore,

will not run the risk of wanting bread by any remissness on his own part.

Few places might be rendered more productive than the Chersonesus of Thrace; it is admirably placed for a colony. Had not Greece unluckily proved a failure, it might have been made the next step in the re-creation of the "Lower Empire." The Turks set a great value on it: they call it *Indj'ovasi.* (the land of pearls.) As part of the dominions of the capitan pasha, it has remained tolerably secure from oppression. That goverment has been better administered than the other pashaliks. It has usually been given to some favourite at court; therefore, was rarely bartered for, and the possessor might count on remaining in office several years, which, added to a large revenue, removed the temptation of rack rent.

The Chersonesus has no rivers; but in the hills there are sources, the streams from which in winter sometimes reach the shore in the shape of *fiumaras*, and they always suffice to supply the fountains. Water is led for miles under ground in pipes, formed of curved bricks. Owing to the national improvidence, many of the pipes are seriously damaged; a brick

destroyed is rarely replaced. The inhabitants are put thereby to serious inconvenience, for Mussulmans will go any distance for running water, rather than draw from a well at their door.

We next turned our horses' heads towards the range of hills which bound the Hellespont, and with a remarkable cleft for a mark, through which we might occasionally see a peak of a hill in Asia, we rode for some miles over the plain. We next entered a defile, and in half an hour more, found ourselves on the shore of Kilia (Koïlos.) How cool and grateful came the sea-breeze after our hot day's ride! Our animals felt equally revived. They trotted cheerily along the margin of the water, by the ruins of an old castle, and brought us at a full gallop into Maitos, a large village on the site of the ancient city of that name. Twenty windmills on the beach, in constant motion, showed the abundance of corn.

As the wind blew fresh, and the sea was setting rather heavy into the bay, we experienced some trouble in launching a boat. Five stout Greeks at length succeeded, and under a low sail we ran across to the town, by nine P.M. Leander may easily have swum across the Hellespont, with ex-

pectation to excite him, and with the torch of Hero for his guide, but we scarcely understand how he succeeded in returning. The tale, of course, is fanciful: he used a small boat, and the poets called it swimming; and let me say, I have often seen the Hellespont in a state, that a man would require to be in love to cross and recross it alone at night time, even in a boat.

The current in the centre runs about two miles and a-half an hour. During fresh southerly winds it slackens materially. After a southerly wind the current runs with most force, for then an additional quantity of water has to be poured out. There is a sensible tide in the Hellespont. Some of the boatmen informed me that it flowed pretty regularly; others said, that it was not to be depended on; but all concurred in its existence, which also I often had the means of observing.

The idea of the impracticability of ascending the Hellespont without a southerly wind is giving way, at least in regard of fore-and-aft rigged vessels: we have often seen smart schooners and cutters turn through of late years. A square-rigged vessel cannot work through, for the operation of tacking leaves her too long at the mercy of the current; but the Themistocles, a

Russian brig of war, showed us, in 1835, that a passage is to be made, nevertheless, without waiting for a fair wind. She accomplished the unprecedented feat by anchoring on the European shore—close to it, necessarily, and in deep water. She then kept her boom mainsail up, and her capstan rigged, in order to take advantage of light N.W. flaws of wind which occasionally sweep across the valleys of the Chersonesus from the gulf of Saros, and which at the usual anchorage of detention, on the Asiatic shore, are of no avail.* At each breeze, however transient, she made sail and tripped her anchor. In this way she gained half a mile or a mile at a time, and succeeded in passing the narrows in a very short space of time. Her captain deserved great credit; for, in addition to the novelty of the idea, the operation was attended with some risk, requiring considerable address: and as one of our ships, the Volage, happened to be lying wind-bound in the strait at the same time, remaining so three weeks longer, when a steamer towed her through,

* The points which run out from the Asiatic shore of the Hellespont, afford safe and quiet anchorage in from five to fifteen fathoms. The coast of Europe is of a bolder character.

he felt proportionately more satisfied with himself and his crew.

The noble stream abounds with fish. Wood is plentiful on its banks, and supplies of all kinds may be obtained reasonable at the town of the Dardanelles. Chanakalis, as the natives call it, is famous in Turkey for its earthenware manufacture, which supplies nearly all the Archipelago. Three qualities of potter's earth are used: the best comes from Gallipoli; the next from Sestos; and the inferior description is found in the neighbourhood. The art of glazing is not understood, for which we cannot be sorry, as the white lead used in potteries almost poisons the workmen. The article is very cheap, and the designs are tasteful: I remarked, among other things, some elegant water-coolers for Halil Pasha, the sultan's son-in-law.

The town, pleasantly situated on a plain, is flanked on two sides by the Rhodius, the bed of which may be one hundred yards wide. A muddy rivulet trickles along it in summer, but in winter it flows a fine stream, and sometimes overtops a wall built to confine it within proper limits. On such occasions the streets get a scouring. The old castle adjoining

it is a picturesque object, on account of its white crenelated walls, its antique towers, and its enormous cannon lying without carriages in their embrasures, beside piles of marble shot, each weighing from one hundred to six hundred pounds. When Russia came to the sultan's assistance in 1833 she cast an eye on this side; and as Ibrahim Pasha, in case he marched on Constantinople, would probably have detached a body of men to take the castles of the Dardanelles so that his fleet might pass up unmolested, she sent some engineers to the spot. These officers threw up a circle of redoubts, four of them covered by the river and one on an eminence half a mile in advance, and thus gave the Turks the power of defending it from a *coup de main*. As soon, however, as the danger was past, the Turks thought no more of them: they suffered them to decay, and I saw the pasha's people carrying away the fascine work and the platforms of the most perfect of them for firewood.

This outlet and barrier of the capital presented to us a sad specimen of the dilapidation and disorganisation of Turkey. Here at least, we thought, prudence and foresight would appear. The past might be uncared for, cultivation might be neg-

lected, but the means of defence might be expected to affect the most corrupt government.* All corresponded: the gun to the castle, the soldier to the officer; and the farther we went from the Pasha's dwelling the worse everything appeared. One day we extended our ride over the myrtle-scented plain, by the tomb of Ajax, to *Koum Kalehsi*, (outer castle of Europe,) situated near the tumuli of Achilles and Patroclus. We visited the governor. The governor! We found him, wrapped in old furs which a Jew in Stamboul would have disdained to wear, squatting by the

* Made aware at length that works constructed to repel Venetian galleys, are unable to oppose modern line of battle ships, the Porte, in September 1836, sent two Prussian officers, (Baron Maltke and Captain Kopke,) to survey the Dardanelles. Very opportunely, a fire occurred about the time, which destroyed three hundred houses, including nine consulates, and laid bare a long line of beach in the most advantageous position. Many persons suspected that this misfortune originated in authority. Whether or not, a firman was read in the mosques, while the embers still smoked, forbidding the inhabitants to rebuild their houses, and declaring the ground government property. The Prussians recommended the erection of batteries on that line. If their advice be followed, and the guns be *at all* well served, the passage of the Hellespont will then be impracticable.

chimney of an unsofaed, unglazed room. He was too poor to offer chibouques to his visiters. Apparently deducing the resources of the empire from his own condition, Izzet Agha said, while talking of the chances of the sultan in a war with Mehemet Ali, then on the *tapis*, "How can he go to war? he has no *men*, no artillery: his *nizam* are few." He allowed us to inspect the castle, which, as being situated at the entrance of the strait, is of no great moment, good or indifferent.

* * * * * *

October had set in: the north wind blew inspiringly over the plain, and the logwood-fire blazed cheerily every evening in our hall at Arankeuy. At that time the admiral's tender arrived, and put an end to my occupations and amusements on the Troade. My host and hostess had proved so kind, I felt so unconscious of having given them any trouble; it was so pleasant in the morning to go out in the vineyards and pluck the grapes while the dew sparkled on them, and to mix in the gaieties of the luscious vintage, that although I wished for the arrival of the cutter, I felt regret at taking leave. I promised to repeat my visit. Vainly! Often again I passed

by that pretty village while ascending or descending the Hellespont, but not again had I the opportunity of setting my foot on the heaven sung shore.

We parted from it with a flowing sheet. We passed through a Turkish squadron at anchor off Tenedos, on its return from Samos; on the taffrail of the frigate I recognised my friend, Hassan Bey. One day more, and we lay at anchor with our squadron in Vourlah Bay. An ingenious theory, I make no doubt, will be raised on some future day, when Smyrna Gulf shall be dry land, according to philosophic prediction, on the quantity of cannon-shot we deposited in the way of exercise ten fathom deep, during our prolonged sojourn off Clazomene. What an irresistible argument in favour of a battle having been fought there which decided the fate of nations! In the same spirit, some eminent naturalist inferred, from the discovery of a cave in Yorkshire containing bones of wild animals, that England once nurtured lions, tigers, &c.: he seemingly forgot that the Romans kept menageries for the circus.

There we lay, waiting impatiently for the arrival of Tartar after Tartar from Constantinople, to bid us depart, till snow covered the hills

around us, and drove the woodcocks into the valleys. Christmas came, and passed off with the usual merriment and license of English ships of war. Vourlah's evergreens re-appeared on our decks as " bowers of delight" and " arbours of content;" and then, in a few days, the signal " prepare for sea," gladdened the hearts of our crews still more.

But the azure stillness of the Archipelago mocked their impatience to reach " the joys of Lavalette." All around us, island and main, sparkled in a garment of snow. Mount Delphi of Eubœa rising in the distance from the horizon, seemed a cone of silver. Proudly it soared, monarch of the range. Occasionally, a stray zephyr, as if escaped from summer, played with our sails. Thus we continued for five days looking at the peak of Scio, with weather for silken sails and gilded oars, while, frowning at us, on every headland sat the genius of winter.

The navigation of the Archipelago at such seasons is beyond description easy; but the difficulty is proportionately great when fog and gale exert their terrors to perplex the reckoning—when there is not sea-room twenty miles anywhere, and you cannot see whither tends the

prow. But even then danger vanishes before the skill of some of the Milo pilots, who, we trust, now that the necessity of maintaining a Mediterranean squadron yearly increases, will not be diverted from our employ, and driven into other services, by any farther attempts to bring forward Maltese or Ionian pilots instead. It is a proper feeling to encourage our subjects, but the navy knows that only the Egæan islanders are adequate to pilot large ships in all seasons. They only possess the instinctive knowledge, acquired by seeing and sailing among the islands from infancy, which enables the pilot to discern and know, by a flash of lightning, or a sun-ray shooting across a snow squall, the rocky shore off which the ship is labouring, the point under her lee, the direction of the haven. This knowledge, to be useful, must be so early and radically imbibed, as that the exercise of it may be a habit of the mind, not an exertion of it. No time for reference or reflection—the chart and the meteorological register must lie on the retina.

A Russian brig of war kept company with us from off Scio, and was pronounced to be in crack order. She had the boldness, among other feats, to shift a topsail one afternoon, in the face of the

squadron, and did it so smartly, that it was a question on our poop whether she had really bent another sail or merely showed a little hocus pocus. The wind freshened as usual in the noted Doro passage between Egripo and Andros —noted for springing spars and splitting sails. Soon the town of Zea, appearing like a large snow-patch on the hill-side, rises on our left. On the right, reposing on the blue sky, reflected in the blue wave, Colonna rivets all eyes. Matchless situation! even the exquisite taste of the ancients, displayed pre-eminently in their choice of sites, could not have selected a happier spot. No mists in the atmosphere dim its purity; no envious building or jutting rock affects its fair proportions. The sun gilds the marble with its earliest rays, and the moon bathes it undisturbed in her soft, sweet radiance. *We* gaze delighted on the relic: what then must the ancient mariner have experienced on approaching the cape, when it shone in sculptured perfection,—the fane of a deity—of Athena's own goddess? What pride he must have felt at seeing the first headland of his own dear country thus exquisitely adorned! What a glorious landmark!

Our little Russian consort hauled round the

cape into the gulf, while we continued our course towards Cerigo. We run swiftly by the high and precipitous coast of the Morea; we pass the impregnable Napoli di Malvoisia, and with a rattling breeze we round, close to, Cape St. Angelo, the most southerly point of Greece, except Cape Matapan. It is a fine naked mass of granite, as bare as your forehead, shelving down nearly perpendicularly to the sea, which constantly boils and seethes in sundry wave-worn caverns at its base. You would say not a goat could browse there. Man, however, can exist on any spot. Where? you say, looking at the polished surface exposed to the salt gale and the wintry torrent. Delved out, as it were, a cleft of rock is gone near the base, increasing the perpendicularity of the cape above, but leaving a comparatively flat space, which slopes gently from the foot of the mural precipice to the water. A low building, almost identified in form and colour with the rock, stands there in the shade of a locust-tree, and sheltered by a fragment of rock. It appears like a tomb. A substructure of wall supports a little artificial soil; and lower down are some caves artificially enlarged with brick arches, containing bones and skulls. Pirates once resorted

to the spot: at present a hermit is the only occupant. We had often passed this way before, and been as often disappointed at not seeing the good man; but this time there was no doubt. We saw his white locks streaming in the breeze; one saw him move his arms, another marked a shake of his head. As if aware, however, of the battery of telescopes on him, he shrank behind his tree, which we continued for some minutes to take for himself. Fame sayeth that he once led an adventurous life—one of change and daring; then sought this living sepulchre in order to reconcile his deeds with heaven. Some fishermen supply his slender wants, while their families visit him as a saint. Singular apathy! in Greece,—in struggling, sacrificed, party-torn Greece, yet indifferent to her throes! Placed at one of the earth's extremities, seeing man constantly pass in his proudest creation—a ship, and watching civilisation in her mightiest agent, commerce, yet without a wish to mingle again in life's busy tide! Is this philosophy? Is this religion?—I should say not. Philosophy is epicurean; religion is gregarious. Few but children of the sunny south thus act. The placid brow, the meekly crossed hands tell no tale: look

into the bosom—a crater of extinguished passions. The lamp burns out, and is not relit: and to one who has lived in the world sustained by high feeling, when that is gone, sapped or overthrown, what remains save exile, or consent to be as others are, deceiving and deceived?—But though blasted by the world's gales, heart-stricken by finding that in which you trusted hollow, sceptically inclined by the acts of the dearest and best, can solitude be the haven of repose?—Would not the heart there eat into itself—a cancer of grief, and memory become a quenchless fount of bitter recollections? Rather mingle in the crowd, albeit solitary, albeit an alien among those speaking the same tongue: impressions received through the senses may still the busy voice—that voice often so dread, so loud in the calmness of night or in seclusion. If those would speak, and retrace their feelings through the changes wrought by time and habit, who in the outpourings of passion, or in the silence of despair, have sought the cloister, how wretched should we find their lot to have been at the commencement! with nothing to divert contemplation from the past; nothing to relieve the monotony of the present; no kindred spirit to converse with, if not by words, by

sympathy; no tone in the mind to make the forms of prayer, intended to beguile time, other than hateful. What a struggle of thought!—what a prostration of mental power!—what an abnegation of hope ere resignation be attained!—"Le calme de notre cœur repose toujours sur les ruines de tout ce qu'il y avait de désirable pour lui dans ce monde." To be a cheerful monk, to be a happy nun, childhood must commence the task. Carry not a frame shaken by passion into retirement: you will not find peace there. Peace is nowhere for such; but distraction, even of woe, is in part a substitute. Seek that in the field, on the deck, in travel, in diplomacy—the last, they say, the most effectual.

Adieu, lone caloyer of the rock! The gale which carried us by your wild tempest-beaten home, January 14, 1835, impelled us, before the morning, 150 miles on towards the island, where Ulysses found a surer mode of assuaging grief and relieving disappointment.

CHAPTER XVI.

Marshal Marmont—Egypt—Departure—Vernon—Sailing—Vourlah—Medal conspiracy—Smyrna—Greek casino—French commodore—Austrian steam-boat—Constantinople—Black Sea—Therapia—Baron Roussin—Steam-boat—Euphrates expedition.

A FEW days after we had taken in our moorings at Malta, and while, still under the guardianship of our excellent friend Mr. Greig, (the superintendent of quarantine,) the only person who ever succeeded in making that most trying of durances tolerable, a large Egyptian frigate arrived from Alexandria with the Duke de Raguse, who had been making, as he said, *ses voyages de jeune homme*, visiting, among other places, Constantinople and Cairo. I went alongside to offer him the compliments of the admiral, together with

the services of the harbour establishment for the frigate, and thus had the pleasure of conversing with a man who has filled no indifferent page in the history of the present century. "In this harbour," he observed to me, "nay, almost in this very spot, I received my general's commission on board the "Orient" thirty-seven years ago."—What a change in this harbour since then! I thought. What a change too in Marmont's own fate! Brilliant with expectation then—with every wish gratified, such as the bosom of youth harbours,—with every hope that might be indulged in, he sailed in a victorious fleet bound on a romantic expedition, of which the conquest of the strong-hold of the knightly monks was only as a burlesque prelude, compared with the solemn drama about to be acted in the valley of the Pyramids, amidst the tombs of Thebes, with four thousand years for spectators. "*Soldats*," said Napoleon, "*songez que du haut de ces monumens quarante siècles vous contemplent.*" What an address! what an army to be electrified by it! And Marmont was one of those who heard it. He was a chief in that gallant army, treading Egypt with conquering steps—started they not at their

own shadows by the banks of the old Nile? —and bringing the wildest dreams of scepticism and mutation to the land where nothing changeth save tyranny, and that but in form! Now view him a wanderer—almost a fugitive—in that same land; leaving it in one of the frigates of a power not then called into existence, not even in germ, but now aiming at the caliphate!—View him, the marshal, the peer, the duke of France, sitting down the guest of the "barbarian" Egyptian!—View him—Napoleon's favourite, *l'enfant cheri de la victoire*,—leaning on the taffrail of the strange ship, in the very harbour where his voice had been heard only to be obeyed, alone and unobserved except by the *guardiano di sanitá*, who—poor devil!—would think as much of a *maréchal-de-camp*. Thirty-seven years!! what a revolution in that time! what a tide of passion and of feeling must have passed through his bosom, I thought, looking at him, in that short span!—Empires had changed hands since then; "order" and tyranny reigned in the place of anarchy and oppression; sovereign states had become provinces; crowns had passed in quick transition from hand to hand; a bare rock

in the Atlantic had received the impress of eternity; and one, who had acted an important part in this shifting but mighty stage, moved and spoke before me in a strange unanticipated position. No cloud, however, can hide the light of such a man: no reverse can lower him. What he may be, who thinks of?—His titles! are they known?—His honours! are they remembered?—all is comprised in the name of Marmont. That single word expresses all: rank, titles, and decorations, are vain beside it. Singular privilege of the imperial French marshals! their simple names, some born in the ranks, are the heralds and the memento of their fame. No rank can ennoble them, no ancestry is required to throw a halo around them; thus rivalling the Pompeys and the Cæsars. One regrets to see them sign with their titles—How superior "Marmont," "Soult!" reads, to Maréchal Duc de Raguse, to Maréchal Duc de Dalmatie. Anybody might be the latter—but the former!

Marmont received a soldier's welcome from Sir Frederick Ponsonby, the governor of Malta at that time. Every attention consistent with his equivocal position was shown to him. In a Bri-

tish fortress, the man was looked on only as the gallant soldier—as the opponent of Wellington. Some of the regiments of the garrison had served at Salamanca, and the marshal took a pleasure in talking with two or three veteran non-commissioned officers who had fought in the action. We also could have wished to have shared with our brethren of the army in offering him English hospitality, but before his frigate took *pratique*, and the day after our own yellow flags were hauled down, the "Tribune" arrived from Smyrna with a summons from Constantinople. We instantly prepared to return to the Levant.

Imagine the disappointment of the *impresario*, of the hotels, of the horse-dealers, of the cafés, of the shops, of the beggars, not to mention the loss, we flattered ourselves, to balls, fancy fairs, and dinner parties, at the sudden departure again of this expectant "paid-up" squadron of King William's ships. An audible groan resounded through the harbour, while our men, in their wrath, swore to give no quarter in case they came into action with the Russians, whom they supposed to be the cause of their recal.

Much had to be done. A nine-months' absence from port had led to refitting and cleansing; in consequence, some of the ships were nearly unrigged, with their tanks out, and their holds cleared. Half the crews of all the ships were ashore, raising the price of liquor, and rejoicing the hearts of the soldiers; the other half were impatiently waiting their return, in order to exchange places with them. Sailors with full pockets, within a stone's throw of the shore, are difficult birds to manage.

Nevertheless, every ship was got ready for sea by the fourth morning. Without steam we should still have been delayed, for the sea was setting into the narrow harbour, so as to make it dangerous, if not impossible, to warp out line-of-battle ships. We had two steamers in port, and they towed the squadron clear outside in three hours. The lesser steamer, the "Confiance," sustained damage in the service: not having sufficient power to keep herself from being pulled back, and her tow-ropes slackened, her main-mast in consequence was knocked away, while she struggled to get ahead again from under

the bowsprit of the liner which she had in tow. but our own steam frigate, the Medea,* overcame all obstacles, and towed along the "Caledonia" within ten yards of the rocks, over which the sea was running twenty feet high, as majestically and evenly as though on the river Medway. The spectators on the lines cheered us as we passed, and our band replied to them.

We were driving along the next morning before a spanking gale from the westward. How proudly the gallant ships bound over the waves, and how lightly they are tossed, as though chil-

* Such a vessel is invaluable to a squadron. Able to tow vessels in and out of action—to tow a ship off shore in a calm, or to drag her off a bank—to lay out anchors if required, and always ready to run two hundred miles a-day with important despatches, the cost of one, nevertheless, is not so great as that of an 18-gun brig. While ever prepared to perform such important services, she sustains no wear and tear to speak of, and occasions no gratuitous expense of coals. *During two years' trial, we saw the Medea keep company under sail with the squadron in all winds and weather.* We are not aware of her builder's name, but whoever he may be, he has combined beauty and utility—speed and stability, in the "Medea;" and we trust that her model will not be thrown aside, in order to favour any other plan The Medea has surpassed all expectations.

dren's boats in a pond, on the glistening foam! The long-talked-of "Vernon," lately returned from the West Indies in disgrace, sailed with us for the first time. Whatever our prejudices for or against her might have been, she astonished us. See a swallow among a flight of ducks; see a racer with a troop of roadsters; see a dolphin amid a shoal of tunny-fish, and you may have an idea of her comparative speed. She shot a-head of us, and by sunset was hull down. The same staggering breeze kept up on the following day. Astern at first, away the "Vernon" starts on the signal flying, "try rate of sailing;" she rapidly overhauls the swiftest, passes the dull sailers as though at anchor, and by sun-set is still farther advanced than on the preceding evening.*

We cannot help regarding the patronage

* The most remarkable superiority was seen one day on our return to Malta from the Levant. The wind was scant and moderate from the northward, at times variable. The squadron was carrying top-gallant studding sails, occasionally setting their fore-top-mast studding sails. The ships started fair on the signal being made. In seven hours the Vernon was *nineteen miles* a-head of the Caledonia, and *ten or eleven miles* a-head of the fastest of the other ships.

which fostered the talent, which gave so fine a ship to the navy, as one of the brightest jewels in the late Lord Vernon's coronet. We might cite several other traits of his lordship's discernment of merit and his liberality, but this is the most remarkable, for its object was national. Becoming acquainted with Lieutenant Symonds (harbour-master of Valette) while at Malta in his yacht, and there seeing various specimens in sailing-boats of his mode of construction, he encouraged him to offer his services to the Admiralty to be employed on a large scale. The Admiralty, however, refused to allow him to build a vessel on trial, although Captain Hayes,* and Professor Inman, and Sir Robert Seppings, were each favouring us with specimens of their art. On which Lord Vernon offered to stand bond for the estimated value of any vessel of war that Mr. Symonds might build, and to purchase her if not approved of. The Admiralty agreed to this arrangement,

* We cannot speak of the last of Captain Hayes's vessels, but we may say that his early specimens, the "Wolf," and the "Challenger," did not prove superior in any way to vessels of the ordinary build. Should, therefore, his later constructions have succeeded, they will not have been the result of a fixed principle.

and the result was the "Columbine," the swiftest, most graceful thing that ever "walked the waters." As she was the courier of our squadron for two years, we are enabled to speak of her merits.

Burthen in proportion to the tonnage is, in the opinion of some, the most important feature in Captain Symonds's plan. Experience had long since taught us that a bad seventy-four gun ship when cut down made a capital frigate—that a bad frigate similarly reduced became an excellent corvette. It had always been remarked that the Bombay-built men-of-war sailed better on their voyage to England, jury-rigged and without guns, than afterwards when duly rigged and armed. We also knew that the old fifty-gun ships—veriest logs as such—sailed fairly as troop ships. Captain Symonds first applied the obvious rule to be deduced from these data, and gave his ships larger dimensions in proportion to the weight they were destined to carry. Some persons, while agreeing in their superiority, murmur at the expense of his vessels; but if they will take the trouble to consider the subject beyond the mere statement of pounds, shillings, and pence,

they will find them to be economical in the long run. I am aware that if we set the cost of building one ship by that of the other, the Vernon school will lose, but this is a narrow way of calculation. We must recollect that many vessels of the "old build" were condemned before their time, or left to rot in ordinary, because no one liked them: they ill performed their service, and were in some cases *raséd* (half the cost of a new ship) in order to become of some use. But the ships built by Symonds are free from any of these charges: any captain will be glad to command one of them, and they cannot be improved by cutting down, simply because they are built originally of the requisite dimensions. No officer, in future, will feel disposed to act as Sir Edward Pellew did, who resigned his appointment to the "Indefatigable," saying that he would not risk his credit by commanding so worthless a ship: no officer without the name which enabled Sir Edward to make a stand will be compelled to accept a "worthless ship," or be placed on the shelf.

We salute again the Hermit of St. Angelo. The wind follows us round the Cape, and on the

sixth day from leaving Malta we occupy our old anchorage in Vourlah bay. We asked the Turks if they were not surprised at our sudden return. "Not at all," they said, "it is evident that your *khismet* (destiny) lies at Vourlah; therefore to Vourlah you *must* come." But our christian friends at Smyrna, not believing that at the hour when a ship's keel is laid down, its path through the waters is traced by the hand of prescience, were beyond all measure astonished at our bad taste in quitting the sunny winter of Valette. The eastern capital, they averred, had never been quieter: the saturnalia of the *ramazan* had never passed off more tranquilly; the sultan had never been known to walk the streets with more confidence.

They were ignorant of the *medal-conspiracy* which furnished grave matter for an appendix to a pamphlet called *England, France, Russia and Turkey;* and as the account therein explains our recal, I will notice it. I will briefly premise by saying, that on the departure of the Russian troops from the banks of the Bosphorus, in 1833, the sultan distributed decorations among the officers and soldiers; in return for which the

emperor, the following year, ordered a corresponding number of medals to be given away among the Turkish regiments which had occupied the valley of *Hunkiar skellesi* conjointly with his troops. In this proceeding, one would imagine there was nothing remarkable; nothing more than an ordinary return of courtesy: but the writer of the pamphlet states that the Turkish troops were indignant at the idea of wearing Russian medals, and the Turkish ministers in dismay. "It was found that they were animated by the "most decided spirit of resistance, and there pre-"vailed among them a general determination "not to permit the decorations to be affixed to "their breasts." In consequence of which, says the author, the divan begged the Russian ambassador to suspend the threatened honour which, they said, would cause a rebellion in the army; but the latter insisted, and hinted at the emperor's indignation, in case his gracious intentions were rejected. "The (Turkish) government "then had only one course to adopt; this was to "inspire terror for the purpose of escaping de-"struction, and to fulfil with as little danger as "possible the will of the Czar. Those (amongst

"the troops) who had most positively and energe-
"tically refused to accept the decorations were
"seized and beheaded; and twenty young men for-
"feited their lives as an offering to Russian modera-
"tion! Do the annals of politics," the pamphlet goes on to say, "record a more odious act than
"this? What language possesses terms capable of
"characterising it? The Ottoman government
"resisted as long as it was able without declaring
"itself in open insurrection against the Russians.
"Placed between the dread of incurring the dis-
"pleasure of the emperor," (should it not accept of his medals,) "and the danger of an insurrection at
"home," (should it oblige the troops to wear them,)
"terror alone could deliver them; it was therefore
"deemed necessary, on the order of the Russian
"minister, to call in the aid of the executioner,
"&c. &c. * * * * It was then
"that conspiracies were talked of, and that the
"English fleet was recalled from Malta. There
"was no conspiracy save that of the Russian mi-
"nister: no executions but those which were or-
"dered in consequence of his insisting on a distri-
"bution, which he was assured would not take
"place without that horrible preliminary. There

"was no executioner but one—the Russian am-
"bassador."

We do not know whether the forms of diplomatic intercourse allow of such expressions, or whether a diplomatic error by which lives may be lost, brings the representative of a sovereign under the charge of murder. Even had the event occurred as above related, would M. de Bouteneff, who could only have obeyed his instructions, have merited the opprobrious title of *executioner?* We can assure our readers, however, that nothing of the sort occurred; but that, on the contrary, the troops received the medals like good boys. It would, indeed, have been surprising if they had acted otherwise, considering that ever since the peace of Adrianople, their officers had been in the habit of accepting swords from the emperor, —considering that the dress of the sultan and his court was cut *à la Russe*,—considering that the *chavasses* (gend'armerie) of the capital were then about to be clothed in a uniform like that of the custom-house officers in Russia, and which is since worn by them in all the pashaliks. The finest troops are seldom scrupulous about taking marks of distinction from their victors. Where then should the dispirited lads of the Turkish

army have obtained such fine sentiments of honour? The story arose from the circumstance of the sultan having assisted at the execution of a deserter, shot in the European way. The mode, it is true, was a novelty, but people hardly supposed that simple curiosity would have moved the sovereign; and therefore a political execution on a large scale *in consequence of the medals* was supposed. Thus it got into the political retort at Pera, thence issued in the form of a conspiracy among the troops—of a revolution—of the sultan's life being in danger; and, consequently, the presence of the British squadron was considered necessary for his protection, in case the supposed conspiracy should extend. Scarcely, however, had a Tartar time to cross Mount Sypelas than the blue vapour of the process cleared away and left the *mascaralik* in its singleness.* Counter-orders,

* The author of the pamphlet to which I have alluded, probably heard only the first version of the story, and it served admirably to exemplify his preceding arguments, which tended to exalt the martial and patriotic character of the Turkish nation, and to show that the Turks wree ready and able to oppose Russia. It did not rest there. The account as it appeared in *England, Turkey, France, and Russia*, was reprinted, word for word, without acknowledgment, in No. — of the "Portfolio," under the head

were then of course sent to the squadron: but the wind unluckily had been too favourable, and our movements too rapid: in seventeen days from that on which the "Tribune" left Smyrna to summon us we were anchored in the gulf.

The distance by land from Vourlah to Smyrna is twenty miles along the shore. It leads part of the way through olive groves, and in fine weather is a very pleasant ride. We recollected its state in summer, and, therefore, forgetting the transformation usually produced by winter on Turkish roads, Captain Brasier and myself resolved one afternoon to ride up to the city, rather than sit five hours in a boat. For this purpose we landed at the custom-house, and walked up to Vourlah to look for horses. Here also we had overlooked the effect of the change of season, which caused travelling to be diminished; and in consequence were obliged to imitate Don Quixote and his squire in regard of our steeds. After waiting a long while at the apartments of the chief of the police, we could only

of a "Trait of Russian Diplomacy." We should not, I may observe, have occasion to apprehend Russia's designs on the East, if her policy were of that description.

procure one broken down poster, and a mule. "Wait till they get warm," replied our *surrogee* to our desponding remarks, "and you will not be able to hold them." We accordingly mounted, but soon found that the slow pace we were compelled to go at in the dark over the paved causeway in the first place, and then through the boggy track by the sea shore, would keep either them or us from becoming warm. Nevertheless we had a pleasant ride enough, for nothing comes amiss to a sailor on shore; we refreshed ourselves half-way at a *cafeneh*, and at midnight reached the cypress grove which skirts Smyrna. Our progress in the right direction was then entirely stopped, for as usually happens at the entrance of a Turkish city at night, we lost our way. I had thought myself a tolerably good pilot for Smyrna, and our guide was a Smyrniote: but the similarity of streets, houses, fountains and cypresses, set us both at fault. Fortunately, as we were thinking of looking out for a snug corner to squat down in till daylight, a Hebrew came stealthily by, trying to reduce his person in the shade of a wall, as though frightened at the appearance of horsemen at that hour. We pressed his services,

and he guided us through the intricacies of the Turkish quarter to the sign of the "Navy Hotel."

Six hours' ride on a cold night produced the effect which mine host no doubt desired, viz. the order of a supper forthwith. After that, feeling noways disposed for rest, we changed our dress and went to the ball at the Greek casino. We acted wisely. We thereby saw many of our friends, admired many pretty faces, danced a little, and transacted some business — all in a very short space of time. As we had been unexpected, so were we more highly amused. The Greek *casino* is devoid of the literary features of its Frank model: cards and tobacco are more apparent than books and newspapers. Its saloons display, perhaps, more beauty—of a chaster style, but with less manner: a richer *toilette*, but not so graceful. The scene, however, is deformed by gaming of the most unpleasing description. You leave the ball-room, where your eyes have been delighted with the aspect of gaiety and beauty, and you start at the sight of long green tables in the adjoining apartment, surrounded by old ladies deeply intent on the mysteries of *rouge et noir*. I would cure them, I thought, of the vice,

by placing mirrors all round the apartment. What a hideous reflection! How opposite was the intention of the voluptuous Sultan Achmet's palace of mirrors! Certain Philhellenists would have done well to visit the Greek casino. Looking at the busy gamesters in one room, the merry dancers in the other, could one help mentally exclaiming, "Are these your slaves?" Yet Grecian Smyrna, the Greeks themselves tell us, is dulness itself compared with the times *preceding the revolution.*

In the morning, not the worse for the unusual dissipation, I rowed on board the *Ville de Marseilles* to know if Commodore Lalande had any letters for Constantinople, to which place I was going that afternoon by the *Maria Dorothea* steam-boat. As it was Sunday, I found the French crew at divisions. The men looked smart and cleanly; but the officers smoking on the quarter-deck at the same time presented a strange effect. One of them offered me a cigar, which I accepted, guided by the proverb, that one should do at Rome as the Romans do. I then went into the cabin with the commodore. Among a great deal of agreeable conversation, he favoured me with

the outline of his plan for saving Turkey and confounding Russia. He would send a large force from Toulon to the coast of Algiers, ostensibly to reduce the district of Constantine, (this was said in March, 1835.) The troops might even be landed, in order to save appearances. He would then re-embark them, effect a junction with the English squadron, and proceed straight up the Dardanelles: destroy the works of the Hellespont, and occupy Stamboul; then continue on into the Euxine, raise Circassia, Georgia, and the Crimea, destroy the Russian squadron at Sevastopol, and shout revenge in Poland's ear. I thought this an excellent plan, but its success seemed to depend on two conditions, difficult of attainment, one that Russia should be asleep for a short time, the other that Louis Philippe should be sincere with England for two months together.

We dined that afternoon in the Mitylene channel. The water was smooth, the company agreeable, and the hock palatable. Besides two of my countrymen, Mr. Hanson of Smyrna, and an intelligent young traveller from Syria, we had in the cabin a Mr. Baltadgi, (a Smyrniote banker;) a Mr. Mavrocordato, a relative of the Grecian

minister; and Mr. Nubahr, a loquacious, well-informed Armenian, Mehemet Ali's agent in the capital. We had also the society of a Turkish gentleman, but as he endeavoured to show importance before the "infidels," he proved no agreeable addition to our party. The lady's cabin was engaged for his wife and her maids; but he might as well have spared his money, for she preferred remaining on deck in order to keep company with some of her poor countrywomen who were deck-passengers, as the captain refused her request to be allowed to share her cabin with them while it rained. Sweet simplicity! she could not divine the pounds shillings and pence calculation which opposed itself to so natural an arrangement: she therefore, with true Mussulman feeling—the feeling which keeps the possessor from enjoying warmth and shelter while others within hearing are shivering—drew her *feradjee* close round her shoulders, and sat on deck under an umbrella throughout that cold wet night.* We had also tribes of Jews and

* Mussulman ladies are eminently kind and affectionate to their co-religionaries: they treat the domestics and slaves in their harems as though they were sisters or daugh-

Greeks and Armenians in the fore-cabin, or on deck. In all, we mustered about seventy in number.

The *Maria Dorothea* was the first steamer that ever plied between Constantinople and Smyrna, and the way in which she filled from the commencement showed how acceptable and necessary was the conveyance. An Austrian company (encouraged by imperial protection) had the merit of the enterprise, which also embraced a line of steam communication between Constantinople and Galatz. Some English merchants, finding the speculation answer, set boats going also, so that in a few months the sight of half-a-dozen or more steamers at a time in the *Golden Horn* was not uncommon.* As the sultan saw himself foiled in his attempts to tax them, which attempts were contrary to treaty and to his own particular firman on the occasion, he

ters. Servitude is not painful in the East: it amounts to no more than an easy return for protection.

* Seven years earlier, in 1828, the population of Constantinople lined the shores in wonder, at the appearance of the first steamer (the Swift) which had ever passed the Hellespont.

resolved to enter into competition, and so gain a share of the profits. With this view he ordered some of the pashas and bankers of the capital to form an opposition company to the Franks; and in order to facilitate its beginning, he was graciously pleased to sell to them, at prime cost, his own two steamers, which, defective when purchased by him originally, had become completely worn out in the service of the arsenal and fleet. Such an enterprise failed, as may well be supposed, but the sultan gained *his* object thereby.

At eight o'clock the following morning we passed the tumuli of Achilles and Patroclus. At ten o'clock we stopped for five minutes off the town of the Dardanelles, in order to land and receive passengers. At half past one o'clock in the afternoon we repeated the same operation at Gallipoli. All night we glided over the Propontis.

The progress of a steamer in a calm dark night —the anomaly between its speed and your repose —appears to savour of enchantment. The agency by which you are impelled is unseen, unfelt, yet how irresistible is the effect? On either side the water seethes and foams as though a shoal of sharks were there disputing the body of a

negro, while the sea immediately beyond is smooth as that of Galilee after the tempest had been laid. Not a breeze fans the air, not a ripple undulates the deep,—yet how swiftly the vessel holds on her even course! The solitary light at the mast-head, making darkness visible, seems to be rushing through space like a meteor fulfilling its destiny. Nothing, either, below, dispels the illusion that you are moving under the influence of magic. Ponderous, exact, and ever recurring, the engine, throwing its mighty arms up and down, appears self-willed, while the men beside it, begrimmed and dusky, seem rather the ministers to its power than the controllers of its energies.

Our anchor dropped in the Golden Horn before the sun rose over the giant's mountain. We had steamed up from Smyrna in forty hours: fare twenty dollars.

We separated; all pleased with the attentions of Captain Visconti. My mercantile friends went to their families; the Jews to the bazaars; the Greeks to the cafés; and the Turks to their cushions. My destination carried me farther; to the hill-embowered, ambassador-honoured

village, Therapia, one of the pleasantest among the many which are reflected in the Bosphorus. You may proceed to it in a *caique*, and perhaps in summer that is the best conveyance; but in winter you will display more wisdom by sending to Ahmed Aga, the Tartar, for one of his excellent horses. Ride gently down the long street of Pera, or the sentry before the mosque will remind you with the butt-end of his musket of the order to that effect: then gently touch his flanks, and he will carry you the eleven miles within the hour, not counting a halt of ten minutes at the pretty *cafeneh*, by the side of the ravine, two-thirds of the distance. Fail not to treat your *surrogee*, who has galloped merrily with you the whole way, to a cup of coffee, and give the *cavedji*, a civil, well-disposed Osmanley, two piastres instead of one. Although you may happen to dislike riding, you will enjoy this gallop. You will enjoy—even for the hundredth time—the wildness of the elastic heath,—the inspiring breeze from the Caucasus,—the gay prospects at every opening toward the stream, of a picturesque village with minarets and cypresses, resting apparently on the shore of a still, sunny

lake,—the hydrostatic columns, marking the way across the valley, rise in the distance, as the pillars of hope. Howsoever you may be pressed for time, either to deliver the "important" despatch in your bosom, or to arrive before his excellency's breakfast is removed, you will linger a few minutes, caught by admiration, on the eminence whence the Euxine, spreading out blue and lovely beyond an avenue of green hills and white castles, is first espied. Perchance an unwelcome thought will arise to damp the sense of pleasure. "THUS FAR SHALT THOU GO AND NO FARTHER," you read on a scroll suspended across the entrance of the Bosphorus. Mortified at the thought, you turn away your eyes, and where do they rest? On—the valley of HUNKIAR SKELLESI! where, twenty-eight years after Trafalgar's wreaths were culled—eighteen years after the world saluted us victor,—a deed was signed which closed a sea sixteen hundred miles in circuit, with a broad and deep channel leading to it, *against English ships of war.* Russia! thou art great in thy daring! May we state the motives which induced thee to dare so greatly and so fearlessly? No, we will not. It is enough

to bear the weight of a curse, and not retrace the steps of humiliation which made us incur it. The day, moreover, is not yet come when the question shall be understood but it will come. Englishmen! you will yet awake to a sense of the position to which your country is reduced. You will yet taste, even amidst the fogs of London, the bitterness which we have experienced while gazing on that forbidden sea from the heights of Kiris-bouroun. Perceiving your attention fixed, your surrogee approaches and describes the lines of the Russian camp on the opposite shore—you wish him twenty fathoms deep. He points out the carved stone which commemorates the happy union in that vale of Turks and Russians—you wish it down his throat. Poor fellow!—Turk though he be, he cannot divine why an Englishman should care about it, if he do not. His pipe is now finished, and he leads on, down a serpentine road, into the village of Therapia; first passing by the garden wall of the French embassy.

The extent of the latter over hill and dale, its richly wooded enclosures, its gardens, and hanging terraces, show the wealth (quere, plun-

der, as Hospodars of Moldavia) of the Ipsilanti family, from whom Selim the Third took the possession; then gave it—princely gift!—to the French embassy. Vice-admiral the Baron Roussin,* a gallant officer, filled the post at the time I speak of, and succeeded tolerably well, I believe, in reconciling the frankness of the sailor with the address of the diplomatist. He entered on his

* M. Roussin was a Lieutenant de Vaisseau at the Mauritius, under the orders of Commodore (now Admiral) Duperré, when that island became ours through the talents and skill of Sir Josias Rowley. He was the officer who boarded and took possession of the Nereide, Captain Willoughby, which had grounded under the French batteries on that occasion. He was exchanged in the capitulation, and promoted. In 1813 he sailed again from Brest, in command of La Gloire frigate, for the West Indies, and after a successful cruise returned into port. Since the peace, he commanded the French squadron on the Brazil station. He was afterwards charged with the duty of obtaining satisfaction with fire and sword from Don Miguel, for having maltreated a couple of French subjects: he did so effectually by sailing up the Tagus, and firing away at the castle of Belem. He was then nominated ambassador extraordinary at the Sublime Porte, in which position he has preferred to remain rather than undertake the unquiet honours of a *portfeuille* at Paris, offered to him on the death of Vice-admiral de Rigny.

functions in difficult times. His arrival at Constantinople was signalised by the triumphant march of Ibrahim Pasha from the opposite direction, and by the dismay of the divan on finding itself compelled, when England and France refused assistance, to apply to Russia for means to stop the rebel. Baron Roussin endeavoured to divert it from this painful decision: he spoke in grandiloquent terms of *la grande nation*,—and he begged the divan to trust to its moral influence rather than in Russian legions. *La grande nation* would be indignant, he said, if Turkey should rely in her distress on Russia rather than on her most ancient ally. But he addressed "ignorant men"—"barbarians."—"*La grande nation*, view it in every way, consists of only three words; or fourteen letters; how will they impede the Egyptians? we require ships and men." A smile from that moment rose at Pera at the mention of *la grande nation*.

The "union jack" floated over the next house on the broad quay to that of the French ambassador, and a frigate equally displayed it on the opposite shore. "May your shadow never be less," was always uppermost in my thoughts on

leaving Lord Ponsonby's residence, to which I returned each time with increased zest. I often enjoyed under his excellency's roof the rare union of eastern hospitality and refined civilisation: *on y trouve le luxe morale et physique.* In speaking thus, in alluding to the conversational powers and finished deportment, which so eminently distinguish his lordship, I only echo the world's opinion. The world has pronounced thereon; I shall not therefore be suspected of adulation in saying that I regard a few hours of his society, when the bland humour flows and the tongue is in accord with the heart and mind, as a high intellectual treat, increased by the charm of manners which makes the humblest individual under his roof feel for the time on an equality with the highest, yet suffers not the latter to fancy himself neglected. Who can describe those manners, if not by comparing them with the fragrance of a flower-stand which equally pervades every part of a house, pleasing the tastes of all, but leaving no one unsatisfied? Who can convey an idea of the undefined effect they leave on the mind, if not by comparing them to a beautiful tune which you hear once and for ever

—its harmony familiar to the ear though the name be forgotten? But this fascination is often dangerous when possessed by persons in power. Unwittingly the favoured guest, admitted within the magic circle, gives assent; he allows himself to be seduced out of a favorite position, and often becomes a partisan, subdued while unconvinced.

Fortunately for me there was a ball at Pera during the three days I remained, for thereby I was enabled to see many of my friends, whom otherwise I might have missed for want of leisure. I then re-embarked in the Maria Dorothea. Our passage back to the gulf of Smyrna was very rude, but at the same time agreable, thanks to some of the passengers. Mr. Alexander Autran, a Genevese on the half-pay of our German legion, was remarkable among them, as a linguist and a traveller: Russian, German, Turkish, French, Italian, and English, were familiar languages to his tongue: Persia and Russia, with the limitrophe provinces, were familiar countries to his footsteps. Should any one happen to be vain of a little locomotion, and a few sentences of foreign tongues, he soon becomes lowered in the East,

where every lad has three or four dialects at his tongue's end, and half the native merchants will talk familiarly of *Bagdad* and *Teheran*, of *Bokhara* and *Samarcand*, and some even of *Ingleez Bengal*. We took in some baskets of oysters at Gallipoli, which is famed for them. Night followed, dark as Erebus, and the rain descended in one broad sheet. We therefore lost several hours in the Mitylene channel, for, having neither log nor lead on board, we were unable to track our way. Nevertheless, we reached the gulf in time to allow us to breakfast on board the "Caledonia" at eight o'clock: the squadron then weighed anchor.

We will not trouble the indulgent reader with a repetition of our voyage back to Malta.

> "To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
> Creeps in this petty space from day to day."

Nor of our renewed quarantine in Valetta harbour; nor of our pleasure in meeting there our gallant friends on board the "George Canning," bound on the Euphrates expedition, to whom our arrival proved most valuable; nor of their

departure under the convoy of the "Columbine," amidst our cheers, and towed out of harbour by our boats: but we will request him to accompany us once more, in the genial month of May, to the Grecian side of the Archipelago.

CHAPTER XVII.

Jupiter Panhellenius—Egina—Salamis—the Piræus—Plain of Athens—Tomb of Karaskakes—Jupiter Olympias—Modern Athens—Byron—Lord Elgin—Missolonghi—the Acropolis.

After sailing by Hydra, famed until lately for its ships and mariners, then over the spot where the unfortunate "Algerine"* went to the bottom with every soul on board, we steered towards a peaked sea-green island, crested with an ancient temple, and anchored near a quay, whereon, kissed often by the amorous spray, a time-worn column lingers, sole sad remnant of a worshipped edifice in those days when Beauty was a goddess.

Sit down awhile on a fragment of the temple

* His Majesty's brig the Algerine, Commander Wemyss, was upset by a squall off the island of St. George D'Arbora, January 1826.

of Jupiter Panhellenius, crowning one of the peaks of Egina, and drink into your soul the rich prospect, as glorious a one as that which the Tempter showed when he tried to lure his Master from the path of truth and radiance. The eye glances half round the Saronic gulf: first resting on Cape Sunium, whose columns, seen from afar, appear like silver stripes on the blue sky: then on the Parthenon, its marbles shining gorgeously in the noon-day sun; then on the bay—the warrior's spell, the poet's theme—where Freedom in sweet triumph breathed her holiest accents: then, far away, on Acro-Corinth, fortress wreathed, and towering, guide to the bark on either gulf, like a monarch over the Isthmian plain.

It may appear heresy to say so, but according to my taste, the temple of Jupiter Panhellenius is one of Greece's most seductive monuments; owing this pre-eminence in part to its wild, elevated site—in part to the freedom of its proportions. Inferior in detail to some of its fellows in the land of sculpture, it yields to none of them in the quality of inspiring gratification. As perfect, if we except two columns of the *cella* since fallen to the ground, as when Chandler

visited the island, it still shows twenty-one Doric columns to repay the fatigue of the *dilettante*, and to quicken the zeal of the artist.

An indefinable quality resides in Grecian columns of the higher order of architecture, giving an idea at once of fragility and strength—of airiness and solidity—of the production of an inspired hour and of the labour of time. Each part of Jupiter Panhellenius eminently displays this seeming anomaly. While a breeze apparently would displace the light pillar, an earthquake, you feel, would be required to lower its pride.

We thence descended by a road winding under a hill crowned by a deserted Venetian town, which led us by some picturesque groups dancing the *romaika*—the Eginetans are a gay race—and, in an hour we reached the city, which is principally remarkable for the military school, erected by Capo d'Istria, and for a museum, where the remains of antiquity found in the present day are collected. As yet nothing worth preserving appears. We were called on to admire a few vases, lachrymalæ, mutilated statues, and defaced tablets. "This is only a beginning," we

were informed; "better things will come to light." Doubtful! Did not the Romans, and then the Constantinopolitans carry off nearly everything of choice and tasteful, that could be removed without giving too much offence?

We left Egina at noon, and in a few hours, after sailing along the plain of Athens, we dropped anchor again beneath the hill where the Persian, he who had chained the Hellespont and pierced Mount Athos, witnessed and raved over the destruction of his hopes by a handful of freemen. In defence, however, of his "countless hosts," we may add to the many coincidences of facts between the ancient and the modern Greeks, one by inference, viz. the moderns have no idea of numbers.

We see the Acropolis from our anchorage, and ten minutes' row takes us to the rocky sepulture of—

"High over the land he saved in vain."

A signal-staff, to which a lantern is hoisted at night, shows the point to the "homeward veering skiff," and the tomb of the Rev. Mr. Dodd*

* The chaplain of H. M. S. Madagascar, who died on board in the bay of Salamis, in the year, I believe, 1833.

covers the spot where the pious care of relatives placed the bones of the illustrious exile.

We found every third tenement at the Piræus to be a café, or a raki shop, or a billiard-room. One large spacious dwelling-house seemed uncommonly out of place among its neighbours. It belonged to a Signor Feraldi, (a Genoese merchant,) who had built it in anticipation of the revival of the ancient prosperity of the place, but was glad to let it out in apartments to various sorts and degrees of persons.

Munychia is still less favoured. Where the temple and statues, on its shores, vied in numbers with those of the capital, we saw a solitary wooden shed projecting into the water, used as a bathing-house by Count Armansperg's family.

We found that the Bavarian soldiers had cut a broad road from the Piræus to Athens in the direction of the "long wall." It was a convenience for a few carriages, but otherwise it might have been termed a public nuisance; for as the substratum was ill-laid, and people were also wanting to keep it in repair, the north wind found a convenient passage for driving along the dust, the clouds and whiteness of which at Athens

surpass all belief. The road may best be avoided by turning to the left on quitting the Piræus, and riding along the banks of the clear, pebbly, rapid Cephissus, through groves of olive-trees. The way thus to the city is longer; but you enjoy a cool varied excursion, and see some of the best farms in Greece, notably one belonging to an Englishman—Mr. Bell.

The magnificent plain is uncultivated, except ing a small portion which admits of facile irrigation by means of the river. We will not refer back to the days when one hundred villages covered it, but even so late as just before the revolution it presented a much higher state of prosperity: under the Porte, it furnished several cargoes of grain and oil yearly. In this respect, however, the plain of Athens is not singular. The vales of Arcadia—the plains of Messenia—the shores of the Gulf of Patras—the rich soil of Corinth, where fertility runs into the waters of either gulf—are, and we speak from observation, still more strangers to the plough and spade. Need we, then, wonder if independent Greece only contains eight hundred thousand inhabitants? Without the slightest pressure it would afford a

home, with plenty and bright prospects, to six times that number. Consider this, my friends! Colonisation on a broad scale, aided by an English-like colonial system, are the only resources for Greece. Few obstacles, except Greek jealousy and Bavarian obstinacy, exist to prevent the settlement of numbers of industrious Germans in the country, who would, I apprehend, rather go there than to America or to Russia. We seem to have totally forgotten why Greece was rendered independent. Surely for some object beyond giving place and pension to a few Bavarians and Philhellenists—beyond creating a few more legations in the world—beyond instituting a cross of merit for the decoration chiefly of foreigners!

Notwithstanding his vicinity to the city, and that he purchased his land for a song of the original Turkish proprietor, Mr. Bell has not gained by his speculation. He informed us that he would willingly sell his estate for the amount he had expended on it. The fact is, that the price of labour—of such kind of labour as will produce a return—while the country remains thinly peopled, must necessarily be too high.

In 1835, a man might earn three drachms (half a Spanish dollar) a-day, besides bread and wine in the harvest and vintage times. Mr. Notaras, who married one of Karaskakes' daughters, received from the government as her dowry five or six hundred *sterms** of the best land of the Corinthian Isthmus. "How much is it worth a year?" we asked.—"Nothing as yet; there is no one to till it," replied the Eparch of Corinth; "but in time it will become a valuable property." In time! Hence, if rapid improvement be required, the necessity of slaves or convicts is apparent, in states where the population is scanty. Anti-slavery and voluntary labour are pretty tunes to ring on, but experience sings a different song. Greece, in her days of glory, contained plenty of slaves; the Spartan warrior and the Athenian orator equally employed and made light of the poor wretches. Rome would have sunk much earlier but for the organised system of agricultural slavery in Italy. The woodsman's axe would still have remained unheard in some of the fairest portions of North America, and the cultivated plains of New South Wales would still be the

* A *sterm* consists of forty square yards.

kangaroos' domain, but for the aid of the surplus members of English society. African sweat raised many of Spain's superb colonial cities: it sustains the prosperity of half of the United States. And the marvel of English industry arises from capital acting on population, which, if analysed, would produce a meaning not very gratifying to free ears.

It certainly seems very disinterested in us, who have already colonised largely by the aid of forced labour—who have convicts in great numbers—who have a people disposed to emigration, to put a veto on slavery. A veto on conscription would be more advantageous to mankind, and fully as humane. We shudder at the idea of a negro torn from Senegal to plant coffee in Martinique, but we see no particular hardship in leading a conscript away from Brittany to dig trenches in Algiers; exposed to die of fever in them, if he remain—or to be shot by a court martial, if he run away.

The Greek is peculiarly averse to agricultural pursuits. When he acquires a little money, he embarks it in trade. "Every man now," observed a Greek to the author, "wishes to set up

a shop, nobody thinks of taking a farm." On this account, it was a fault, as well as a piece of injustice, to have confiscated the property of the Turks, prohibiting them from residing in Greece. Attached to the soil, and despising commerce, the Turks formed a class, resident gentry, which it will be very difficult to replace in Greece. The possessions of the great Turkish families—especially at Corinth, at Tripolitza, and at Gastouni—were the most flourishing parts of the country. The remains of the palace and gardens of Kiamil Bey, the more striking amidst the actual desolation of Corinth, attest the luxury and comparative refinement of that ancient and respectable house.* The patriarchal habits of

* On the outbreak of the Greek revolution, Kiamil Bey was taken prisoner at Tripolitza, where he had been to assist at a meeting of the Turkish agas. He was removed to his native place, and lodged in the Acro-Corinth, which had also fallen into the hands of the Greeks. The approach of Drama Ali's army from Attica decided his fate. The Greeks dreaded his talents and influence, and therefore, before abandoning the castle, they threw him and his suite over the battlements. His wife and children were sent to Constantinople by Drama Ali. The family of Kiamil Bey had held

the Turkish agas, their ready money, and their influence with the Albanian peasantry, who go anywhere for work, would have proved invaluable to reviving Greece. Any person who has witnessed the *tchiftliks* (farms) in Turkey, and the patience of their proprietors under the leaden hand of Eastern despotism, will admit the justness of the above remark ; and it would be more so, of course, under any government whose principles are not spoliatory. The presumption of their not living tranquilly with the Greeks, which led to their banishment, arose from an ignorance of the national character. Look at the Mussulmans under English and under Russian domination, how tranquilly they kiss the hand they would fain bite. The Turk bows to fate. Fate lost him the sovereignty of Greece, and fate would have induced him to live there peaceably. Rather than have concurred in the ejection of the Turkish proprietors from Greece, we ought—putting aside the above consideration—to have insisted on their remaining, in order to be

their vast possessions in the Morea (excepting during the interval when the Venetians occupied the country) above three centuries.

a counterpoise to Russia's influence among her co-religionaries.

Foreign speculators in lands and houses, have, in consequence of not having considered the above obvious causes, been, in many instances, woefully disappointed. A few dwellings in the city of Athens fitted for the *corps diplomatique*, have succeeded,* but any others have yielded a sorry return. The house built by Sir Pulteney Malcolm (near the site of Plato's academy) is an example in point. We believe that it cost him between 3,000*l.* and 4,000*l.*, notwithstanding that part of the materials was conveyed at a cheap rate from Malta. When we saw it, it was let to General Church for a trifle, and people supposed that, if sold, it would not fetch more than half its cost. We regret Sir Pulteney's failure, because his motive, we believe, in building at Athens, was Philhellenic, in order to encourage persons to settle in Greece. He might have also had a desire to leave a memorial in the country, though, in the latter case, I trust that his name will be more lasting than his house, which

* One or two houses, in 1835, were let to foreign ministers, at the rate of five or six guineas a-week.

did not promise a long duration in 1835. The worthy admiral also negotiated with Omer Pasha's agent (formerly of the Negroponte) for the purchase of the Petalous islands, with the philanthropic view of settling Maltese upon them. They disagreed about the terms.*

About half a mile from the Piræus—following the aforesaid dusty, blinding result of the labours of King Otho's Bavarians—we come to a cross-road, leading towards the sea in the direction of *Phalerum*. It does not, however, reach as far as the shore, but terminates at a handsome monument, a remarkable object as well on the plain as from the offing. Thereabouts was the cenotaph of Euripides; and there now lies one of the best and bravest of modern Grecians. We came too late to witness the ceremony of his interment. One month before our arrival at Salamis, Otho, attended by his ministers and troops in funeral array, marched over the plain from the city: amidst them walked a lady and

* The Petalous isles remained in the hands of the pasha until June, 1836, when they were sold to the *Russian consul* at Athens, for a smaller sum, as we heard, than Sir Pulteney Malcolm had offered.

her daughters, in deep mourning, each supported by priests. The procession gathered round the tomb, and deposited in it the remains of the gallant George Karaskakes, who, in 1827, fell mortally wounded by a shot from a Turkish Arab on that spot. He died with the bitter consciousness that defeat would soon fall on his countrymen, as no other person had sufficient influence with the generalissimo to attempt to counteract plans ill-suited to their mode of warfare.

The stone also records the names of twenty of his companions in arms, while a large barrow in the rear contains the bones of the humbler slain —slain in the fatal battle of Athens, which occurred a few days afterwards. Karaskakes had always opposed scientific tactics and the regular mode of warfare, as being ill-adapted to the Palikari, unable, he knew, to withstand the charges of the Turkish cavalry. His plan was to harass the Turks, and cut off their supplies, but never to meet them in the open field; the soundness of which policy six years of war, and the destruction of several Ottoman expeditions, had fully proved. It is said, that feeling stung by a taunt on his prudential motives, he extended

a *reconnaissance* too far into the plain the day of his fall, when he was surprised by a party of the enemy. He sealed his counsel with his blood. In vain! A favourable opportunity for raising the siege of the Acropolis seeming to offer directly afterwards, the General resolved to march on Athens, effect a junction with Colonel Fabvier's tacticos, shut up in the Acropolis, and give the Seraskier battle.

Their first movements were fortunate; the troops got into position before daylight, and had time to throw up *tambours*, (circular ramparts,) in order to keep off cavalry. The Osmanleys, however, gave them no farther time: they allowed not Fabvier to pass the *propylæa*; but, charging on the instant they could see their way, they swept over the plain, cutting down the outposts and skirmishers: then dashed their horses at the defensive works, and there, in the midst of that motley crowd, too much surprised by such unexpected energy even to sell their lives dearly, the bent sabres, it is said, commenced a fearful tale.* Cochrane and General Church barely

* Colonel Callergi, afterwards the commandant of ca-

escaped from the deadly pursuit. They had just vantage ground enough to let them wade into the sea neck deep. His lordship supported his shorter companion, and in this plight they were taken on board Captain Hasting's steamer, then lying off the plain.

The capitulation of the Acropolis to Redschid Mehemet Pasha was the result of this victory, which gave another example of the superiority of the old Turkish irregular horse to their *tactico* successors. Consternation followed throughout Greece, which the seraskier was about to take advantage of by effecting a junction with Ibrahim Pasha in the Morea. Navarino made all things square again.

From Karaskakes' tomb you ride on by a pretty path across gardens, parallel to the high road, until you reach " the fountains." Turn not then to the left by the carriage road, but continue your previous direction through the olive-groves.

valry under Capo d'Istria, shared the misfortune of the day. Taken prisoner with a shattered leg, his ears were slit—the token that a man is designed for ransom. Captains Hamilton and Frederick Spencer advanced the sum—two thousand dollars—and conveyed him to his brother at Poros, who repaid them.

The Acropolis, closing the vista, will be your land-mark, right a-head. You thus enter the ancient precincts of the city by the " Hill of the Muses," on which, as you are aware, stands the monument called *Philopappus*, which an Athenian cicerone thought to explain to us one day by corrupting the word into *figlio-papas*, (son of a priest.) Two advantages are derived from approaching Athens by this way: first, your ideas are not diverted—are not mortified—by the aspect of the modern town: secondly, the desolation on the south side of the Acropolis (in 1835) is in keeping with the scene. Solitude harmonises best with ruins: naked crags, the arid plain, an owl, a vulture, a hermit, a dying warrior, the setting sun, are their appropriate accompaniments.

Having passed through the natural rocky entrance formed by the " Muses' Hill" and an opposite rock, you ride on for a short way between the Ilissus and the citadel. All is classic, all is Grecian. On your left is the *odeum*, with the two tripodial columns: before you—wonderful creation!—rises the temple of Jupiter Olympias; and beyond it are the remains of a bridge lead-

ing to the *stadium*. Here you will naturally pause awhile. Then you may ride up to the base of the temple, and mark, by a comparison with your own pigmy self, its gigantic proportions. Nothing framed by human art, except perhaps the Ephesian Diana, ever was, or ever will be, seen, so magnificent in design as well as in execution. Sixteen Corinthian columns, each sixty feet high, suffice now to elevate all our faculties: imagine the effect, when one hundred and twenty such columns threw their mighty shadows over the plain!

Hadrian's gate, by which you leave the precincts of the temple, is the lightest and most tasteful production in Athens. On an arch of faultless proportions, circular and sculptured, spring four exquisite Corinthian columns with their entablature and cornice. An airy structure! you fancy you might lift it up like a candied pile: it seems a marble toy designed for a god.

From this *chef-d'œuvre*— result of imperial munificence acting on Grecian art—you plunge at once into the vilest part of the town. By the time you reach one of the German-named hotels in the more modern quarter, you will nearly have

accomplished the circuit of the Acropolis, wishing all the while that the wall on the edge of the rock, (built, according to some, by the Pelasgi, according to others, in the time of the Lower Empire,) may soon be levelled, so as to open a view of the temples from the town. The propriety of razing it was discussed, but General Heidecker, of the regency, raised an objection: he said they were—picturesque.

We can understand the feelings of the veteran who looked on the Acropolis as a citadel; but the said wall is decidedly, more than one can readily explain, a sad drawback to the Parthenon. Cast your eyes back to the temple on Cape Sunium, to the temple which graces Egina—observe their expansiveness in the atmosphere, the rocks they stand on, their loneliness—then fancy them girt by a wall, and our meaning will be apparent. Raze the walls of the Acropolis, clear away the earth, leave the rock bare, and the Parthenon will be even more admirable—it will seem expanded.

The modern city of Athens, which had the old Turkish bazaar, a cafeneh, and two palm-trees for its nucleus, is certainly not classical. Three

things strike a stranger's attention at once, viz. the number of beggars, the number of spirit-shops, and the number of money-changers. Each time one visits the place, the more one is impressed with the idea that one-third of the population live in billiard-rooms and cafés. The population amounts to about fifteen thousand. Accustomed to regard the capital as an index of the national condition, a stranger might be deceived by the aspect of society in the court and diplomatic set, which may be compared to the embroidered veil of the recluse over her stuff gown and mortified neck. Balls every week do not tally with ruined towns, banditti on the plains, and insecurity on the roads. But is not the champagne at the minister's table typical of the kingdom? "Otho's ball-room is sixty feet in diameter," said a lady to us. "Can you have a better king?" was the necessary inference.

One scarcely knows whether to call the town on the whole good, bad, or indifferent. Perhaps all three terms are applicable. Taken abstractedly, it is bad—lath and plaster the chief materials—taste and regularity in abeyance. Viewed with a certain allowance for impediments of va-

rious descriptions, it is indifferent. But considering the anarchical state of the country and the sort of government, it may be pronounced good. On which I hear some particular persons exclaim, "Where is the loan of three millions sterling? (two-thirds of it paid.) We see no interest for the same; we see no colonisation; we see no agricultural prosperity; we see no serviceable troops,—might we not then at least expect to see a few good streets, and a cleanly, well-ordered town? Had it even been laid out in theatres, and arches, and fountains, we might have found an excuse for the extravagance in the principle which induces a man to deck out a beloved mistress." Discreet interrogators! Do you think that Munich offers no facilities for spending money?—Do you think that the ambassadors, whom the important kingdom sends to the various courts of Europe, serve gratis? You might, in your innocence, suppose that a minister would be as much required at Pekin as at Madrid; nevertheless Count Metaxa represents his Hellenic majesty at the cradle of Isabella II.

By such means, the annual expenses of the Greek government has as yet far exceeded its

revenue.* Unless something be done, and that speedily, the machine will stop.† It will have to be put up to auction. Who will buy it? There are remedies evident enough. It might hurt certain persons' feelings, however, to mention them—it might shock certain prejudices, so I will be silent. Besides, I am talking of Athens.

For my part, I regret to see the capital of Greece building round the Acropolis. I know that the motive was to rally the Greeks by the

* The revenue of Greece under the regency has amounted to about £400,000 a-year: it is raised by a tax of twenty-five *per cent.* on government lands; by ten *per cent.* on private property; and by the customs. A man in Hellas pays on the average about thirty per cent. to the government.

† In July 1836, £10,000 only remained in the treasury at Athens, and the action of the government, we were told, depended on the payment of the third instalment of the loan (gift) of which Russia objected to pay her share, unless Greece would give some guarantee for employing it better than she had done the former ones. At this time a palace was building of pentelic marble, fit for the king of England, and estimated to cost £300,000. At this time Otho was paying visits to his relations in Germany: many of the foreign ministers at his court had fled Athens with the fever panic, and the Regent was prosecuting a paper for having uttered a libellous truth.

name; but the Greeks, and the world is now aware of the fact, are dead to such recollections. The busy hum of man is discordant at Athens. As the surest means of keeping alive the interest of Europe, I would have left her "alone in her glory." I would not have placed one stone beside her records of genius. The M'Adamized road, the cottage ornée, the *magazin*, the restaurateur, seem ill beside those antique monuments. I infinitely prefer the grot of the Dervish perched on the architrave of the temple of Jupiter Olympias to a palace beside it: that sympathises with the wreck—this is a splendid mockery. Modern Rome cannot be adduced as a precedent. All in Rome is on a different scale. The works of the living there rival the remains of the past. St. Peter's dome shames the Pantheon, and draws away wonder from the Colosseum. The papal state, the priestly solemnity, the harmonious worship, the rolling incense, are fitting to the scene: one might rather deem them obsequies for the departed great.

Athens should never have been soiled by the building fancies of modern speculators, or contemplation in her disturbed by the squabbles of

a little state. In a few years, allowing Greece to thrive, all will be built out—the ground sold at so much a foot—the view of a temple hid by the façade of a hotel, or shut in by a "nice row of houses." We have only to look at home—at St. Paul's, at the Charter House, at York Minster, for specimens of the faculty of hiding fine buildings for the sake of profit.

Another reason should have marked the wisdom of leaving Athens as a marvel in the wilderness—of respecting her as a holy memento of the past—as the property of all nations and persons, in the present age, and in ages to come: and that is the risk of a siege. As the capital of a small state, Athens will run a chance to be again threatened by an enemy: it may be defended. Ah de mi Alhambra!

Another reason, though a minor one, is, that building on the site of the ancient city precludes excavations.

As it was considered necessary to have the capital in Attica, though it might have been prudent to make a country first, and double its population before thinking of building cities, the Piræus seemed marked out for the spot.

History informs us that it rivalled the parent city in extent and beauty; and if the Athenians did not quit for it the cradle of their fame, a want of perception of its superiority was not the cause. Their gods stood in the way. Having now to choose, they would not hesitate. No spot in Greece is so well laid out for convenience and elegance as the Piræic promontory; equally adapted for defence and for architectural display. Scooped out by three havens, its winding shores offer innumerable accessories to trade, comfort, and ornament. The artificial terraces on which the ancient streets were built might readily be widened, and answer for the same purpose again. From the *plateau* (castella) of Munychia—the very spot for a palace—the eye ranges over the plain of Athens, including, of course, the Acropolis, embracing also the gulf as far seawards as the horizon. It reposes on the rippling waters of the Piræus, of Munychia, and of Phalerum; and follows from point to point, towards Eleusis, the bay of Salamis, which, thus viewed shining beneath the diaphanous violet-tinted sky of an autumnal sunset, seems a succession of moonlit highland lakes. Megara's hills and the Derven

mountain, (the pass from Attica to the Peloponnesus,) bound the view. Add to these advantages, material and ideal, cool healthful breezes from the sea and SECURITY. Greece's capital should have been under the cover of British guns. Half the sums required at Athens—for without pavement, and verandahs, and porticos, Athens will not be agreeably habitable on account of the incessant winds* and the clouds of dust—would have produced double the effect at the port. A road to the temples, and a guard at them, (as at Pompeii,) would then have sufficed. What a delightful excursion from your hotel at the Piræus after breakfast!—Visited then only by the curious, and by the intelligent, they would have continued to be duly appreciated; they would have been respected.

Athens offers an example to the great cities of earth. In her ruins they may read an important lesson. If we ask, what chiefly attracted the

* The exceeding annoyance of the winds at Athens—in winter raw and cutting, in summer hot and parching—can only be understood by a residence there for a while. They sufficiently account for the expense of the ancients in groves and porticos, and they explain the "Temple of the Winds."

eyes of Europe to Greece—what shook off the Ottoman rule—what it is that makes her an object of general affection,—the answer is, her remains. Without these Athens would only live on our library shelves. They induced the learned Crusius, in 1584, after one hundred and twenty years of oblivion, when not a vestige of either Pericles' or Hadrian's city was supposed to exist, to write, and rouse the curiosity of the few. They excited the researches of Stuart, of Revel, of Pococke, of Chandler, which more forcibly attracted attention. And they assisted to string Byron's lyre, to which Greece owes more than she acknowledges—more than she can repay; while, true to character, her return is ingratitude. Learned and scientific, the works of the former only directed the attention of a few towards Greece, still leaving her to the generality of mankind an object of vague curiosity or of dubious admiration; pleased with her existence, yet careless, because not particularly excited, of her fate: but the glowing verse of the "Childe" found an echo in the bosom of the ardent and romantic throughout the civilised world, acting as a charm on that numerous class of youth,

[illegible] to reach the founts of classic inspiration, yet sufficiently educated to feel poetry. Transfusing his own imaginings of love, honour, and devotion into the sons and daughters of Greece, he made them be deemed beautiful and unhappy, faultless and enslaved. Obedient to the impulse, the soul of Europe, on recovering from the stupor occasioned by Napoleon's fall, turned towards Greece. Her redemption is Byron's; yet, what does she for him? What visible token shows her sense of the man? Where is the statue, the street, the square, the ship, known by his name? Twelve years have scarcely elapsed since he breathed his last melodious accents in her cause at Missolonghi: even there he is nearly forgotten. Full of our illustrious countryman, we landed at the place a few months after Otho's visit to it, softly imagining that in the land of verse, the young monarch (son of a scholar) would have remembered a poet. Shakspeare's house upon the Avon exists, Tasso's abode is visited at Sorrento, Virgil's tomb is a pilgrimage at Naples, Homer's retreat is shown at Scio; but only a heap of rubbish marks the site of the house by the seashore of Missolonghi, in which

Byron died, and no stone indicates the corner where they laid his heart beside the body of Marco Botzaris. We had some difficulty in ascertaining the spots, for no person knew any more of Byron than that a great English Lord had resided in the place for some months. The Bavarian rulers of Greece have contrived to build a solid prison amidst the ruins of Missolonghi, but they could not afford to raise a monument to one, without whose song they would never have set foot on the soil.

Byron's name is especially linked with the Acropolis: standing there at sunset he vented his "Curse of Minerva." Who, in the same place, at the same hour, can avoid coinciding with his opinion of the rival of Morosini? The Venetian, though, to do him justice, was a conqueror; he only took the right of conquest. What he began, viz. the destruction of the sculpture of the Parthenon, Elgin completed. There, however, ends the comparison. Morosini *gave* his depredations to Venice: Lord Elgin sold his spoils to England for 35,000*l.* As a nobleman should he have so acted? As the representative of the British monarch, should he have stooped

to barter in that which he owed solely to his exalted position? Did the sultan grant him leave to remove pieces of the temples in order to make money by them? No: but as a compliment to the nation which he represented. If to any one, the sum belonged to the Porte. It might now be termed Grecian property.

No words are strong enough to designate the cant preached the last thirty years,—especially urged by Lusieri as an excuse for his patron's acts,—about the barbarism of the Turks towards the remains of art. In the name of all that is rational, what has kept the monuments of Athens, (not to mention those of the plain of Argos, of Constantinople, &c.,) above ground during four centuries of their rule? Did Minerva bind their hands? Did the shade of Theseus guard his fane?—that edifice almost as perfect now as it was two thousand years ago. Did Jove suspend a thunderbolt before his temple? We have been victims to the grossest deception. A minute's reflection will undeceive those who may still think that Lord Elgin conferred a service on the fine arts by tearing away the sculpture of the Parthenon. More injury was thereby inflicted

than the operation of two centuries, judging by the past, would otherwise have effected.* Who would not, moreover, rather see a mutilated fragment *on the temple*, than the perfect specimen, were that possible, in London? In London it is a simple piece of marble, exquisitely moulded, in truth, but no more; no associations are awakened to complete the picture—to fill up the hiatus caused by time or violence. But at Athens, a head or an arm speaks a tale beyond itself. Who could not there supply the vacant space? in five minutes reanimate each torn feature, or renovate into swelling harmony each shattered limb.

When we think of the peer and the ambassador bargaining for the produce of his researches—setting forth, notwithstanding, farther claims on the gratitude of the learned — can we respect his motives?† Can we qualify his zeal as mistaken?

* The shot thrown into the Acropolis during the sieges, since Lord Elgin's visit to it, have not touched the parts from which his Lordship abstracted: they only injured the columns.

† By a singular providence—we can hardly term it chance —the unsightly square tower which Lord Elgin erected to

Oh no! there was no mistake. As well may we extol the motives of the antiquarians (the medal detectors and column chippers) who travel over the Levant and make collections for *virtuosi;* ready, like resurrection men, to deface the noblest work for any particular part wanted for a *savant.* In no European country—let us repeat it for the sake of truth—have the remains of antiquity been so much respected as in Turkey. No temples, excepting those of Pæstum — those because hidden so long — are equal in preservation to the temples in Greece. They were guarded as royal property. "I leave you the women and the gold," said Mahomet II. to his soldiers in the church of St. Sophia; "but the temples, the marbles, and the columns are mine." Permission to remove a fallen piece of sculpture, or to make excavations, was never granted except to an ambassador in high favour —as to the Duc de Choiseul (to open certain

the Athenians, in return for the assistance they gave him in facilitating the removal of their treasures, entirely escaped the destructive progress of the civil war. It stands in the centre of the market-place, and is now used as a prison. A Latin inscription on it records his lordship's title and donation.

barrows in the Troade)—as to Lord Elgin, in return for the services which England had rendered Turkey in Egypt. Had the Porte not granted his excellency's request, she might have been taxed with ingratitude; but was it right to make such a one? What an outcry would be raised if the Russian minister at Constantinople, taking advantage of his credit, were to ask for the obelisk in the Hippodrome, or for the porphyry column in the forum of Constantine! We should never hear the last of it. Would not the cases, however, be parallel?

In fact, it is a melancholy truth, the ruin of the Grecian remains has been rapidly accelerated since the Frank cast his eyes on them. What personages of high degree left, "travelling gentlemen" and professional men have endeavoured to glean. If a statue proved too heavy to be removed, a limb would be appropriated, or, if concealment were an object, the adventurous youth might allay his ecstasy by clipping off a nose or an ear. Have we not seen parties land with blacking and brushes, to decorate the Parian marble with gothic names? while others might deem it good fun to knock away acanthus leaves or

volutes from prostrate columns. "Such nice specimens!"

Had not the Acropolis been used as a citadel, the ancient buildings on it would probably, for time acts so gently in this climate, have appeared nearly as perfect now as when the Turks conquered Attica. Explosions and shot have done the work of an earthquake. In order to complete the fortress, the outward face of the propylæa was walled up, and a battery raised on the marble roof, by which means the chief entrance in modern times has been on the right hand side of the ancient one, close by the temple of "Victory without wings," also fortunately walled up, or Lord Elgin would, in all probabilty, have removed its frieze. Since Athens has become the seat of government, the walls have been partly removed, and the temple, thus restored to light, conspicuously marks the spot whence Egeus saw the fatal black sails. The noble flight of steps, rounded off by the feet of the ancient Athenians, is also cleared of earth, while a rude archway, opened through the chief intercolumniation, enables us again to follow the steps of Minerva's votaries.

Having passed through it, we stand impressed successively with grief, admiration, and gratitude: we feel grief at the destruction, admiration of the remains, and gratitude for the preservation of so much. We now observe that the propylæa is not on a line with the principal edifice, as modern artists would have placed it; it faces the expanse of heaven, between the Parthenon and the Erectheum. Taste foresaw the effect and experience has confirmed the judgment. I can imagine no Grecian stranger, when the Acropolis shone forth a field of sculptured marble, a treasury of Art, simplicity presiding over all, and taste dwelling in the remotest detail, vastness tempered by proportion, to have entered it, and not have fallen on his knees in mute adoration. Becoming fatigued with the majesty of the Parthenon, he would naturally address himself to the lighter graces of the Erectheum: coquet with the airy columns of Minerva Polias and the Pandroseum, or trace the delicate marine symbols, like white silken embroidery on satin, which ornament the interior frieze of the portico. Can we wonder if the pagan rites lingered so long in Athens? Can we wonder if Julian fondly clung to the

mysteries, when the edifices themselves in which they were celebrated might be worshipped?

If beauty may be estimated in the ratio of the attraction it causes—or that is rather the definition of loveliness—the Erectheum bears away the palm. Every person dwells the longest on its perfections, and terminates a survey of the Acropolis by sitting down and lingering amongst its columns. Each face of the deified quadrupartite dwelling is perfect: each, as you walk round it, seems to present brighter features than the one last seen. Remove three of the sides, the fourth would stand alone unrivalled; while, at the same time, all the four combine harmoniously. So beautiful, yet so different each way, it should rather have been termed a temple to the goddess of Variety. The edifice, deducting a column of Minerva Polias, carried away by Lord Elgin, and lost, together with more of the spoil, in a ship off Cape Matapan, remained tolerably entire until 1827, when the Turkish shot displaced two of the columns, and the ponderous marble roof gave way, crushing Madame Gouras and her women, residing in it for safety. The earth piled on the entablature to keep off shells,

fell in at the same time, and filled up the doorway nearly as high as the frieze. A considerable portion is thus hidden, and thereby saved from the display of names which cover the marble whereever accessible. Some travellers, more than usually ambitious, make one name occupy two or three feet of marble. A dozen or more names aiming at posterity, together in a scroll, often denote an irruption from some ship in the offing. As we were quietly sitting on a piece of marble on a level with the volutes of the columns of the portico of Neptune, my companion sketching the sea-weed ornaments between the fluting and the capital, a party of men-of-war's stewards, with a lady's maid, scrambled up near us. "Here is a nice place to write your name on," says one, gallantly offering a pencil to the lady. "Well, I declare! that's lucky—I thought we should not have found room anywhere." The party inscribed their names accordingly, either in imitation of their superiors, or animated by fame; then emptied a provision basket, broke the necks off sundry bottles of porter, and lit cigars.

As the conservator, investigator, and scrutinator of the Acropolis, Mr. K. Pittakys, a civil,

well-disposed Athenian, receives twenty-five dollars a month. "Were I a Bavarian," he quietly observed to us, "they would give me double that salary." He merits it. His office is no sinecure. In addition to decyphering, copying, and directing the labours of a few soldiers employed in sweeping and clearing away rubbish, he has to observe the movements of visiters, and to act as cicerone on occasions. He is zealously intent on his vocation and calling. He has named his son Plato, and he has published a work on his professional remarks. As the production of a modern Greek, and illustrative, more or less, of its capital, the government ought, I think, to have printed the book, and not have suffered the author to incur the expense of more than seven hundred dollars, to repay which he must sell his copies faster than he was doing when we had the pleasure of seeing him. I do not like his conjectures in many cases, but he has decyphered some curious inscriptions on old tablets—as the contract between the citizens of Athens and the builders of the long walls—the names of the bourgs which paid taxes to Athens, &c. The work betrays a common failing with commen-

tators, that of trying to establish error in former ones. It may be right in many points; I am not sufficiently learned to say yea or nay, but why should its predecessors in the same track have mistaken Pausanias? One cannot be too guarded against professed antiquarians and savans: they have generally the mania of discovering a new reading; if they happen unluckily to have a theory on any subject, an innate persuasion of their own correctness may cause them to remove hills, and make rivers run different ways, in order to stand or flow in unison with their ideas. How gracefully, how scientifically, an error is thus established! How logically, how satisfactorily, the learned traveller makes the disputed site of a city agree with his plan of it as formed at college! What acute geographical dissertations were written to prove beyond a doubt, that the Niger must flow into the sands of the Gulf of Syrtis, thence trickle through them into the Mediterranean! I do not care much about Mr. Pittakys' transposition of Lycabettus, Anchesmus, and the hill of the Muses; I only wish he would not persist in calling that elegant sculptured toy, known to us un-

classical moderns as the "Lanthorn of Demosthenes," by the name of the Choragic Monument of Lysicrates. He plumes himself on the discovery, in which, however, I believe he agrees with all the learned, but the other name conveys the most pleasing associations, and whatever one, Shakspeare, of honoured memory, may say to the contrary, a name goes a long way. I would not have Demosthenes deprived of his lanthorn. I do not like fancy dissectors, be they right or be they wrong, who love to destroy illusion. Think of Martin Scriblerus' shield! There are caves in Pnyx, popularly called the prison of Socrates. Be they so until the end of the world: is it not pleasant to be where he immortalised hemlock? Would you thank the *savant* who should prove to you that they were only stone quarries? Would you admit the proof? There is always some danger in putting one's curiosity under the guidance of a learned cicerone; if you are knowing yourself, he may chance to ruffle your temper with peculiar "readings;" if, on the contrary, you are innocent, he may put you at variance with the world.

Adieu, Monsieur Pittakys! You allowed me,

and I thank you, to carry off a morsel of pentelic marble, fallen down, no doubt, from the Parthenon! As a souvenir, I considered it equally as good, more satisfactory to my conscience, as a hand of one of the Caryatides, or half-a-dozen "serpent's eggs" from off the Erectheum would have been. It is true I lost it, when capsized in the Edinburgh's barge that same afternoon, in the squally Gulf of Salamis—but that was not your fault.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Le Mèsange—The Mischief—Sevastopol—Russian squadron—Russian and English navies—English officers in the Russian service — Greeks — The Crimea—Kercheh—Berdiansk.

We were not long in passing from the Lanthorn of Demosthenes to the *fanal* at the mouth of the Bosphorus. July 6th, 1835, the European lighthouse bore from the "Mischief" S.S.W. seven miles. We sailed on the Euxine.

A combined attack had just been made at Constantinople on the principle of the treaty of Hunkiar Skellesi, on the anticipated success of which one of our squadron would proceed into the Black Sea. As the Russians watched closely the execution of the provisions of the treaty, caution was requisite. The French ambassador commenced operations by demanding a firman

for the " Mèsange," a schooner of war, stating, it was said, that her object was scientific; and as a precedent for the same existed in the surveying expedition under M. le Capitaine Gauttier, the Porte was inclined to grant it without looking to her pennant. It was even said that the sultan, who, no doubt, gladly saw an opportunity of exercising the right of sovereignty in regard of his own strait, actually ordered the firman to be issued. As a boon granted, or about to be granted, to the French could not be withheld from us, the English ship-of-war attending on our ambassador expected to follow in the same direction, and expectation became certainty when people, seeing no opposition offered to the " Mèsange's" projected excursion, began to think that Russia was inclined to slide out of the difficulty, rather than provoke a question on it with the two ambassadors. This, however, was premature. The Russian minister opened his eyes, and saw that the pursuit of science was not the real object of the " Mèsange's" expedition, but a design, rather, to establish the right of foreign vessels of war to go into the Black Sea despite the " secret article," which made it a Russian

lake. He, therefore, bid the sultan mind his lesson, and not heed the modest request of his friends. The French officers, amazingly annoyed at the disappointment, for they had intended to sail the next day, were foolish enough to vent their spleen in the presence of the officers of a Russian ship of war recently arrived from Sevastopol, to whom, of course, it proved cordial. After having boasted for a fortnight, in the hearing of all Pera, that nothing could prevent the delivery of the said firman from the Ottoman chancery, they were now equally loud in their reproaches of the Russian legation for not having allowed itself to be duped *scientifically*.

One century ago, M. de Villeneuve, the French ambassador at the Porte, tried to induce the sultan to forbid the Russians the free navigation of the Black Sea; "a measure," said the 'note,' "which equally concerned England and Holland." Times are changed, we grieve to say.

The "Tomtit" concealed her mortification by running down the Hellespont, thence to proceed, she said, and survey the coast of Karamania, since Russia would not allow her to take

the bearings of the Capes of Abasia. Frustrated thus in the previous intention with which I had quitted the squadron at Salamis, of taking a cruise in H. M. S. Volage, I took advantage of a passage kindly offered me by Captain William Lyon in his yacht, in order to obtain the desired information for my admiral of the Russian naval forces in the Euxine.

The monkey-headed " Mischief" was twice as formidable as the " Mèsange." Brigantine-rigged, with painted sides, white decks, and ten brass guns, she was a severe-looking craft, and would, we flattered ourselves, have impressed any Russian brig, who might have felt disposed to ask troublesome questions, with a due quantum of respect. Including ourselves in the cabin, we mustered about thirty cutlasses. We had also " Boatswain"—the old growl—who would have proved a valuable addition, if he had scared the enemy as he scared us away at times when inclined to act the sovereign of the deck.

No one, however, looking below, would have accused us of fighting inclinations. Refinement there presided. The *beau idéal* of nautic arrangement was everywhere visible. Whether in cabin,

passages, ladders, hold, or closets, the same combination of elegance and simplicity appeared. There were six sleeping cabins, each large enough to sleep and dress in comfortably, fitted up with marble washing-stands, &c. Mosaic tables—delightfully cool to the hands—and silken couches adapted to the clean " run " of the vessel, invited study or indolence in the after-cabin. In the space intervening between it and the state cabin, percussion-lock rifles were arranged ready to hand up the companion-ladder in case of a bird or a pirate wishing to be shot at. The state cabin was sufficiently spacious to admit of ten persons sitting down to table with pleasure. Mirrors at the fore-end reflected the after part of the vessel, and, when slided down, disclosed a sparkling beaufet, to which there was also access from the steward's berth before it. Ornamental globe-lamps swung in the four corners, and these might be unshipped, and made to serve the same purpose on a table. The centre of the dinner table was balanced by a weight which enabled it to retain its level in any sea, though we generally preferred to have it fastened steady, for the oscillating motion, though very agreeable to wine-glasses and decanters, was cal-

culated to cause an affinity between the eyes and the stomach. The chairs were so constructed as to fold up in bad weather and be stowed away if necessary. On either side were luxurious sofas, which might be converted into comfortable beds. Above each a library was arranged; nothing dry or very serious, but light, undulating reading, suited to a schooner's movements. Our cuisine was Parisian; the wines were perfect: and our chibouques, enjoyed either on the aforesaid couches or on Persian carpets spread on deck, would have excited the envy of any Ottoman epicure in the land. In short, we combined the speed and cleanliness of a man-of-war with the freedom and luxury of a palace. Was not this the case, my fellow guests—Percy Doyle, St. George Foley, and Richard Edwardes? Nearly a month we sailed in the "Mischief" and thought the cruise too short. At times we might be qualmish, but never out of humour: we might wish for a smoother sea, but never with a cross countenance.

We made out the lights of Sevastopol, at eleven o'clock P.M., of the fifth day of our voyage. At daylight we ran into the harbour, and saluted

the flag of Rear Admiral Socolevsky with the usual number of guns, which was returned by an equal number.

Admiral Tchorchevsky was the governor of the town.

The commander-in-chief, Admiral Lazaroff, was then absent at St. Petersburgh, whither he had been summoned in order to concert measures for the better supplying of the arsenals with timber, then almost a monopoly in the hands of the Jews, and in consequence of which, with probably other reasons, ship-building had hitherto advanced indifferently. He was daily expected with his bride, when a general revision of the civil department of the dockyard was expected to follow.

We particularly directed our inquiries, there and elsewhere, to the subject of naval construction, because a report, totally at variance with the above mentioned defect, had reached Therapia, a short time before we left the Bosphorus, to the effect that twenty-five line-of-battle ships were actually on the stocks at Nicolaef. We of the navy certainly questioned the possibility of the single yard of Nicolaef, accomplishing what

it would require the resources of nearly all our magnificent dock-yards together to effect; but as the announcement was circumstantial, furnished also by a gentleman who was in the way, if he pleased, of being an eye-witness to what he stated, we were bound to give it attention. Our scepticism was, of course, well founded. We ascertained that only two line-of-battle ships were building at Nicolaef,* viz. the "Sultan Mahmoud," and the "Silistria." The junction of these two names might be considered ominous. The compliment of naming a ship after the sultan could only seem a doubtful one, considering that she was destined to sail in company also with the "Tchesmeh," the "Varna," and the "Sizebolis." Without referring to the ability of the Russian government to make such an immense augmentation, I think that it esteems itself too sure of the reversion of the splendid Turkish ships of war to go to the expense of an entire new navy on the Euxine. The number will be kept complete by occasional

* The wilder a report the more readily does it often find credit. More than one pamphlet and review dwelt on such a manifestation of resources, and inferred designs in consequence.

additions and by repairing the old ships, and no more.

As soon as we were anchored, an officer of the guard-ship came alongside to make inquiries respecting us. As he only appeared to be acquainted with few words of English in addition to his own tongue, we were not very explanatory on either side. The raking "Mischief" puzzled him. He rowed thrice round her and was as much as ever in the dark. She was not a man-of-war by our own admission: she was not a merchantman evidently: "What the devil are you?"—"A yacht!" He shrugged his shoulders and departed. One might well be ignorant of a yacht at Sevastopol, but, nevertheless, the officer at the quarantine establishment understood our papers * and admitted their validity.

Civility was not wanting towards us, although certain reasons, of which we were reminded, led us to expect no favour. Quarantine regulations

* A yacht on going foreign has papers furnished her by the secretary of the Yacht Club, in all the languages of Europe, stating her nature, and that she is in no way engaged in trade. On this, she is permitted to lie in a port with the privileges of a man-of-war,

were so far relaxed, that we were allowed to remain in the roadstead instead of being ordered into the quarantine harbour. As far as I have seen of them, I must say that Russian officers in general are inclined to be civil to strangers, particularly to Englishmen. The laws and regulations under which they serve, may oftentimes appear harsh and unnecessarily precise to us; but certainly there exists a disposition in individuals to modify their inconveniences. Should that, however, not be done, we surely ought to be considerate and not blame an officer, who is only, after all, acting under orders. People are frequently exposed in our own dock-yards and public establishments, to obstacles which, if encountered in Russia, would call down bitter remarks from the irritated traveller. No foreigner, for example, can enter the dock-yard at any of our sea-ports, without an order direct from the Admiralty, and many, in consequence, not being aware of this till they reach the gates, go away with a poor idea of our liberality. They would have the order immediately on application, but how is a stranger to write to the Admiralty?

—he may not have time, either, to wait two days for an answer. As permission to inspect our dock-yards is never refused to any one who wishes to make drawings or models of any plans, we gratuitously incur the odium of jealousy by not giving the port-admiral discretionary power to admit persons, who may visit one of our ports, unaware of the regulation. They may order things better now, we sincerely hope they do so, but when the author was stationed at Portsmouth in 1833, had a foreign ship of war anchored at Spithead for a day, the admiral would have seen himself under the disagreeable necessity of refusing the officers permission to visit the dock-yard, because it required an Admiralty order to that effect, which, of course, with time to apply for one, would have been granted.

Had such a regulation existed at Sevastopol when the steamer "Pluto" arrived there, about a month after us, what a chorus on illiberality, jealousy, &c., we should have raised, for she remained there not long enough to allow of an application to St. Petersburgh. As it was, however, every facility was given to Lieut.-Col. de

Ros and Captain Drinkwater, R.N., as well as to the vessel's officers, to inspect the works and the arsenal.

Quarantine deprived us, in the "Mischief," of that advantage; but we esteemed ourselves fortunate in having arrived just after the return of a squadron from a cruise. The "Warsaw," (a new first-rate,) four second-rates, four frigates, and a brig, lay in the outer roadstead. Their appearance reflected infinite credit on their commanders. The ships were clean and well painted; serviceably rigged, with their yards square and their sails neatly furled. The guard-frigate, in particular, lying near us, would have ornamented Spithead: our men in the yacht admitted that she was rigged in a seaman-like manner. During three days, we saw them perform various evolutions in a creditable manner, such as crossing and sending down top-gallant and royal yards, loosing and furling sails, mooring and unmooring, &c. As the squadron was undergoing an inspection of gunnery, we had an opportunity, being anchored in a favourable position, of witnessing their efficiency in this the most important

branch of the service. A bank of sand, about the size of a brig's hull, was thrown up on the northern beach of the harbour, with an ordinary sized target before it, so that the comparative effect of an indifferent shot was not lost. Each ship, as her turn came to practice, made sail from her moorings and took up a berth in front of the target: then, having fired away her allowance, she weighed anchor again, and proceeded up the inner harbour under her jibs, staysails and spanker, sending down her light spars as she rounded the point of the town which concealed the arsenal from our view. I must in justice say, that we all of us considered the firing very good; the more particularly so, as a ground swell prevailed the whole time. The other division of the fleet was about, we were informed, to come into the outer harbour preparatory to making a cruise also. On the whole, eleven sail of the line, about the same number of frigates, with a due proportion of corvettes and brigs, were in commission, and in training more or less all the year. Such of the crews as we saw appeared strong and healthy; we remarked no boys mongst them.

The Emperor, I thought, need no longer apprehend a repetition of his disaster in October 1828. After the siege of Varna,* he sailed from that place in the "Empress Maria," accompanied by another ship of the line and a steamer: but when about half way towards Odessa, a violent squall took the ship at eight in the morning, laid her on her beam-ends, and in less than an hour, reduced her to little better than a wreck. The same breeze blew down every tent of the army encamped on the elevated ground to the north of Varna. Unable to keep the ship to the wind, the captain ran away before it in the longest direction. In this state she scudded a day and a night, and it seemed possible that the Emperor, who lay in his cot overcome by sea-sickness, might have to claim the hospitality of Osman, the pasha of Trebizonde. However, his star prevailed: before the ship made the Turkish coast, the gale lulled; she set herself to rights, and in a few days reached Odessa. Her consort,

* The Emperor lived chiefly in the "Ville de Paris," as Admiral Greig's guest. During the siege that ship had one thousand three hundred people on board. A diplomatic chancery also resided on board.

in which Lord Heytesbury was embarked, had got in the meanwhile, out of the gale into Sevastopol.

Having witnessed the same fleet in 1829, I was enabled to form an opinion of its merits by the surest of tests—comparison. No reason, perhaps, existed why the metamorphosis should have caused surprise, for a great deal may be done in six years by following the right means steadily. I might also have expected a great improvement from having seen its offsets—the corvettes and brigs in the Archipelago. But certain impressions, before spoken of, are with difficulty effaced, and in regard to the latter, we were at times inclined to fancy them exceptions, fitted out expressly and choicely officered, in order to impose on foreigners. Russians also encourage this idea with the view, perhaps, of astonishing us some day, as the Yankees did with their large frigates. The want of information at our Admiralty then only caused the loss of a few frigates and sloops, but the result will be different when fleets are the cards to be played with. What then was a trifling error, might, in the latter case, prove a fatal mistake.

The same policy which leads Russia to exalt her army, makes her, if anything, depreciate her navy. The continent may be scared, but England must be lulled *a little while longer.*

The vague accounts received of the Russian fleet in the Euxine have hitherto little signified, it having been a fleet precluded from advancement in virtue of having only one foe—that foe inferior—with neither example before its eyes nor cause for emulation: but since, by the prostration of the Ottoman empire, its next antagonist will assuredly be an English squadron, to be ready to meet whom every nerve is strained, ought we not to cease to regard it with indifference as well as its sister in the Baltic, which must be superior, owing to the Emperor's superintendence? or rather ought we not to watch them narrowly, and calculate beforehand the results that may spring from their united effect?

Seeing that fleet in Sevastopol, in the summer of 1835, knowing at the same time the existence of another more than double its force, it occurred to me as worthy of inquiry for what purpose this vast naval preparation could be? Russia's coasts, I said, are defended by armies; she has neither

colonies nor trade to protect, yet we see a force that entitles her to be termed a maritime power of the first class. She is said to be in want of finances, yet we see her expend on her navy what the richest nation on earth shrinks from. Must it not then be for aggression, to forward views of ambition? Its application on the Euxine is apparent, but what possible use can there be for a strong fleet in the Baltic? who need apprehend it?

Here, I could not help it, England rose uppermost in my thoughts; yet the idea seemed almost absurd. The mistress of ocean apprehend the northern Colossus! I rejected the thought. But it returned; and then I observed our ports defenceless, our coasts unguarded, our countless merchant ships sailing confidently up and down the channel, while the power whom we delighted to threaten and revile had twenty-seven sail of the line manned and stored, besides frigates, &c., not many days' sail from us, with twenty thousand veteran soldiers ready to embark at twenty-four hours' notice. I knew the unprecedented dispatch with which the Euxine fleet had embarked an army at Sevastopol, in 1833; I knew its un-

seen approach to the Bosphorus; and I said, might not that be repeated in a more northern latitude? I supposed an extravagance.—Fancy, I said, if the "Imperial Calmuck" and his "cabinet of savages"* should suddenly wax wrath with the taunts of the English press, and of certain members of parliament, and order that fleet to pay a visit with steamers and fireships to Portsmouth and Plymouth, or follow Van Trump's example by sailing up the Thames.—What an idea!—"What a mad trick!" I hear people say. Truly so; but would there not be cunning in the madness? "What atrocious treason!"—Truly so: but would not France and America make its apology, if successful, with heartfelt cheers? "What an improbable act on the part of a civilised government!"—Truly so; but would not our *friendly* attack on Copenhagen in 1809, be cited as a precedent? Would not the motive be equally valid, viz. the destruction of that which may be turned against yourself? If we prided ourselves on that stroke of policy against Denmark, might not a similar coup elsewhere be applauded? Would then the bombardment of

* Expressions of the "Portfolio."

Cronstadt and Sevastopol, with the destruction of every Russian ship—were that as easily done as said—repay us the possible consequences of such a visitation? It required a long while to fit out Lord Gambier's expedition, but Russia's fleet would be ready to sail on its counterpart at three days' notice. Strange things too are done in the nineteenth century, which would make Puffendorf and Grotius quake in their graves. Right appears to reside now-a-days in the power to resist wrong.

We are a strange people: one might almost deem us imbued with fatalism. As long as Cronstadt remained, comparatively speaking, unfortified, and Russia possessed no men-of-war deserving of the name, we kept four guardships, full manned, at each port; making a force of twelve sail of first and second-rates ready to act at once in any part of the channel. As soon as she rendered Cronstadt impregnable, and got together a respectable fleet, we "paid them off!" We have shown magnanimity: while Russia's fleet was a shadow, we caressed her; now that it is efficient we menace her!

Have we not, while lowering the navy, physi-

cally and morally, unwittingly confounded wise economy with indiscriminate retrenchment?—Have we not, while taking credit to our wisdom for an immense reduction in naval expenditure, grievously deceived the people of England as well as imposed on ourselves? The English people know not the relative position of Russia and England, they think not of the disastrous consequences of one false move at sea, or they would never have given their sanction to weaken the arm on which their honour—nay their security depends, and which, believe me, cannot be suddenly braced up again at the wish of a minister, or at the will of the parliament. I cannot suppose that our gentry and yeomanry would sleep tranquilly in their beds if they knew that, through the much-lauded but ill-applied economy of the day, their fields are often left as open to the aggression of a northern invader, with the spirit to take advantage of their fancied security, as they were one thousand years ago. They might not like to see thus realised the proverb "nothing is new under the sun."—If reduction must be enforced, apply it rather to any other branch of the public service. Take, for example,

our colonies: while we rule the seas, they will remain to us, though not one soldier be in them; but let that rule once be doubtful, no amount of garrisons will preserve them long. We are wealthy enough to maintain an army and a navy, each befitting the glory and the extension of the British empire; but if we decline the expense necessary to maintain both up to the right mark, it would seem wiser to disband the one which may be deemed the least requisite, and apply its resources to the other.

At length, however, (in 1836,) as if partially awaking to the danger, five thousand additional men were voted for the service of the navy. A vote of twenty thousand men would, I humbly think, have shown more prudence. We might then have talked with some degree of coherence of blockading the Baltic and the Euxine simultaneously. We might then with some degree of reason have called on ministers to send a fleet into the latter sea to resent a real or an imaginary insult. Honourable gentlemen who expressed such a desire, influenced by the natural indignation which every Englishman feels when he supposes his country aggrieved, could not have

reflected on the possible consequence of such a proceeding. They wished our only disposable fleet (for no government would consent to a less number than twelve line-of-battle ships being thus employed) to be sent between three thousand and four thousand miles away, on an uncertain service: on which Russia might, if so she pleased, have ordered her Baltic fleet (if not frozen up) to the Nore, for the purpose of supporting the request of her ambassador for its recall. I leave on one side the question of forcing the Dardanelles, and the probability of meeting (perchance with some of the ships crippled) with further opposition on the Euxine: I look only at the bare fact of our channel remaining nearly destitute of men of war, while the power on whose fears we should be trying to impose would have twenty-seven sail of the line, with troops ready to embark, within a few days' sail of our shores.

Some individuals talk heroically of applying the torch to the arsenal of Sevastopol, of feeding the flames of discontent in Circassia. Are they ignorant that our arsenals are also combustible?—that Ireland is agitated?—We know that the access to the former is constantly guarded by the

Hellespont and by a fleet. We forget, apparently, that the way to the latter is free and open —is lighted and buoyed. Let us reverse the position: let us suppose the Baltic fleet to be out of commission, Cronstadt, like our ports, to be indifferently fortified, and the Russian army to be reduced to 100,000 men; then let us suppose the emperor to menace, in the spirit of Paul I., to march an army to the Indus, (admitting the step to be practicable,) in order to raise up opposition to us in that neighbourhood,—what would be our first impulse? Laughter!—What would be our resolve—executed probably as soon as declared? To send a fleet to Cronstadt, with light vessels and steamers to proceed up the Neva if requisite.

Herein, my countrymen, lies the secret of Russia's preponderance; here is the cause of her proceeding steadily on her course, careless of our clamour and our demonstrations—we have not, I say it with all deference to your judgment, a sufficient navy in commission. Let us not lament over the capture of a smuggler: even if she chose to treat the crew as pirates, then hang up the "meteor flag," under which they sail, as a target

for her riflemen in the Taurida, or commit any other extravagance of the sort, we should scarcely be able to resent the insult; for, it is of no use to disguise the truth, we are no longer what we used to be on the ocean. The 33,000 seamen and marines voted for the naval service of the country, form no adequate force either for repelling a sudden aggression, or for opening an unexpected war with advantage. More than half the number is necessarily employed on distant stations, or in small vessels for the support of our trade. Another large portion of it is stationed in the Mediterranean to observe the fall of Turkey, and to watch the progress of liberty in the Iberian peninsula; leaving at most 6,000 men for the protection of our shores.

Under these circumstances do I exaggerate?—am I an alarmist, when I say that the honour and welfare of England require the permanent equipment of the channel fleet? Every man, I am convinced, who will reflect five minutes on the vast interests dependent on the *prestige* of our naval superiority being unshaken, even by a doubt, will agree in thinking that we should keep thirty sail of the line *full-manned*

in commission; twenty sail for home service, and ten sail for the Mediterranean. We require nearly as many to enable us to speak in a due tone to Russia alone; but we must also consider the possibility of a junction between her and another maritime power, which may be effected any day, and array against us *at once* between 50 and 60 sail of the line, besides frigates and small craft innumerable. Where then would be our supremacy? What then would be the fate of our commerce scattered over every sea? Would Canada then trouble us with any more petitions? Might not the Maltese and Ionian liberals talk louder against their haughty and exclusive masters? Might not another bold leap, perchance, be made on Jumper's battery? Let us not be told that a union between France and Russia is in the highest degree improbable; let us not hear Louis Philippe's *scrupulous adherence* to the terms of the quadrupartite treaty cited as a proof of his sincerity with England; but let us ask ourselves the simple question, Is it possible? I know many place such reliance on our latent resources and energy as to think that even did we meet with a reverse we could easily repair it. Alas! tha[redacted]

is a fearful hope to trust in. No man can calculate the consequences of a reverse; no man can say he will recover from a blow if ably followed up. Military nations have fallen after one battle, and why should naval power be an exception? Austria crouched after Austerlitz; Prussia lay prostrate after Jena; and who can say what disasters might have ensued had the issue of Trafalgar's day been otherwise?

Of all countries, we, who have the most to lose, take the fewest precautions. We act as though our greatness were a rock, chained to the bottom of the ocean, beyond the efforts of winds and waves, instead of being the artificial, though wonderful, growth of human institutions, leaning on credit and opinion, and sensitively alive to the approach of every storm called a panic. Were Prussia—let us suppose a case by way of illustration—to reduce her standing army to 20,000 men, and be indifferent about her *landwehr*, and were France or Austria in consequence to take a fancy to a portion of the Rhenish provinces, or to a slice off Silesia, should we pity or blame her most? Would she not have brought the evil on herself? Are we very dif-

greatly circumstanced? Should certain powers endeavour to wrest from us the dominion of the ocean, which we have exercised so harshly and so despotically, and were they to succeed through our remissness, should we deserve sympathy or contempt? Which rather should we obtain? One blockade of our coasts—one unexpected naval disaster, would I fear be the first step of a rapid descent to the condition of a second rate power. Any body may count on his fingers the heavy blows which might follow in the event of such a crisis.

Let us remember that Russia's fleets are always ready, improving every year, simply by keeping the same crews together. Admitting war to be declared in form, preceded by a due quantum of diplomatic correspondence, would our ships hastily fitted, slovenly manned, with officers out of practice, sail, as English ships ought ever to do, so much depending thereon, with victory pre-assured? Nine tenths of the navy will join with me in saying they would not, they could not. I entreat attention to this point—viz., the extent of our capability of suddenly equipping an efficient fleet—for therein we principally deceive ourselves.

We look at those floating masses in "ordinary," "reposing on their shadows," and like them we slumber on a delusion. We point to our mercantile navy, and rest assured that by means of a registry, or a bounty, or, at the worst, a press, we can readily man twenty sail of them. Such levies, even were they stimulated by a practised and rewarded body of officers, armed with adequate authority, would not cope on fair terms with an already long-trained enemy under several months. Before we could thus render a squadron worthy to carry the English flag into action, the channel would be swept out and out.

We must bear in mind, that the circumstances by which we have hitherto derived an inappreciable superiority, from those advantages attending our commercial state, have ceased, in some measure, to exist. When two powers, preparing for war, each fitted out their ships hastily, and manned them as well as they might do,—when the art consisted in little more than in sailing about, and when gunnery was at so low an ebb that we knew not whether a shot fired would strike the hull or a topmast, and the men on going into action asked at what quarters they

were to fight—the one, with a nursery of seamen to draw from, necessarily started fairer than her rival in every sense of the word, and even if repulsed at first by numerical superiority, she had the intrinsic elements of success, unattainable by the other under a year's practice, which he could not hope to be permitted to have. For the same reason, before the introduction of regular troops, the sovereign with a mountainous district to levy soldiers in, imposed laws on his neighbour who ruled over the plain: but when standing armies became the fashion, the lord of the flat country ceased to fear the individual energy and the courage of the mountaineers; native pre-eminence gave way to science. Thus also in regard of ships. Russia has taken a new line. The first of any nation, she has established a regular military navy, not owing its existence to any exigency, or relying on casual supplies for recruitment, but always—like a standing army—*au complet*, always on service. The power this confers is self-evident; and it necessarily follows that if we wish to avoid dishonour we must do alike. Superiority at sea, I beg leave to repeat it, is no talisman, as many of our legislators appear to think; seeing that they

expect to retain it without cost or trouble. Efficiency at the guns, and a tolerable aptitude at working ship, with internal discipline, suffice for general actions, which are, in nineteen cases out of twenty, fought either in fine weather* near the shore, or at anchor, where gunnery and pluck, not seamanship, decide the question: long cruises, distant voyages, and blockades try ships and sailors; but Russia has no occasion for these trials; she has neither colonies nor commerce to protect. Any power who desires it may have the above requisites; a regiment of soldiers would accomplish these conditions in a couple of years. Russia already has them: the nine years since Navarine, occupied unweariedly and systematically, have made her regimental crews equal to sustain the honour of their colours in action. Even now six of our ships, after being one year in commission, would not be too many for seven of those of Russia, of equal force, respectively. But we must not judge of the rela-

* Excepting Lord Hawke's action, the author cannot bring to mind any general action fought in heavy weather. Trafalgar's gale came on after the battle.

tive state of the ships of both countries from such of our ships as have cruised for some time: in all that regards real efficiency they are, as my brother officers well know, as though half a century in advance of the newly-commissioned ships, with which, in a sudden war, according to our present system, we shall have to meet Russia's veteran fleet.

But, in contemplating a regular declaration of war, preceded by provocation and discussion, do I not err? We may not gain even that "vantage ground." Russia will probably take time by the forelock. Before her declaration of war reached Constantinople in 1828, her army had crossed the Pruth, according to Napoleon's plan—strike first, then speak. Why should she be more accommodating to us? We can hardly suspect her of so much simplicity as to throw away the advantage of a fleet ready trained at so much cost and labour, by giving us time to prepare one. She knows the power which our command of money confers, like that of steam, expanding with every fresh accession of heat; she will therefore endeavour to cripple its application. War being inevitable, prepared by her perhaps,

she may (while giving our ambassador his passports) embark on board her fleet, rumour not heralding her acts, twenty thousand soldiers, and land them in Ireland, or she may set as many men ashore in England, and march straight on London. What need the emperor care if not one of them returned? What series of victories, however brilliant, would equal this one exploit? Amidst the larders, and cellars, and chemists' shops of peaceful England, a Russian army would not dwindle away so fast as in the deserted plains of Turkey and Persia; the Cossacks would not have to go far in search of forage. It would have to be extirpated by the sword, and in the interim some mischief might be effected. All this is easy, is practicable, is obvious, and will assuredly be acted on, at the fitting season, by an enterprising power, against a country so insane as to cast off its natural, its only means of defence. All this might now be done by the due employment of Russia's despised fleet, set on by her imputed bad faith.

It is not for me to say what military resources we could call forth to oppose a landing of the sort —some persons affirm that we should eat up the

twenty thousand men at a mouthful, but would it not be safer and cheaper to guard against the possibility of one? It is not for me to place any weight on the struggle of party and of principles in the country—I am sure the factions would be like Orestes and Pylades at the first rumour of an invasion—but would it not be more agreeable to avoid giving an opportunity of showing such patriotism? It is not for me to say whether our fertile fields, our stocked villages, our good roads, and our means of transport would assist or not an invader; but I am sure that no irregular resistance could be offered on the spur of the moment by a people so essentially unwarlike, and so totally unused to arms as the English. We all remember the facility with which a troop of light dragoons quelled the insurgent city of Bristol, at a time when the Lyonnese were keeping thirty thousand troops at bay. The English have more native courage and stamina, perhaps, than any people in the world, but they want the presence of mind and readiness which only the habit of regarding danger, or discipline, confers. It might appear pedantic to quote history; but is it not true that the progress of

every armed force in England, from the earliest periods up to the march of the Pretender in the last century, has been marked by the passiveness and the indifference of the people? and had not Charles Edward's army been exposed to the disagreements inseparable from irregular troops, might not that prince have ascended the throne of his ancestors?

I fear that I may labour under a disadvantage, with some persons, in treating a subject, in which, as its object is the extension of the navy, I may be supposed to have a personal interest; but the importance of the question—important to every man in England of whatsoever calling—is sufficient to absolve me from so paltry a motive, which those, moreover, who know my career will not entertain. I will not enter into nautical details, in support of the arguments I have used; such might seem improper in this place, but they are ready, in case any doubt should be thrown on the correctness of my position. I am satisfied if I draw attention to the subject in a general sense; if I lead my countrymen to be aware of the fact, that, situated as Russia is, we require a channel fleet in permanence, in order to support the

honour and welfare of England. Otherwise the stability of everything we hold dear may be said to be dependent, in some measure, on an accidental misunderstanding or on the caprice of an absolute government.

Our countrymen* have had a large share in the honours and in the merit of the naval resources of the Black Sea. Admirals M'Kenzie, Priestman, Ogilvie, Mason, Mercer, and Greig, have hoisted their flags on it. M'Kenzie, if I do not mistake, was the first naval chief at Sevastopol. On account of the plague, then raging in the Crimea, none of the admirals would accept of the new command, on which Catherine, who fully appreciated the importance of the inheritance of Saim Gueray Khan, promised to promote to that rank any other officer of merit who would offer himself for the post of danger. Captain M'Kenzie, at that time commanding a corvette, accepted it.

* At present they occupy lower situations, but not less useful ones. The master sailmaker, the master carpenter, and the master blacksmith, at Nicolaef, are English. The chief of the rope manufactory at Kherson is an Englishman. The engineer employed on the drydocks at Sevastopol is an Englishman. There may be others in the Russian service.

Other foreigners also sought laurels on the Black Sea, long a field of naval adventure, though little of it ever transpired to the world. Panaxiotty Alexiano shone conspicuous among these : originally the servant of a British consul, somewhere in the Levant, he obtained through his master's interest a letter of marque, with which, as his share of the venture, he associated himself with the crew of an island row-boat. In the course of time, he became a pirate or a privateer, and in this capacity made his name so well-known in the Archipelago, that the Russian empress, on the look out for nautical talent, offered him the command of a frigate in the Euxine. He there became a brigadier (commodore) and was the third in command of the squadron in which Paul Jones served and was betrayed. Paul Jones in his correspondence is particularly severe on Panaxiotty, and attributes his incomplete success in the *Liman* to Greek jealousy. Likely enough ! no Greek would serve any country, not even his own, at the expense of personal vanity. We hear of many other Greeks also as having served in the Euxine; chiefly young men from the college founded at St. Petersburgh by Catherine II. to recompense the Greek

gentry in some measure for the disasters consequent on the rebellion excited by Russian agents in the Morea, in 1770.* The young Greeks were educated at the imperial cost, and then placed in the army or navy. Many of them were employed in preference on the Turkish side of the empire.

When Admiral M'Kenzie assumed the command in 1785, Sevastopol consisted of two houses, a wooden barracks, and a military store-house. In 1835 we saw a goodly-looking town, occupying the rocky, hilly space between the ports Yougenaia and Artilleriiskaia. I cannot speak from observation of its conveniences and *agrèmens*, but brother officers have informed me that they are on a good scale. Exteriorly, the place has the air of a purely military establishment. No private expenditure seems to embellish it; no

* The college no longer exists, the motive for it having ceased; but can we be surprised, seeing in it one of the many traits of the politic liberality of Russia towards the Greeks of the Ottoman empire, if her influence has been kept alive so warmly amongst them? Did the French government do anything of the sort for the Irish gentry after the rebellion which it equally fostered?

person appears to be unconnected with the government. The environs are in unison, wild and barren; scarcely a tree or a house is visible, the monotony of sanded, burnt-up herbage being only relieved by stone sentry-boxes. A camp, however, near the beach, off which lay, animated the scene at the period of our visit. We saw the movements of the troops, and heard their evening hymn in chorus.

Since Potemkin's brilliant dreams and Catherine's enchanted journey to the palace of the Crimean Khans, Sevastopol has never attracted so much the attention of the government as now. The reason is obvious. It is the fulcrum of the lever applied to Turkey. We heard that contracts of stone had been entered into for fortifying the place land-ways, as well as for restoring the ancient works on the isthmus of Perecop. We did not remark any decided addition to the sea-works since 1829. Some of them had been repaired certainly, and lines were in progress on a long sandy point, which, if finished, will make the outer harbour too hot to lie in, and enfilade the arsenal creek. The works are chiefly of earth or sand; many of the guns are painted the same colour, so that

they might readily escape observation. We remarked about one hundred guns mounted on the sea batteries. These of themselves are insufficient: but if the means which present themselves be adopted, it may be confidently asserted that no fleet could force its way into the harbour.

In less than a century how much has been effected, equalled only by our own creation at the Antipodes. Several goodly towns—Odessa, Nicolaef, Sevastopol, Taganrock, Marioupol, Nakhitchevan,* &c. have arisen; a fleet has been formed; an immense trade developed; the Black Sea surveyed, its shores lighted, and its harbours buoyed. Are

* Marioupol was founded and peopled by Greeks. It contains four thousand inhabitants. Its prosperity had much declined, but was resuscitated by the peace of Adrianople, which assured greater freedom to Russian trade. The year following, it exported above one hundred and sixty cargoes of corn. Its prosperity, however, is again endangered by the rise of a new town at Berdiansk, which will also rival Taganrock.

† Nakhitchevan, containing nine or ten thousand inhabitants, was founded by Armenian refugees from Persia and Turkey. It maintains constant relations with the Armenians of those countries. A great portion of the trade of Southern Russia is in the hands of the Armenians.

these the traces of barbarism?—are these the signs of an unenlightened government? Kercheh, a small town with two or three thousand inhabitants, in the strait of Caffa, will probably in a few years become the most prosperous place in the Crimea, and may rank after Odessa on the shores of southern Russia. The Russian government has wisely made it the quarantine station for the sea of Azof: all vessels destined to any part of that sea ride their quarantine at Kercheh, then proceed on in free pratique. The consequence of this necessary detention at Kercheh, will be to cause merchants to make it the entrepôt of their exports and imports. They will gain by this in two ways; first, they will avoid the uncertain navigation of the sea of Azof, and secondly, they will have a safe anchorage to lie in, with a greater facility of arrival and departure, instead of the insecure roadstead at Taganrock, frozen up two months longer in the year. I should not imagine that the expense of the cabotage between Kercheh and the shores of the sea of Azof, when regularly established, will be heavier than what is now incurred by the inconveniences of lading and unlading at

Taganrock,* not to mention the risk to a vessel and the detriment to her cargo at the latter place; and it will certainly be cheaper as soon as Berdiansk † shall become the chief mart for the produce of the governments of Pultawa, Ecathérinowslaw, &c., whence the transit to Kercheh is easy. This new line will effect considerable changes in the commercial relations of the sea of Azof; but, apparently, to the advantage of both the government and the people. The former will gain by the centralisation of quarantines and custom-houses; the latter will enjoy a more regular and direct ship communication with the Mediterranean; while the increased

* At seventeen wersts off shore at Taganrock, there is about thirteen feet water. Large ships are obliged to anchor between thirty or forty wersts off shore. Their cargoes are put first into "lumps," then near the shore into boats and landed. A similar process, of course, is necessary on shipping a cargo The roadstead is frozen nearly five months on the average.

† Berdiansk is about ninety miles north from Kercheh. The harbour is formed by a tongue of land: it is safe, with a convenient depth of water. It is intended to establish a steamer between Kercheh and Berdiansk. Berdiansk will become a flourishing place.

cabotage will be of advantage to both parties, giving the state sailors at need, and constant employment to a portion of the lower classes. No great inconvenience moreover is experienced in a thinly peopled country from the transfer of local advantages, since the persons who enjoyed them in the one place may secure them in the other.

CHAPTER XIX.

Odessa—Corn laws—Mouths of the Danube—Prospects—Varna—Silistria—Pasha—Greek Bishop—Bourgas—Russian army—Ankhiouli—Sizepoli—"Mischief"—Yezidees—Executions.

On the third evening we bade adieu to Sevastopol. We made sail from the harbour with a light breeze at sunset, while the bugles of the camp were playing some beautiful calls.

Forty hours afterwards we anchored again in the roadstead of Odessa,* close in shore, amidst a crowd of vessels of all nations. We had a slight difference of opinion with the captain of the port concerning our yacht privilege; he at first wishing to make us conform to the regulations of a merchantman; but he admitted our declaration,

* Odessa roadstead is frozen over on the average about five weeks in the year.

and we parted amicably. Knowing a few words of English, he committed a comical error, by writing down our vessel's name as Miss Chiff. Luckily, however, for the accuracy of his report, he asked us in French, before removing the spectacles from his nose, if Miss did not mean Mademoiselle. We were charitably disposed, and so saved Mademoiselle Chiff from travelling half over the Russian empire.

La Norma was represented at the Italian Opera the evening of our arrival.

The governor's house on the cliff was compared by one of our messmates, who had resided in the United States, to the president's house at Washington.

A steamer runs twice a week from Odessa to Koslof; once a week between Odessa and Constantinople.

We found the bread and mutton excellent, and were not exposed to undue charges at the quarantine.

One or two English gentlemen came down to talk to us at the parlatoyo with offers of civility. "There is not a man of talent in all Russia, sir," said one of them. "Indeed," quoth one of our

party, "they have cunning though to make up for the want of talent." "Not even that, sir: take them in any way you please, they are all devoid of ability: Orloff, for example, is a mere drawing-room man; Nesselrode is an empty intriguer: could anything be more stupid than Diebitch's conduct during the last Turkish war?"

Heavens! we mentally exclaimed, can the force of prejudice go farther? Even allowing them to be fools, *we* should not whisper the word.

The quarantine at Odessa is on the most liberal and rational footing of any in the world. Odessa is the only port where any account is made of the length of a passage. If a vessel have been out fourteen days from a suspected place, she immediately begins to reckon a diminished quarantine of fourteen days; but if she have been out a less time she has to ride a quarantine of observation of eight days in the roadstead before obtaining admission into the quarantine harbour. Here we have an approach to common sense. In all the ports of the Mediterranean, be they English, French, or Italian, no distinction is

made in a vessel's quarantine, whether she have had a passage of ten days or fifty days.

Owing to its commercial franchise,* and the presence of foreign merchants, Odessa enjoys a certain air of freedom unusual in the empire. Russians, who dislike the etiquette of the capital, or the feudal pomp of Moscow, seek pleasure at Odessa, which in all respects may be called the third city of the empire. Several Polish gentlemen also, for similar reasons, resort to it. It is the watering-place of Podolia and Volhynia, as well as the outlet for the produce of those rich provinces.

The export trade of Odessa, which consists chiefly of wheat,* is very uncertain, depending

* The port-franc of Odessa relieves the merchant from the payment of any duty until he withdraw his goods from the bonded warehouses. Goods intended for sale in the precincts of the port-franc, of which the extent is seventeen wersts, are charged with one-fifth of the duty. The fair in September adds greatly to the commerce of the city with the interior in articles of foreign manufacture.

* Hides, tallow, hemp, and the potass of Podolia, are also exported in considerable quantities.

on the demand in the western markets, and on the facility of supplying them. In 1817, the year of the scarcity in France and England, it rose to the value of forty millions of roubles: in 1828, the first year of the Turkish war, when the passage of the Bosphorus was closed, it descended as low as one million and a-half of roubles. In the former case the proprietors make fortunes; in the latter case, the peasants revel in plenty, for corn then becomes of no value on the spot. But the import trade has presented a steady improvement since 1816. The principal increase is visible in coffee, spices, and wines, while the most remarkable decrease appears in precious stones: showing that the Asiatic taste is giving way before European ideas. What the European expends on his table, the Asiatic lavishes on his harem.

The restrictive laws regarding the importation of foreign grain into England and France seriously injure the corn trade in the Black Sea, and, consequently, the prosperity of southern Russia; and there is every reason to expect that it will still farther suffer, unless some alteration should

be made in our agricultural system. It is rather singular that some of those who entertain the greatest apprehensions about the extension and power of Russia are in favour of the abolition of the "Corn Laws." In a work called the "Designs of Russia," the author dolefully anticipates the time when the czar, if he be not timely checked, will order England to cease growing corn in her own fields, in order to favour his steppes. We scarcely apprehend such an exercise of absolute power; but we may be certain that the abolition of the Corn Laws would have partly the same effect on the English fields as if the czar should thus exercise the authority with which the alarmist thinks the possession of Turkey is to invest him. Assuredly, also, the increased revenue which such an act on our part, breathing life into the plains of southern Russia, would give the autocrat and his nobles, would accelerate the progress and the aggrandizement of Russia. We are constantly told that Russia is comparatively harmless, owing to a want of money; yet many of us wish to see an act passed that would give her a certain source of wealth. We exclaim against the impolicy of

taking her timber and her tallow, yet we desire to see a measure adopted that would oblige us to take her corn also, because, as a matter of course, we should, when growing far too little for our own consumption, go to the cheapest market, which will always be southern Russia and the Danubian principalities. I may labour under a mistake in thinking that corn laws are beneficial to England in all ways, but I cannot err in saying that they constitute a weapon for us against Russia.

Fortunate in all respects, Odessa has been particularly so in her governors. She sees Count Woronzow, an Englishman by education, cement what the Duc de Richelieu happily began. His excellency was then on a visit to his estate in the Crimea, said to be a very fine one, where he had recently acquired great credit with his Tartar dependents by building them a handsome mosque; rather an onerous undertaking, since by the Mussulman law the founder of a mosque must also endow it.

After having been whisked round our anchor one afternoon a dozen times, by a regular Black Sea squall, which brought away the surface of the

city in clouds of dust, covering our rigging, and darkening the sun, we weighed again, and ran down the coast all night to the Danube, off the Soulineh branch of which we hove-to next day for a few hours.* The Russians have buoyed this mouth of the river, and pilots are in attendance. Such accessories, in a foggy, squally clime, are invaluable to a river, which, owing to low uniform shores, is very difficult to make out at any time. We also found a Russian guard on the spot. The station must be very unhealthy; it almost gives one the marsh fever to look at it. The men ought certainly to be changed once a week;

* Soulineh is the only practicable mouth of the Danube for vessels. There are from eleven to thirteen feet water on the bar, according to the wind. East winds obstruct the navigation still more with sand-banks. Vessels of above two hundred tons can rarely pass the bar without unlading. *Kirlashes*, (large barges,) from thirty to fifty tons, chiefly manned by Turks, attend for this purpose. The charge is from five to ten pounds a cargo. From inside the bar to Brailoff, the depth of the river is about eighteen feet. Vessels under two hundred tons burthen may even proceed as far as Rudschuk. The river freezes ordinarily towards the end of December, and is open again the beginning of March.

perhaps they are so, as a relief is easy from the garrison of Ishmael.

When we consider that six hundred vessels (of from one hundred to three hundred tons burthen) annually enter the Danube, we must admit that the occupation of the mouths of the river is calculated to give Russia a great power. As yet, I believe, she has not abused it; nor is her quarantine establishment, so much exclaimed against, inimical to commerce in general. Vessels need not abide by it unless going to Russian ports. Many, however, bound elsewhere, prefer riding their quarantine at the mouth in order to have the advantage, with a foul wind, of warping up on the left bank of the Danube, which is of easier access than the right bank, but which may not be approached by vessels in quarantine. As yet, also, Russia gains few advantages by her possession of the outlets of the noble stream; for her ports on the river, Reni and Ishmael, are eclipsed by Galatz and Brailow. She will not begin to feel their value sensibly until Moldavia and Wallachia shall be incorporated with her empire, which indeed is a necessary condition of her policy. In freeing those provinces from the monopolising

despotism of the Porte, she created a rival to her own Black Sea possessions, both in the export of grain and in the consumption of foreign produce. The failure of the crops in southern Russia, in 1833, showed her the immense *cereal* resources of Wallachia.

Russia, by her possession of the mouths of the Danube, has a farther check on Austria, beyond the religious one which she has and always will have through the Greek subjects of the latter. Instead of that possession being an additional means of uniting Austria with us, through her jealousy of Russia, as some writers on the subject seem to expect, it will be made instrumental in allaying the ill-feeling existing toward Russia throughout Germany. It has given her the means of offering hereafter a bribe, directly and indirectly, at the expense of English commerce, in which we may be assured both parties will agree. Austria now trades on the Danube with Moldavia and Wallachia from upwards and from downwards; but every improvement in the navigation of the Upper Danube will lessen the inducement to send cargoes from Trieste, consequently tend to make her careless

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about the police at the mouth of the river. Any impediment thrown in the way of vessels at that mouth will operate less against her directly every year, while it will benefit her indirectly by disturbing English or Ionian vessels, the more particularly so as German manufactures are so fast improving, that any slight obstruction thrown in our way will soon enable the latter to undersell us. Thus, the occupation of the mouth of the Danube is not calculated to affect Austria so immediately as us; for as far as regards the supply of the principalities, she is in a manner independent of Russia, while we cannot get to them without passing by Russian guns. Next, and this is an important consideration, Russia may give Germany immense facilities over us in the Odessa market, (reviving the spirit of the transit trade formerly carried on between Austria and southern Russia over land,) by means of the Lower Danube. Allowing the improvement of German manufactures to continue, as in all probability it will do, and the conveyance of cargoes by the Upper Danube to Galatz, (certain to become a great entrepôt for German merchandise,) to be duly organised, competition, on our part, in the

Euxine, will become out of the question. The difference alone of a quarantine (not counting impediments at Constantinople) on vessels arriving at Odessa by the way of the Bosphorus, and of no quarantine on others from the Danube, will exclude us from the ports of southern Russia. With equal duties we shall be undersold, in consequence of having a far longer passage to perform in the first place, and then a twenty days' quarantine to ride out. The farther extension of German merchandise into Persia, by the way of Trebizonde, or by that of Redout Kaleh,* (when that port shall be re-opened)

* Russia closed this port in 1831, partly with the view of distressing the Circassians, and partly, it is said, with the hope of forcing Russian manufactures, by the way of Astrakhan, into the Transcaucasian provinces, and into Persia. Merchandise destined for Tabriz by the way of Redout Kaleh, and Tiflis, thenceforward went by Trebizonde and Erzeroum; as long a road, and more difficult. Russia erred in supposing that the Armenians (chief merchants of Persia and Georgia,) would, on finding Redout Kaleh closed to European goods, return as formerly to the fair of Nigeni Novogorod, thence transporting their purchases by the Wolga, and the Caspian, to the roads leading to Tabriz or Tiflis: she thus lost the benefit of the transit trade to all classes,

in which (the latter) case, the transit will be entirely under the control of Russia, will follow necessarily, and operate still farther to our detriment. Already the importation into Trebizonde by Austrian vessels exceeds ours, while that by Sardinian vessels is more than double in amount. When the Danube shall be the point of departure, thus avoiding the navigation of the Adriatic and of the Archipelago, as well as the detention at the Dardanelles, shall we not be still more eclipsed? The Euxine, we may perceive, will thus be closed peaceably, by the agency of commerce, to our merchant vessels, as completely as it is now shut forcibly to our men-of-war. In this view we may regard with uneasiness the incorporation of the mouths of the

and the further advantage of the action of commerce on her rude subjects. But on Redout Kaleh being re-opened, merchants will naturally abandon Trebizonde, for various reasons. The distance to Tabriz by Erzeroum or by Tiflis is about equal, five hundred and seventy miles; but the latter way, through the Russian territory, is less mountainous, and the road admits of carriage transport, whereas the Turkish road is only fit for horses or camels, exposed, moreover, to brigands, and likely to become, from political disorder, less safe every year.

Danube with the Russian empire, and the attention bestowed both by Austria and Russia to its navigation. Commercial enterprise on the river, and military protection at its outlet, will combine to unite the Germans and the Russians by the tie of commerce, while the fear of disturbing a gainful trade, together with the hope of lowering England's manufacturing supremacy, will cause Austria to temporise and conciliate. We need not flatter ourselves that anything is likely to divert this junction of interests on the Danube; we need not waste our time in efforts to prevent the transfer of a market which is passing into other hands; but let us anticipate the fall of the Ottoman empire, and secure the advantages, while there is time, which that event offers to us.

I need hardly allude, after the above, to the idea which has been seriously started by some writers, as a means of neutralizing the advantages which Russia is likely to obtain by the mouths of the Danube, of re-opening the canal from Rassowa (Axioupolis) to Kustendje, (Costantiana,) in the Black Sea. Should shares be cut and dried for the undertaking, I would recommend my friends

not to buy any. In the first place, the power at the mouth of the Danube—the mistress of the Euxine—would equally command the issue of the canal. In the next place, such a communication, by cutting off one hundred and sixty miles of the course of the river, would be too much opposed to the interests of Hirsowa, Ibrail, Galatz, Isaischa, Ishmael, Tuldscheh, &c. to be long kept open, if even completed. If, however, as may be apprehended, the supply of the shores of the Euxine and of the ultra-Caucasian provinces, become the practical result of the German commercial league, then, indeed, such a canal will be highly useful; but it will then be for purposes solely German and Russian.

All night the "Mischief" ran swiftly on from off the mouths of the Danube, under a fine sky, before a fresh breeze. At nine in the morning we discerned the old light-house on Cape Chebler: at one P. M. we passed close by Cape Calaghriah: at half-past two Kovarna was on our beam, prettily situated at the neck of a ravine: at five we passed Cape Souganlik; and at six we dropped anchor off the memorable Varna.

Commend us to the Osmanleys, we said. Urbanity is innate with them. How refreshing to land in Turkey after leaving quarantine and police-infested shores! We feel our birthright: we are again freemen.

We found the city refortifying on an extensive scale. Two hundred pieces of cannon had been ordered in England for the works, which, however, judging from appearances, did not seem likely to be speedily brought to a proper termination. If fairly executed, the place would be impregnable landways: but labourers are scarce in Turkey, and as the Porte is anxious, for political reasons, to conciliate the Christians on her European side, the corvée will hardly be resorted to. The Porte has the intention of making a place-d'armes of it. Barracks for five thousand men, a hospital, and magazines, have been built of stone, with a pasha's seraglio, and two mosques. Turks always build a mosque first, then a bath; then, often, let both go to ruin.

If Varna were fortified and garrisoned together with Schumlah and Silistria, and a hundred thousand troops were in the field, and an English

squadron* in the Euxine, then Turkey's northern frontier would be safe.

This conjunction, however, is deeply marked on the scale of improbabilities.

We cannot say that Turkey now possesses a northern frontier. Observe its condition. From Varna, westward, we pass over more than two hundred miles of a country thinly peopled, chiefly by Christians inclined towards Russia, without a gun or a garrison the whole way. We then enter Servia, exulting in her independence, first step towards an incorporation with another power. Warlike Mussulman Bos-

* Varna would be an admirable station for a squadron. It commands the Odessa track; it adjoins the mouths of the Danube, and watches the course from Sevastopol to the Bosphorus. From musket-shot distance of the landing-place to three miles off shore, there is good anchorage in from five to ten fathoms. Vessels may lie there in safety all the winter. Supplies of all kinds, (beef, mutton, poultry, cheese, vegetables,) are cheap and abundant. The rivulet from the lake Defneh affords great facilities for watering. The peasants are civil and industrious. The coast between Varna and Bourgas is covered with wood, large and small.

nia then appears; but, hostile to the sultan, disgusted with his reforms, that province is ever more or less in revolt, and, necessary consequence, is resolving itself into a state of brigandage, which will bring down Austria on it. Approaching the Adriatic, we find the savage Montenegrins, ever virtually independent, and firmly attached to Russia by the common tie of religion. Descending thence south, we meet the same features, remarked in Bosnia, as strongly developed in Albania.

In 1788 the Ottomans lined the Danube, then flowing above five hundred miles through their territories, from beyond Belgrade to its mouths, with one hundred and twenty thousand men, including thirty thousand Janissaries, and twenty-five thousand Bosniaks, besides two hundred pieces of cannon; besides a corps of twenty thousand men in Bessarabia; besides fifty thousand men in the fortresses (now demolished) on its banks; besides a numerous fleet under Hassan Pasha, the gallant survivor of Tchesmeh, who opened the campaign by attempting the relief of Oksakow, amidst the sand-banks of the Dnieper.

Even that war, thus auspiciously begun, I beg

leave to observe to the few who may yet dream of Turkey being able to defend herself, was marked in its progress by the battle of Rimnik, in which ninety thousand Ottomans succumbed to thirty thousand Russians and imperialists,—by the storm of Ishmael, where Suwarrow marched through ice and snow over the bodies of fifty thousand Mussulmans, and terminated, in January 1792, by the humiliating peace of Jassy, so emphatically, with a prophet's vision of its consequences, commented on in Parliament by Lord Chatham; a peace which gave Oksakow to Russia with the territory intervening between the Bug and the Dnieper, whereof Odessa, since created, is become the flourishing capital, as well as the vivifying artery of southern Russia.

In consequence of the absentees settling elsewhere, and the nomade habits of the country, it is very difficult in Turkey to re-people a city. One-half of the Mussulman families of Varna retired to other parts during the war, and most of the Christians quitted it in the train of the Russian garrison, establishing themselves chiefly in the principalities.* Both Turks and Greeks

* Previous to the siege in 1828, Varna had two thou-

assured us that the Russians offered no obstacles to the return of the latter. We were particular in our inquiries on this head, because it was believed by a certain political set at Constantinople, in virtue of information received from the spot, that they were sighing to return under the Turkish rule, but were prevented by Russian arts and influence. An irritation was consequently inferred among all the Bulgarian tribes, and thereon an idea arose that Russia might be effectually resisted by means of a christian guerilla warfare on the Balkans. According to the Bishop of Varna, the emigrants were exempted from conscription, by which he seemed to infer that he regarded Moldavia and Wallachia already as Russian dependencies.

The creation of limitrophe free states is the natural preliminary to their annexation to a powerful neighbour. By the peace of Kainardji, in 1774, the Porte consented to let the Tartars of the Crimea and of the Kuban govern themselves: in ten years more they were *bonâ fide* Russian subjects. Thus, also, was Georgia disposed of.

sand Christian families: we found only four hundred there in 1835.

Can we, then, expect another destiny for Moldavia and Wallachia? Temporary independence seems to be the necessary transition for a province between leaving one government and embracing the rule of another master: it is calculated to spare the one sovereign the mortification of yielding, and it absolves the other from the odium of spoliation. If the emancipated state afterwards pray to be united with its powerful neighbour, who has a right to say "nay?"

At the period of our visit to Varna, Silistria occupied the public attention very much. We intended to have ridden to it, but a quarantine of seven days at a place three hours short of it deterred us, as well as prevented much communication between the cities. The Turks of Varna talked to us as though they deemed it fated for the Russians to retain possession of it. As my reader knows, however, it was given up shortly afterwards, much, I apprehend, to the regret of the inhabitants, who, during the occupation, paid no taxes either to the czar or to the sultan.

The history of the retention and surrender of Silistria is curious. At the treaty of Hunkiar

Skelesi, it was agreed between Russia and the Porte that the former should continue to hold Silistria as a bond for the payment of the remainder of the war debt (one hundred and twenty millions of piastres—1,200,000*l.*) due by Turkey to Russia: she should be authorised to keep possession of it eight years, unless the money were paid earlier.

This appeared to many such an act of usurpation on the part of Russia—so onerous a condition for the Porte—that an outcry was raised in Europe, and kept up incessantly. The occupation of Silistria became a fecund subject of reproach against Russia—a watchword for rallying the anti-Russian sentiments of Europe. Every "paper" overflowed in that sense: "How can the sultan ever recover, with a Russian army entrenched in the heart of his dominions?"—so party-spirit translated a garrison of three thousand men in a frontier town. "How can the emperor's professions of moderation be credited with such a *de facto* argument on the other side?"

Russia saw that it was necessary to throw a bone to the press—that it would be politic to

retire a step in order to obtain a surer footing for the leap. What guarantee, however, would she have for her debt? She knew the Turkish character well enough to be aware of the difficulty of drawing money out of the Ottoman treasury. At the expiration of the original eight years, the sum still unpaid, she would, if not then ready to drop the mask, have prolonged the mortgage.

She, therefore, instructed her minister at the Porte to obtain prompt payment of as much of the said sum as possible, in exchange for the immediate evacuation of Silistria, taking especial care, at the same time, to make the cession appear a spontaneous act on the part of the emperor, and that his solicitude alone for the welfare of Turkey induced him to forego any part of his claim. The negotiation was one of peculiar delicacy, requiring cautious management, for it was apprehended that the sultan might be enlightened on the merits of the case by some friendly ambassador, who would naturally point out to him the real cause of the cession, and tell him that he might safely abide by the terms of his original agreement; namely, to defer pay-

ment until 1841. Russia would probably have surrendered Silistria on any terms; and the Porte, even at the end of the eight years, might still have evaded paying a debt which it looked on as an extortion. It fell, however, into the snare: it saw in the proceeding an additional proof of Russia's good faith, and consented to pay down eighty millions of piastres.*

Eight hundred thousand pounds made a serious loss to the sultan, while Silistria seemed a doubtful gain. The converse applied to Russia. Silistria, as a depôt, as a rallying point for the Bulgarians, as a *tête de pont*, was a convenience

* Imperial munificence rewarded this fine piece of diplomatic acting. Achmet Pasha and Akif Effendi (the accommodating members of the divan) received two millions of piastres each; Prince Handjeri (Russian chief dragoman) received three thousand ducats; M. Paul Pisani, the cancelliere, received one thousand five hundred ducats; smaller gratifications were given to others, while M. de Bouteneff, the prime mover of the plot, was advanced in the privy council of the emperor. The sultan, in return, to mark his sense of his ally's magnanimity, sent Count Nesselrode the first class of his imperial order, and he presented M. de Bouteneff with a snuff-box.

certainly, but not a position of primary importance, sufficient to make it worth while to incur any risk, or even reproaches, for its sake. As the Russians command the mouths and the navigation of the river, (the banks of which will remain unfortified,) they may effect the passage of it anywhere, as, indeed, they did (at Isatscha) during the last war. It is very unlikely, also, that Silistria will become again of any military importance in the hands of the Turks. Therefore, should Russia make any move on Turkey before the expiration of the said eight years, she will not only retake Silistria without trouble, but will also have had the benefit of the 800,000*l.* which, in the latter case, but for this cession, she would have lost for ever. The Philo-Osmanleys, in my opinion, had better have said courteously to the sultan, Keep your money, and let Silistria follow its fate; if Russia give the city up, so much the better; if not, you need not care—it will not prove of the weight of a feather in the scales wherein the destinies of Turkey are suspended.

Our visit to the Muhafiz (governor) of Varna proved satisfactory. Courteous and obliging, Delaval Pasha asked us no awkward questions,

and accepted our definition of a yacht. We wished to go to Schumlah, and spoke to him, accordingly, about conveyance, at which he at first demurred, as we had no firman. We exhibited Doyle's passport, however, in support of our motion: and as it only mentioned one name, we satisfied the pasha's scruples on that head, by observing that he knew life too well to suppose that an ambassador's secretary could travel without friends and domestics. Anything we pleased. He gave us the order for the required number of horses, and allowed us to take a *chavass* of our own selection, with orders to lodge the party the first night at the aga's house at Pravodi, a place in his government. Finding, in the course of our conversation, that we had saluted the Russian admiral at Sevastopol, Delaval wished to know why we had not paid him the same compliment. The desire not to be taken for a man-of-war, which would have been improper on the coast of Turkey, had prevented us, but we satisfied his honour by saying, that as the city had no guns, we judged he would have been embarrassed, if we had saluted him, while he was unable to return it. This explanation gave him great satisfaction. We

remained about an hour—a Turk likes a chat—sipping coffee and sherbet, then took leave, and prepared for our ride over the distant hills. In order to economise time, one party repaired to the mollah and the chief scribe to get the necessary documents drawn out, another party returned on board for sundry conveniences, while Suleyman went for the horses.

At three in the afternoon we were passing the gates of Varna. Our equipage consisted of a tented wagon, drawn by two horses, and driven by a green-turbaned old gentleman, together with four saddle-horses in addition to those of the chavass and the surrogees. By the aid of pillows in the wagon, and lambskins on the saddles, we trotted and trundled away very comfortably over a rich country, but uncultivated, by the lake *Defneh*, a fine piece of water, nearly surrounded by verdant hills, and fringed by shrubs of various sorts. A broad piece of marsh land, through which a rivulet flows by the foot of Varna, separates the lake from the bay, and covers the south face of the city. Our vehicle amused us. It was composed of an assemblage of laths and sticks intertwined with art, held to-

gether, apparently, by mutual adhesion, for nothing else seemed to preserve it from falling asunder as we rolled and pitched along the uneven, chance-worn track. Its movement, where the road waved, was like that of a boa constrictor advancing: that, however, proved its safety, and we continued to roll on and twist with wondrous facility.

Apprehensive lest my eyes, already affected by exposure, might suffer in a dusty journey, I only accompanied my friends a few miles; then mounted my hack, and rode back by the head of the lake. My *surrogee* shortened the way by accounts of Ibrahim Pasha. Himself an Egyptian and a soldier—a deserter to avoid the bastinado—he spoke with raptures of his late chief, whom he described as the soul of the army; familiar with his men, and sharing all their privations in the field. This indeed is Ibrahim's character: a voluptuary in every sense in his palace, he often lives in the field like Marc Antony of yore. My swarthy guide had also shared in the victory of Koniah. He spoke proudly of the battle: "Oh!" he exclaimed, cracking his whip, "the Osmanleys cannot fight." Animated by the recollection,

he continued to speak in a train of boasting and depreciation, till he came to the decisive charge —"the crisis of Waterloo"—then started off at full gallop, my animal following at the same pace, according to the invariable rule of Turkish posters. Just as we were about in imagination to seize the grand vizir, the girths of my saddle broke, and, in consequence, unable to extricate myself from between the high peaks, I came to the ground with violence. Luckily the *surrogee* looked round for applause at the moment, or he might have reached the city alone, leaving me perhaps to be returned on the Caledonia's books as DD, query. "What shall I do?" I said, finding myself unable to move. *Otour*, (sit still,) said the fellow. Used to these accidents, with the self-resources natural where doctors are scarce, the Egyptian used friction on the loin and hip, oscillated the limb with judgment, and in an hour enabled me, though with pain, to sit on my horse again. We reached the city in time to witness the landing of a company of Christian pilgrims, just arrived in a ship from the Holy Land. Men, women, and children, animated with one soul, were on the beach to welcome them, and as the boats ap-

proached the shore, they ran into the water, knee-deep, to touch their friends the sooner. One seized an infant in his arms, and passed it round to a dozen, all kissing the little creature, who, I suppose, was a stranger. Such demonstrations of joy, in laughing, and screaming, and waving of caps, I never witnessed before. The pilgrims had been away about a year: such a welcome was sufficient, I thought, to repay all their toil.

Next day, a bath nearly relieved me of the stiffness occasioned by my fall. A young Arab, the pasha's *chiboukgi*, joined me on the sofa, and deprecated my criticism of the establishment. "You have resided at Stamboul," he said, "you know what a bath is: *Inshallah!* we will return there soon." A modern Turk's earthly felicity centres among the shaded *cafenehs*, and the marble-paved domed baths of Constantinople. He accompanied me afterwards with some of his friends on board the yacht. Their delight with the beauty and arrangement of the vessel was surpassed by their astonishment at the shelves of books. "And can all of you read these?" they incredulously asked. "What men!" they ob-

served one to the other, " what wise men !"— " Do not be alarmed," we said; " or judge of the extent of our knowledge by the amount of reading you witness: the most of these volumes teach nothing; they merely, like the chibouques we are smoking, assist us in passing time. The idea of occupying a vacant hour with books puzzled them. They turned with more understanding of the subject to the six transformations, lying on the table, of the peerless Taglioni: " What a dancing girl! worthy of the Padisha!"

Different ideas occupied us in the evening at the pasha's divan. On discussing the Turkish question, Delaval observed that he considered the share taken by England in the Grecian war of independence, as the principal cause of Turkey's disasters of late; and he wished to know what induced her to take so much interest in those people. Nothing, by-the-by, gives an Osmanley so much pleasure as to hear of the state of Greece under the Bavarians. Reason, as well as prejudice, is thereby flattered. Thus he argues: " Greece," people say, " was wretched under our rule; she is equally depressed under a king of her own choice and faith; therefore the fault, in either

case, must lie with the people." Unhappily, for the credit of Europe, facts support his reasoning: we cannot silence the Turk, who reproaches us with having wrested Greece from the sultan, by pointing to the prosperous, contented state of the country, and saying, "Had you thus acted, the crescent would still be shining on its hills."

"Why, in fact," I replied to Delaval's question, "we were deceived in regard of your late subjects. Had we better known their character, and their position under the Osmanleys, we should probably have acted otherwise: but Turkey and the Turks were ill understood by us; few travellers visited the country, fewer still remained long enough to correct any prejudices with which they might have come imbued. What is often repeated usually finds credit, particularly if it agree with our previous opinions: absurd tales of Turkish oppression and Greek wretchedness, founded on isolated cases, were published; one writer copied from the other; until at length the belief in them became an article of faith in Christendom, to doubt which was heresy. Add to which, the oppressed worshipped our prophet, and you will then cease to wonder if our hearts felt for Greece."

We had another tale on the same subject at the Greek bishop's. This metropolitan, a native of some place in the gulf of Contessa, and recently translated from the see of Imbros to that of Varna, possessed some knowledge of the affairs of the archipelago. I admit," he said, after awhile, "that Greece is in a bad way; but is it any wonder? she is poor. Why do you English not give her money to enable her to prosper? You are rich."—"In the name of conscience," I replied, "this is too bad. Have we not already gifted her richly? Have we not encouraged her trade, and supplied her with money? How has she disposed of our largess, if not in waste?"—"What of that," he rejoined, "you should give her more: you English are rich, and it is a shame you are not more liberal." Thus sing most of the Greeks—blessings on them! An unconsciousness of benefits seems to be the prominent feature of the Greek character, occasioned by vanity and an ill opinion of mankind. A Greek either takes any kindness that may be done to him as purchase-money for his superior acquirements, or he attributes it to an interested motive. I am aware, and I may be told, that no action in

life is or can be unleavened by selfishness. That may be true; but its degrees in the human breast are as varied in density as the metals in the bowels of the earth vary in purity. The Greek, however, rarely sees the gold, though predominant, in the crucible; he only marks the alloy, howsoever small the quantity of it may be. Succour him in his distress, feed him; clothe him —thus will he often argue: "My benefactor acted not in this manner for *my* advantage: he required a servant—a Greek; he accordingly looked for one, and God threw me in his way." This feeling may arise at any moment, and wipe away the favours of many years. He will kiss your feet to obtain an object, but when gained, he will turn his back on you. The individual, who, at Constantinople, restrained by the Turk, salutes you as your humble slave, treats you with superciliousness in Greece. Hear, as I have heard them, the M——'s and the Z——'s talk condescendingly of some of our officers, on whose decks they were ready to crawl, whose philhellenism relieved them and their fellows from the raya's dingy slippers and turban: now *they* are the ministers *of a kingdom*, the others are only naval captains.

After allowing our hill party due time, we made sail from Varna, and ran down the picturesque coast, intervening, to the gulf of Bourgas. Becalmed at midnight, we anchored five miles inside of Cape Emineh, in seven fathoms water; and in the morning continued our route towards the city of Bourgas at the extremity of the gulf, guided clear of shoals and banks by its remarkable pair of minarets. Navigators! beware of Ankhiouli shoal; from four fathoms, sand, to one fathom, pointed rocks, is a momentary transition. Beware also, I might say, of Taitbout de Marigny's charts and directions of the Euxine, (the last published:) to some errors already existing, he has added others apparently of his own supposing.

The sight of my friends, and their Tartar riding their saddles on the wooden quay, as we came to an anchor in three fathoms off the house formerly occupied by Marshal Diebitch, showed us that we had not arrived too soon. The value of a yacht appears on such occasions as this: when tired of a hot, dusty, long ride, the comforts of one, nowhere else to be found in Turkey, produce instant restoration. A dinner, a bed, and a

vapour-bath ashore in the morning, removed all symptoms of their fatigue. Suleyman, their Tartar, received a handsome *backsheish*, (present,) then returned to report his mission to the pasha of Varna.

The same want of military preparation appeared to my friends at *gazi* (victorious) Schumla as at Varna; not a gun or a soldier did they see at the key of the principal pass of the Balkan.

When we make an erroneous statement of an individual, it is our duty to explain it away as openly as possible. Does not the same rule apply to a nation? On seeing the town of Bourgas again, as I had left it in 1829, I started. Its existence showed me that I had calumniated (unintentionally) the army of Marshal Diebitch. I recollected that on the faith of the "best authority," such as letters from "eye-witnesses" to our consul at Adrianople, I had published that before evacuating Roumelia the Russian soldiers had razed every house of Bourgas to the ground, after having persuaded the inhabitants to emigrate with them. When my reader reflects how even an ambassador is liable to be imposed on in a country where party spirit runs high—where

lying seems to be natural, qualified by the polite as "embroidery," and by the rude as "exaggeration," he will not expect a traveller to be always able to escape. It warned me, additionally, to be cautious of putting faith in "good authority." The tale of the twenty-five line-of-battle ships building at Nicolaef, the story of the Greeks praying in vain to return to Varna, as I have mentioned, with many others which I might allude to, show how persons in the highest stations, with the best means for obtaining information, are exposed to be deceived.

But while exculpating Russia from the charge of so wanton a piece of destruction as the razing of Bourgas would have been, we cannot so readily absolve her agents from the blame of having induced, or permitted, the inhabitants to emigrate with her army—to leave their comfortable houses and well-cultivated fields for uncertain hospitality in Wallachia. The inhabitants feared Turkish resentment for the assistance given by them to the Russians throughout the war; but Russia knew, in virtue of the amnesty, that they were safe, and would have been respected. With the exception of the butcher, every soul left Bourgas; but nearly all,

after suffering, as was to be expected, much want and misery in the train of the retiring army, returned. The butcher has not left off, to this day, exulting in the superior judgment which caused him to remain by his household gods: "I knew they would soon be glad to come back," he observed to us.

Bourgas, as well as all the Bulgarian occupied towns, is comfortably built, and the surrounding lands are in good cultivation.

The *ayan* (governor) visited us on board the yatch, to ask advice for his hands, cutaneously affected. We sat him down on a carpet on deck with a long pipe, and drew out a long list of complaints, indicated by his sunk and sallow countenance. As our pharmacopeia did not possess the necessary remedies, we offered to procure them at Pera for him on our return. He accordingly gave us the address of his agent, on the second floor of the Valideh Khan: we supplied him in due time with sundry labelled packets and bottles, which, I trust, had the proper effect.

Bourgas, with six other places on the coast, belonged to Halil Pasha, as part of his royal

bride's dowry. All channels of profits centred in his deputy, who, having paid the lord's rent,* was at liberty to wrest as much as he could from the passive resistance, always strenuously offered in Turkey, of the inhabitants. "If an individual commit a fault," observed the ayan to us, "I fine him."—"Who is the judge of the delinquency?" we asked. "I am," he replied. But this power, we may remark, depends very much on *eski adet*, (old usage.)

We returned the ayan and his attendants to their boat, then weighed anchor. A delightful beat to windward of three hours, along part of the sandy, regular fathomed north shore of the gulf, next brought us to Ankhiouli: the head-quarters of General Roth, during the occupation after the peace of Adrianople. It is a notable place, with five hundred Christian and seventy Turkish houses; famous, moreover, for its salt-pans,† from

* The rent of Bourgas, in 1835, was five hundred purses, (£2,500;) of Ankhiouli, one thousand purses; of Sizepolis, two hundred purses.

† Salt cost then six paras (less than a halfpenny) per oke, (two pounds three quarters;) bread cost eighteen paras the oke; meat, sixty paras the oke; wine, twelve paras the oke, (quart.)

which a great part of Roumelia is supplied. A Greek vessel lay in the roadstead taking in a cargo of corn, with a young Hellenist passenger, who professed himself to be on his travels. We met him in the street, and he assured us, with Greek hyperbolism, that he had experienced "une parfaite réception dans les salons d'Ankhiouli." One of the primates, who acted as our cicerone, said that the Bulgarians would welcome the Russians as warmly again should they come. "Why," we asked, "they drew on you pretty sharply, in personal service, &c., during the last war."—"Oh!—they are Christians: but," he added, "there is peace now between the sultan and Russia." We found five or six Russians established as traders at Ankhiouli, and one Ionian shopkeeper. We went, of course, to his shop, as to that of a countryman, and bought a few things.

As the *salons* of Ankhiouli offered no attraction to the inmates of the "Mischief," we ran across the gulf the next afternoon to Sizepolis, which, owing to a strong position and a good harbour, formed the key of the Russian positions in 1829. We strolled about in the neighbourhood, then paid a visit to the ayan, a merry, inquisitive

sort of fellow, who asked an infinity of questions about Mehemet Ali and others. He was particularly curious to make out the meaning of a yacht, which puzzles all orientals, for they know of no medium between a man-of-war and a merchantman: "Ah! I see,—you are *bey-zadehs* (sons of gentlemen) sailing about to look for antiquities." On hearing this explanation, one of the party, an elderly Moslem from Ankhiouli, looked important, and mentioned a discovery he had recently made of a valuable antique. We asked to look at it, expecting at the least a ring or a medal. He gravely assented; then unrolled a portion of his sash, and produced a pipebowl, which, he went on learnedly to explain, must be, from its fashion, of the date when the Genoese occupied the country. It certainly was rather malicious in us, but we could not avoid throwing cold water on the antiquarian, by hinting at the probable ignorance of Europeans, at that period, of the precious herb. One and all stared with a look of profound incredulity. It was like saying, that at such an epoch no moon had lit the heavens; as if the affairs of the world could have ever gone on without tobacco!

Darkness had reigned over the scene three hours when we left Sizepolis. Next evening, at the same hour, found us anchored at Buyukdereh, off the house of the Danish minister's mother, the esteemed Baroness Hübsch. We had intended visiting Trebizonde before our return, but some reason prevented us, and we thereby escaped the hard gale which sent to the bottom of the Black Sea a vessel with three hundred Kurdish prisoners on board, besides wrecking various others on the coasts. The thermometer in our cabin fell 15° in twenty-four hours—to 63°. (July 27th, 1835.)

Thence sailing down the Bosphorus towards Tophana, the " Mischief" supported her name by various pranks. Taking advantage of the wind dying away after having gone a few miles, we went below to dine, by which means we should lose no part of the pleasure of the excursion. We were very busy and agreeable, when—presently, " clear away the anchor, lower away the topsail, let run the peak," and such like sounds, indicative of a nautical crisis, left the glass at the lips untouched, and arrested the uplifted fork: while a dark shade, passing over the table, made us look up,

and there we saw, to our surprise, the eaves of a house projecting right over the sky-light. By the time we got on deck, the schooner had taken up a position alongside the house, and there lay frightening the women, and breaking the windows with her yardarms. Luckily for its inmates, a light air coming over the roof filled our top-gallant sail, and disengaged us after a few seconds: only, however, to make more mischief, for the current caught us again directly, and swept us down on the adjoining quay of the palace of Begler-beg, then inhabited by the sultan. This was a more serious mishap. Helpless, we drifted along it, our appearance bringing out a regiment of eunuchs, who grinned, shouted, and clapped their hands, reviling the infidel all the time in good style, while various officers of the seraglio signed to us from the windows to increase our distance, on account of the lattices of the *harem*. This, however, was easier to say than to do: we were in the arms of the current, dragging us on as a nurse leads an unwilling child. The example, too, of the master of the "Schah," who had received a sound licking a few months before for running his schooner's bowsprit into

the windows of Halil Pasha's palace on the opposite side of the strait, made us apprehensive of similar treatment if we let go an anchor to check the vessel's rotatory sheering motion. The said eunuchs looked as if in expectation of the pleasure of turning our heels up. As a broad quay intervened between the water and the palace, we drifted without doing any damage, and should have got clear off, but for a kiosk, standing on the very edge of the water: one of its windows caught our jibboom, and snapped it off. Away ran the blackies with a howl of mingled alarm and indignation. The current ran with such force that the obstacle scarcely detained us a minute. A breath of air then rippled the water: we trimmed sails to it, and, aided by our boats, hoped to shoot out into the mid stream; but, ere we could obtain an offing, the current again caught the "monkey," and drove us right on towards another dwelling attached to the palace, in spite of the anchor which we had dropped as soon as clear of the royal quay. "*Pezaveng ghiaour*," and other amiable epithets, saluted us as we approached the doomed house, unprotected by a quay, with threats of dire chastise-

ment in case we should presume to touch it. Of no avail; the union was fated to be consummated. Crick! crack! crash! we thought the effendi's whole establishment, harem and all, about to fall on our deck. Then, not before, half-a-dozen Osmanleys started from their seats at the windows, and twisted their beards into forms of anger. "Patience!" we said to the justly-irritated men—the "Mischief" all the while grinding away at rafter and beam as her cable tightened—"patience! sit quiet, we will pay for any damage we may inflict." They obeyed, and resumed their pipes; but a young nigger, as exasperated and more mercurial, gallantly boarded us, in the confusion, from the window at which he had been dancing and squalling. Grinning and screaming still more when he found himself amongst us, the little devil seized on the helmsman with one hand, and broke his chibouque over his shoulder with the other. Jack growled, and was about to chuck him overboard; when one of us interfered, at the expense though of a scratched hand, and blackey was handed back instead through the window, where he remained grinning and speechless, a picture of impotent

demoniac rage. In the meanwhile, the fleet at Beshiktask, seeing our disaster, and the consequent pollution to the palace, despatched about twenty boats. They were uncommonly inclined to be deficient in politeness, appearing to consider us as a piece of defilement to be removed in any way; but for our good fortune, Mehemet, the captain of the *Mehsoudieh*, followed in his barge, and arrived in time to save the "Mischief" from being forcibly boarded by a crowd. Perceiving his old friend at the gangway, he commanded the boats to fall back, and rowed alongside. His warm-hearted embrace on the quarter-deck, for he had not seen me since our return from the Black Sea, rather amused the crew. He desired us to give the necessary orders to his people; then came below to drink punch and smoke, while his boats towed us rapidly over to the anchorage off Saly-bazar.

Among the varieties at Constantinople during and shortly after our absence, I notice the following: a firman was issued to prohibit any cause being prolonged in the *mekhemeh* above a month —an excellent regulation, except that it is as easy to bribe a witness to remain away in Turkey, as to swear falsely.

The gentlemen of the *bagnio* were much diverted about the same time by some *yezidees*, sent up as prisoners from Mesopotamia by Redshid Pasha, performing the rite of circumcision on a deceased companion. Feeling uncertain about the obligation of circumcision, the *yezidees* neglect the practice during life; but, fearful of giving offence to the prophet if they appear before him unorthodoxly, they take a *mezzo termine* between death and the grave.

A petition had just arrived from the inhabitants of Tripoli to the Porte, requesting the restoration of the family of Caramanly, and insinuating, with all due submission, that unless gratified in their desire their arms would remain unsheathed. For a moment, the deposed prince, Ali Caramanly, residing at Constantinople on the sultan's *taim* (rations) enjoyed a gleam of hope, but foolish counsel prevailed. Threats answered the petition.

Events in Albania excited greater attention. Selictar Botka, an Albanian, who had resided several years in the capital, was strangled one morning, on suspicion of having participated in the revolt. Nine other persons also, of inferior

degree, accused of a plot to set fire to the fleet, were strangled in the arsenal, and thrown into the sea. One of their bodies was tied to a stake at the Seraglio Point by way of example, while the remainder drifted into the Propontis. This mode of striking terror by shedding blood, respectable for its antiquity, showed the apprehensions of the Porte, about the state of Upper Albania, more than the departure of three or four thousand men by sea, for Salonica, in order to strengthen the army of the Roumely Valy-ci at Monastir. Rumour stated that Hafiz Pasha of Scodra was killed, and that the castle had fallen into the hands of the rebels; on which my young friend, Bahri Bey, (his brother,) assembled some Circassian followers, and started off, riding day and night, for the camp, to aid him, or to avenge his fall.

As I was then about to rejoin our squadron off the Grecian coast, the capitan pasha asked me to take charge of his despatches, thinking we might have an opportunity to communicate with his ships, blockading the coast of Upper Albania. I of course took them, and proceeded in a merchantman to the Dardanelles, where lay H. M. S.

Columbine, waiting for our ambassador's despatches. We were not long in speaking the admiral off Modon, and then received instructions to proceed to Durazzo.

CHAPTER XX.

Durazzo—Reala Bey—The Drino—Alessio—Convent—Missionaries—Ottoman camp—Roumely Valy-ci—Scutari—Hafiz Pasha—Bishop—Albania—Revolt—Amiz Agha—Pacification.

SQUALLS and drizzling rain characterise the Adriatic in the autumn, and render it, if we except cold weather, as disagreeable a sea to navigate in as the English channel. Passing Corfu with a fair wind, we ran some distance up the gulf, as far as Durazzo, there joined company, at anchor, with a small Turkish squadron, consisting of the *Guilesefit* and the *Serisafit* (corvettes,) the *Aktar* (brig,)* and some schooners, under the command

* This beautiful vessel (of sixteen guns and three hundred and thirty tons) was built at Sinope by a Turk. My friend, Captain Thomas Henderson, considered her, and no one is a better judge, as equal to the "Columbine."

of the *Reala*, Achmet Bey. We were surprised, knowing that a much larger force composed the blockading squadron, to find so few vessels; but it appeared that after having landed two thousand men in the neighbourhood of *Dulcigno*, its movements had been guided by the weather. A party of the rebels made a show of resistance; but on a frigate opening her fire to cover the disembarkation, they retired on Scutari, and so lost the pleasure of seeing their foes, the following day, surprised by a gale of wind, which obliged some of the vessels to cut, others to slip, and all to put to sea in great confusion. They next assembled at *Antivari*, when the Reala, fearing the chances of blockading a coast without harbours, shifted his flag to a corvette, and sent his frigates to *Gomenizza*, a secure harbour in the Corfu channel. He himself took up his station at Durazzo, which, though an open bay, is a safe anchorage, the sea not running home.

Achmet Bey, whom I had known the year before as the captain of the *Mahmoudieh*, an intelligent man and a respectable sailor, received us with great distinction; with his crew under arms, and his officers in full-dress. My friends

of the "Columbine," not having been accustoned to remark Turkish attempts at Frank usages, smiled at the picture, on the *Serisafit's* quarter-deck, of the red caps, gold epaulettes, and bare feet of the lieutenants; and they were still more astonished to see them, after the parade, officiate as *chiboukgis* to the Reala and his guests. Military organisation in Turkey meets with a serious obstacle, I may again observe, in the difficulty of drawing a line between subordination and servitude—of inducing the feeling that the pages destined to command ships or regiments should not be employed preliminarily as menials to their patrons. In other respects, however, whether in his cabin, or in his house at Constantinople, Achmet Bey acted like a Frank; he cherished old customs, but he had discarded prejudices. He apologised for the inadequate reception which he gave us, in consequence of having turned over, as we could perceive, from his frigate in a hurry; and he expressed himself sensible of Sir Josias Rowley's attention in having forwarded his despatches to him. I was also the bearer of several letters to officers in the squadron from Constantinople, so

that the arrival of the "Columbine" proved a welcome event. In return, the Reala visited the Columbine, and experienced much pleasure in seeing the men practise gunnery at a target. He asked permission for some of his youngsters to go aloft and examine the rigging, then made them show off their proficiency with the musket, animated thereto by the brig's marines.

It were needless to say that Durazzo has fallen from its high estate, not only when named *Dyracchium*, but when Venice ruled it. It must have been a singularly beautiful spot in former days. The remains of walls show how curiously and elaborately fortifications were indented and dove-tailed among the picturesque crags and peaks of the hill above the town. Extensive plains to the east, and ranges of mountains in the background, combine to render the effect very imposing. Altogether, I have rarely seen a scene more gratifying to the eye than the appearance of Durazzo from the bay. The town is walled. The streets are mean and dirty, with fewer good dwellings than usually falls to the lot of third-rate towns in the East. Even the house of the governor (an

Asiatic) gave no signs of order or repair. We had to step from stone to stone across a quagmire, horses standing in it knee-deep, to the foot of a ladder, up which we climbed to his apartment. Osman Agha's civility, however, uniting proffer and caress, equalled that of a *cadi*, and his compliments, lisped out together with the smoke of a *hookah*, were as far stretched as his moustaches, the longest pair I ever witnessed. *Guai!* had he walked through Constantinople with so fatal a token of Janissarism. He had enough for ten pair of lips, according to the actual fashion: we told him so, and we could not have more pleased him. We found in his company a *muhurdar* (signet bearer) of the *Roumely Valy-ci*, stationed at Durazzo to procure provisions for the army, which had marched by to the northward a few days before our arival, sending in its sick to the number of five or six hundred. Poor boys! their condition excited our warmest commiseration. Laid on the bare floors, the rain trickling through the roofs of the wooden houses, they were without bedding, without medicine, and with scarcely wholesome food. Some were dying every day of actual neglect. We never

witnessed a more deplorable sight than the convalescents—so they were termed—when led out to air and exercise. Few of them appeared above fifteen years old, while the looks of each of these victims of a harsh, ill-levied conscription, seemed to say "I shall never see my home again." We remarked that our invalids when sent to a hospital rarely appear so ill.

The army destined to the relief of Scodra then lay encamped in the valley of *Campo Rosso*, at the foot of the mountains of *Croya*. It was occupied in getting its material over the little river Matsou, (Mattia,) a work of difficulty, owing to the want of transport and the incessant rains. The general absence of boats and bridges had greatly retarded the march of the troops, and the necessity thereby of remaining several days encamped on the banks of rivers, added to the abundance of fruit, produced tertian fever—the complaint of the sick at Durazzo. They required as many days to cross streams as it would take a Frank army hours.

We perceived, by the evasions of the agha and of the muhurdar, that day and the next, to our request for horses or a boat to proceed to the camp,

that they wished to obtain news of the capture of Alessio, the advanced post of the rebels, before troubling the vizir with witnesses.

We, therefore, as disinclination added to procrastination causes infinite delay, dispensed with the aid of authority, and with the assistance of Signor Panaxiottis, a Zantiote trader, styling himself a British merchant, we hired a large country boat to convey us wheresoever we wished on the coast. On this, the agha, feeling himself responsible for our safety, insisted that we should take an escort of four men. Accompanied by Signor Panaxiottis and two servants, with provender from Captain Henderson's cellar and larder—for in a district traversed by Albanian rebels and Ottoman troops scarcity was to be expected—we left the "Columbine" one fine morning, and steered in the direction of Cape Rodoni, a remarkable headland. The Reala Bey left Durazzo at the same hour in his barge, bound also for the vizir's camp. Wiser, infinitely wiser than we, he pulled up at sunset at a monastery near the cape. We felt half-inclined to follow his example, for a hollow swell of the sea and fitful breathings of the wind made us suspect that some notions of

bad weather had guided him; but anxiety to fulfil our mission as soon as possible induced us to double the cape and to steer on for the mouth of the *Mat-sou*, on the banks of which we still expected to find the camp. Just before reaching it, a squall from the northward, accompanied by violent rain, justified the Turk's apprehensions. To take in sail instantly was urgent: to anchor and ride out the night proved our only resource.

We passed a comfortless night, as may be supposed, soaked to the skin, and employed in baling. In the morning the wind abated, and the sun shone out as bright as ever. We contrived to mull some wine, which, with cold fowl, made a good breakfast. We then sent off a messenger to learn news of the army, and passed the interval in drying our things on the bushes.

That being accomplished to our satisfaction, and receiving intelligence that the troops, with the exception of a small rear-guard, had moved on to *Alessio*, which had fallen the day before to the vizir's kiaya, we re-embarked, and steered along the coast to the mouth of the *Drino*. The night's gale had raised a high surf on the bar, and what between the fright and confusion of our boatmen, we nearly

swamped in crossing it. We certainly should have done so but for Captain Henderson's experience in such matters, acquired a few months before at the mouth of the Orontes, when employed in landing the *materiel* of the Euphrates expedition. We passed it breathless, only striking once as the last wave left us, and then sailed up one of the prettiest rivers, as we then thought, in the world, our feelings being coloured by the fair wind, and by the transition from the foaming bar to the smooth stream. As the river was filled to overflowing by the rains, the noble trees on either side, festooned with vines to their topmost branches, seemed to be growing out of the water. On our return, the scene changed—the shores muddy, the wind foul, and we then almost reversed our judgment of the river Drino.

As the wind ceased to overcome the current in the afternoon, we made fast to a tree on the left bank of the river, about three miles from Alessio. Trodden-down vineyards and cornfields showed us plainly the vicinity of the army. We strolled half-way towards the town without, however, meeting anybody, but deemed it prudent to return to our boat by sunset. In the meanwhile, some Alba-

nians from another direction had collected to the spot, attracted by the unusual arrival of Franks in their neighbourhood, doubtlessly, coupling it with the movements of the army. Civil and intelligent people, they amused us with exaggerated accounts of the war; and as they sat round a huge blazing fire on the grass, recounting and singing by turns, each man armed to the teeth, their appearance equalled, in wild and picturesque effect, all that we had read or heard of the race. We pleased them by joining their circle; we lit our chibouques, and put our heels into the embers, as if brought up to the life. That night again the heavens opened: not rain, but one broad sheet of water descended, mingled with vivid lightning and thunder roaring like a hundred parks of artillery. We never remembered so violent a storm: to render it worse, we had nothing left to eat. Skilful in maintaining a watchfire, the Albanians failed this time; their almost impervious capotes at last felt the watery influence, and they were glad to crawl into any hole or under any bush which they could find. We experienced a kind of satisfaction at seeing these hardy mountaineers appear nearly as much

discomposed by the wind and rain as we effeminate sons of civilisation. These moist bivouacks, however, followed by other fatigues and privations on our journey to and from Scodra, seriously affected the health of our young companion, Mr. Scott, of the "Columbine," and brought on afterwards a dangerous fever, which obliged him to leave the Mediterranean. I also suffered uneasiness with my eyes. Captain Henderson had served many years in a revenue cruiser on the coast of Scotland, therefore was more habituated to the sort of thing; but, nevertheless, his frame also acknowledged the effect, by the time we reached Scodra, of exposure to a burning sun by day, and to cold and wet by night.

Thus we remained tied to our tree until morning, when a breeze sprang up and carried us to Lesh (Alessio.) We landed on a dung-heap, and walked through the street, ankle-deep in mire, to the quarters of the commandant. The inhabitants, of course, had abandoned the place to the troops, who occupied all the rooms of the houses, while their horses and beasts of burthen filled the ground-floors. Destruction of property seemed the order of the day. Here we found ample need

of the agha of Durazzo's guards, aided by ourselves and our boatmen, to clear a passage through the motley and turbulent soldiery, who obstructed every avenue. "Whence came you? Where are you going? What do you want?" were the laconic questions of the commandant, as we made our way into the low apartment in which he was holding a levee. "We come from Durazzo: we require horses to proceed to the camp of the Roumely Valy-ci, with quarters here to refresh ourselves in for the present," were our equally concise answers. "*Pek-eyi*, (very well,) sit down—bring coffee and pipes. *Bakalum*," (let us see,) he continued: "horses we have none; the houses are all occupied; you will find nothing even to eat in this place. You had better return." "That cannot be," we replied; "we have news for the vizir: as soon as his excellency learns that we are on the road he will send horses for us: you can inform him by a Tartar of our arrival at Lesh, and in the meanwhile, the superior of yonder convent (on the opposite bank of the river) will be happy to afford fellow-Christians and Franks shelter and entertainment." We had remarked the convent

of Saint Antonio, on the brow of a cliff, as we came up the river; we had noted it down in our thoughts as a haven of repose, and we were not to be diverted from our purpose by the *Bimbashi's* pretexts, for he had intended the substantial hospitable-looking edifice for other uses. As travellers and Christians, we had legitimate claims (even in the eyes of Turks) on the monastic establishment: as Franks, moreover, it was our duty to give it the protection of our presence in such critical times. We, therefore, pressed by three things—fatigue, hunger, and the desire of saving the convent from evil—insisted on our right to have it assigned to us in preference to anybody else. Our arguments proved valid; we then embarked in a flat-bottomed boat, and punted over the river.

Ye who exclaim against monastic institutions, travel in the East before you condemn them *in toto*. Ring at the bell with the feeling we have often experienced, prescient of the good Samaritan's welcome: feel yourself transported back to your own country, at the sight of chairs, tables, books, paper, &c.: confess the spirit of Christianity which built these asylums in the wilderness,

whose inmates offer the olive-branch and the myrtle to the strayed and the hopeless of every sect, who breathe consolation into the ear of the fainting Christian, reprove the arrogant Moslem, and dare to uphold the sacred doctrine unawed by scoffs and persecution.

The cloud of anxiety passed off the brow of Don Ferdinando, the superior of the convent, as our party climbed up the narrow winding path from the river side to his dwelling. He welcomed us with earnest joy, and blessed God for his goodness in having sent us to him in the hour of need. The position, however, was not yet carried. The commander of a body of *bashi bozouk*, (irregulars,) unceremonious gentry whose reward is plunder, had seen fit to establish himself in the outer apartment, and seemed disinclined to evacuate it. It is true, there was ample room for our party as well as for his band, but we felt that unless we ejected this unwelcome visiter, we should only serve ourselves without benefiting the convent, since he would remain on our departure. We therefore asserted our claim to the quarters in every point of view, and as our numbers were respectable, in addition to the

bim bashi's order and our prospect of seeing the vizier next day, we succeeded. Growling audibly at the Franks, the wild man departed with his merry men.

Then Don Ferdinando threw open his best rooms, the entrance of which had been previously concealed by a holy painted screen, sacred even to a *bashi bozouk*. We might have fancied ourselves all at once in Italy, seeing the antique, silken, high-backed chairs and sofas, and the shelves of books of the Bologna press. There were also the necessary conveniences for ablution; and in half an hour afterwards, we sat down to a breakfast of kid and turkey, eggs and coffee, with silver forks and napkins, to which, as may be supposed, after two such nights, we did ample justice.

We naturally congratulated ourselves at having fallen so completely on our legs. We had missed the vizir again, it is true, by a day, but that no longer gave us any uneasiness, as we were now in his track. In answer to the *bim bashi's* notice respecting us, Saly Agha (his head groom) arrived from the camp, four hours' distance, that evening, leading eight horses, with his master's

compliments, and wish to see us the next day. Saly Agha accordingly put his horses up, spread his carpets and cushions in the hall, and professed himself to be at our orders.

Alessio, as my readers may know, is revered by the Albanians as the burying place of Scanderbeg,* buried in the church. It is also valued as the reputed key of the pass into Upper Albania. A high conical hill, surmounted by a castle, in a dilapidated condition, confines the town in a narrow space by the river side. The vizir expected that the rebels would make a stand there, and consequently approached it with caution from the river *Mat-sou;* but the two or three hundred Scutarines and Morlacks, composing the garrison, contented themselves with firing a few shot across the river at the advanced guard, then retired on Scodra. Two men were wounded; and the affair gave the *Moniteur Ottoman* an opportunity to describe an important and glorious victory. Passing through it without halting, the vizir pitched his tent at *Zadrim.*

Alessio is one of the seven Latin bishoprics of Upper Albania.

* Scanderbeg's sword is preserved at Vienna, I believe.

By means of these bishoprics, and by the agents of the propaganda, Christianity is kept alive in the province. Protestant missionaryism is much extolled: it certainly costs a great deal; but the good it may effect, is as a drop of water compared with the sea of benefits spread by the Roman Catholic church, silently and unostentatiously, all over Turkey. As bitterly hated by the Greeks as reviled by the Turks, the Latin Christians would otherwise, in all probability, have embraced *Islamism*, especially as they had the example of their ancestors, who renegaded to avoid persecution, before their eyes. To our inquiries of Don Ferdinando and others, if they made any converts from the Mussulmans, they frankly answered in the negative; but they added, that as their presence prevented the converse from taking place, so they considered their labours sufficiently repaid. No doubt existed in their minds, that when Albania falls again under a Frank government, the Mussulmans of it will become Christians before many years.* The ano-

* The Mussulmans of Upper Albania cling with a superstitious feeling to certain Christian recollections. On parti-

maly visible between the reviled condition of the Christians in the towns of Albania, and their equality of *caste* on the hills, confirms this opinion: the former being caused by the feeling of the renegade in power; the latter arising from the carelessness of the proselyte when his interest is concerned. The *Suliotes*, for example, held as proud a station among the Mussulmans in Lower Albania, as the *Miraditi* still maintain in the hills of the upper province: while the primate of Yanina was fain to be as meek and retiring, avoiding the outward display of wealth, as his fellow-citizen of Scodra of the present day.

After breakfast, we walked over a stony ridge, guided by a lay brother, till we obtained a view of the little harbour of San *Juan di Medwa*, thus named from a large monastery (now ruined and deserted) near the shore. We looked almost down on the decks of three Turkish schooners-of-war, lying at anchor there. We then returned to the convent, and tested still farther the culinary resources of St. Antonio d'Alessio. We

cular days they visit and pray at the burying places of their Christian forefathers In several families, baptism is practised (secretly) in addition to circumcision.

had an excellent dinner, with good wine, and passed an agreeable evening in the society of our talented and well-informed host, varied by the exertions of Saly Agha, who, sitting crossed-legged on a carpet in the balcony, played his guitar, and sang nearly all the night to an admiring audience composed of our people and the retainers of Don Ferdinando.

It is difficult to meet and converse with the zealous and talented missionaries of the propaganda in the East, and not feel warmly for their situation. They are exposed to no ordinary trial of patience. Educated at Rome, amidst its *virtù* and its science, accustomed to Italian refinement and conversation, then sent to some remote spot – remote from causes of association rather than from distance—destined to pass their lives with a people as far beneath them in mental culture as separated by habits, they may be truly said to be banished men in the sharpest sense of the term. Still we might at times rather envy than pity them. Commiseration is lost sight of in our admiration at the disinterestedness and perseverance which they ever display in the performance of their duties—a good conscience their reward,

heaven their guide. No shadow of preferment looms in the distance, no hope of distinction cheers them on, not one of the ordinary inducements to exertion prompts them. Courteous with the gentleman, confiding with the peasant, caressing with the distressed, they are, as St. Paul expressed himself to be, "All things to all men." Multiply the generations since the Osmanleys conquered the country, and it will appear that millions of souls have been saved by these advanced sentinels of Christianity, ever at their post to reclaim the wavering and confirm the steadfast.

The next morning we mounted our horses and rode along by the left bank of the Drino, which, owing to the rain, then flowed a broad and rapid stream. We overtook several strings of horses and mules, laden with munitions of war. Saly Agha was very communicative, and told us that his master (the vizir) had sent valuable presents of horses to some of the pashas of the divan at Constantinople during the campaign, in order to retain their good word. We passed by some deserted villages, and at noon, (September 15th, 1835,) we reached the camp, pitched in the royal

district of *Zadrim*—a vast plain, wooded and watered, bounded by a range of hills on the west. The scene was animated, for the troops were crossing the river in the boats of the schooners lying at St. Juan de Medwa. The vizir's kiaya had pitched his tent by the bank to superintend the embarkation, which was performing in good order: we could not help observing, however, that, with a few pieces of cannon on the opposite bank, the rebels might have stopped the passage. We alighted first at the kiaya's tent, smoked a little with him, then proceeded to pay our respects to the Roumely Valy-ci (the commander-in-chief.)

Mahmoud Pasha received us with distinction. He was sitting on a sofa, in a fine tent, together with Wassaf Effendi, (a secretary of the imperial divan,) joined with him in the task of tranquillising the country as well as intrusted with the more delicate one of arbitrating between the pasha of Scodra and the rebels. The vizir appeared between fifty and sixty years of age, with a mild countenance, and very affable to his attendants. He was a native of Bender, and had been brought up at Brailow, thus offering in his own

person a commentary on the decline of Turkey; Bender being a Russian city, and Brailow the next thing to one. Can we imagine any feeling so bitter, as such a retrospect in one man's life is calculated to awaken? One's birth-place incorporated with an hostile empire; one's after-home following the same direction! His companion, Wassaf Effendi, was a luxurious-looking young man, and remarkably pleasing in his manner. He seemed on a par with the vizir, and his tent was equally guarded. After the compliments of usage—coffee, pipes, and sherbet—we retired to the tent prepared for our reception. We found it provided with all conveniences, and the vizir's household attended on us. We then strolled about the camp, and visited several of the officers of our acquaintance, among whom I was glad to see again young Bahri Bey, who appeared equally pleased at the appearance of a Constantinople friend. We accompanied him to the tents of the Albanian Beys, detained as hostages, for though the army was marching on Scodra without firing a single shot, the vizir did not conceive his rear secure unless accompanied by the chiefs of the country he had passed through. Abdurrahman

Bey of Tiranna, and Ibrahim Bey* of Karvaia, were the principal among them. I was sorry to see the impolitic hauteur with which the Ottomans treated these feudal chiefs, whose bosoms harboured rancour in consequence.

The vizir's kitchen furnished us with an admirable dinner. In the evening they hung up lanthorns in our tent, and supplied us with coffee and chibouques continually. Pine torches, planted in the ground, beside the horsetails of the vizir, blazed before his tent. Native musicians played discordantly to his excellency half the night, while some Albanian peasants showed off their address in the national dance for his amusement. The continual watch cry of the sentinels and the yelling of packs of dogs in-

* Ibrahim Bey was confirmed afterwards in his government, *moyennant* a round sum; the country being then too excited to attack him openly. He allowed himself to be thus lulled, and, in consequence, paid a visit the following spring, (of 1836,) to the vizir at Monastir. He was there entrapped and sent to Constantinople, where he was subjected to torture in order to extract his treasures: he was reputed to be one of the richest men in Albania. He was an infamous private character, therefore nobody pitied him, but that did not excuse the perfidy and impolicy of the Porte.

dicated still farther an Ottoman camp. Before lying down to sleep we visited the pasha's doctor and his engineer in their respective tents: the former was a Greek of Monastir, the latter was a Russian, though not an engineer by profession. He was the only Frank in the army, and in a very uncomfortable position. Another storm came on that night, filling every tent with water, and washing away the bough huts of the *bashi bozouk*, (irregulars,) who lodge in any way they can. Consequently, as the winter was fast coming on, the vizir felt anxious to finish the campaign, lest they should leave him and return to their homes, according to their usual practice. He required them to keep up the communications of the army, to which service the *nizam* was unequal.

The Christian primates of Scutari (Scodra) were already in the camp, to kiss the hem of the vizir's robe. They had remained neuter, at a risk to themselves, during the troubles, but the proverb "who is not for us is against us" made them tremble, notwithstanding the known mild character of Mahmoud Pasha, already shown by his proceedings in Bosnia. They were delighted

to meet us in the camp, the appearance of Franks in our position being a kind of guarantee against any caprice of barbarism. We were glad to perceive, in our interviews with the vizir and with Wassaf Effendi, that our good opinion would be agreeable to them; and we did not lose the opportunity thus offered of expressing a hope that mercy would be attended to, of saying how highly such conduct would be appreciated by the ambassadors at the Porte. As their own Tartars carried the author's letters to Constantinople, they were the more inclined to make a favourable impression on us. Perceiving thus the value of our presence as spectators, and being moreover entreated by the primates to accompany them on their return, we deemed it expedient, as well for the public service as for the sake of humanity, to continue our journey on to the city.

The vizir again mounted us on his own horses, and gave us an escort. We experienced a delay of an hour on the farther bank of the river, waiting for Vely Bey, Hafiz Pasha's caimacan, directed by the vizir to introduce us to the authorities at Scodra. The distance being only about four hours, our ride was uncommonly pleasant,

partly along the bank of the river, and then over the plain, which we agreed in noticing as one of the most beautiful we had ever seen. High, steep, picturesquely carved hills enclose it, except in the direction of Scodra, which itself is a fine object; the rock on which the castle stands resembles the hill of Corinth, while the city at its base appears like a scattered city in a wood. Each house is a fortress, being surrounded by gardens, with high loop-holed walls, and provided with six months' provisions. Hence Scodra has ever been the focus of the revolt of Upper Albania. After three hours we reached the elegant country palace of Mustapha Pasha, which we found on our return to the coast occupied by a party of spahis, (irregular cavalry) making sad havoc with its marbles and frescos. Thence a broad straight road leads to the city. We forded the river at the extremity of it, and rode first into the fortified barracks, at the foot of the castle, to see the second in command, Daoud Pasha. Having been blockaded nearly three months, the little fellow, who presented a perfect union of the Oriental exquisite and the French dandy, was glad to see us, as our arrival from the camp

showed that the communications were open. He made his band, a tolerably good one, perform some airs, while we went through the necessary process of smoking and sipping coffee. A Frenchman, the pasha's "instructor," amused us by his tone of contempt, when speaking of the rebels, especially as he informed us at the same time that he had remained their prisoner since the beginning of the revolt, and had only obtained his liberty that morning. The barracks itself, containing two thousand men and nine field-pieces, spoke sufficiently for the courage of the rebels.

Thence we rode up by a steep zig-zag paved road to the castle. Bahri Bey had already preceded us, and his joy at being able to say *hoch ghieldiniz*, (welcome,) on that spot, made the young fellow nearly wild. He immediately took us to his brother, Hafiz Pasha, the governor. His excellency rose to receive us, a piece of unwonted courtesy in a Turkish grandee, which he never omitted to his Frank guests anywhere. I seldom met with a more courteous, well-informed Ottoman, even among those of his own

race, the Circassians. We conversed about Alexander the Great, Tamerlane, ancient Greece, &c. We were surprised at so much knowledge, of which he seemed vain; but the mystery explained itself, when he showed us a chronological compendium—a kind of Lemprière in Turkish. The book was a translation from a French work. Hafiz was a handsome man, between thirty and forty, and a favourite of the sultan. Although he had been, as it were, a prisoner in the castle during three months, exposed to much anxiety, he appeared in good health and spirits. His four wives, in the castle with him, were, his doctor informed us, in the way "that ladies wish to be," &c. From the window, overhanging a precipice, at which we smoked and chatted, the scene was perfect. To the northward an extensive lake stretched far away to the foot of the Monte Negro, a frowning dark range of mountains, impervious to the traveller, while in the west the shining green-margined Boyana slid away toward the sea. I will not say that the view is as fine as that from the Acro Corinthus, for that is impossible, though the elevation be

nearly as airy, and the atmosphere as clear; but it ranks next: instead of Athena's gulf, there is the extensive plain—instead of the other gulf there is the lake of Zenta—instead of the Morea's ravines, there is the river's course.

The pasha's doctor, Signor Maddalena, kindly offered to guide us into the city, while we could return the compliment by acting as his escort, for although all opposition had ceased from the moment the vizir's army reached the Drino, the inmates of the castle had not yet ventured out, fearful of being made the mark of a stray shot from one or other of the wild *Morlacks* who were still prowling about the streets, and who might care no more for shooting a man than they would a cat. The city is of vast extent, the very place for a rebellion, the quarters being separated by rocky hills, and the streets traversed by water-courses: it was therefore late when we arrived at the small *locanda* where we put up with various individuals of several nations, among whom we remarked a German renegade, and a Greek merchant from *Bosnia saray*, detained there as prisoners during the rebellion. We all supped in company: Maddalena remained, and his spirits

bounded high at finding himself once more in Frank company, talking his own sweet language. He had sent his wife to Corfu before the disturbances, and was anxious about her: we could give him no news, but we carried letters to her on our return, and we found them afterwards together at Constantinople.

Scodra,* as the capital of Upper Albania, is an important city in many respects. With proper measures, our manufactures might be introduced there more than they at present are. The Christians are a shrewd trading race, and have the reputation of being very keen after the main chance. They seemed to be tolerably well off, much richer as a class than the Mussulmans. They are a jealous people: their women go about as closely veiled as the Mussulman women, and are nearly as invisible to their husband's guests. Even our friend Pietro Suma, the first mer chant of Scutari, in whose house we supped an slept one night, did not let us see either his la or his daughters. The Mussulmans are very

* Scodra, or Scutari, is about fifty miles from Cattaro contains about eighteen thousand inhabitants. It ma ...os arms and woollen stuffs.

tolerant: Scutari, in consequence, has no church; being in that respect almost an exception in European Turkey. A negotiation, however, was going forward, through the medium of the Internuncio, to be permitted to build one, and it was expected that the Porte would grant the desired firman. The absence of a church, however, afforded us a rare and an impressive sight, surpassing anything of the sort we had ever beheld even beneath the proudest domes, with the heavenly accompaniment of music amidst fragrant clouds of incense: this was the assemblage of the catholic population in a field outside the town to hear mass, performed at a few stones piled up in the place of an altar. The morning was cold, with drizzling rain; nevertheless all, men, women and children, knelt down bareheaded on the damp grass, with heaven for their canopy. The scene was a perfect realisation of the practice of the primitive Christians, and I own, though I had nothing to do with the orisons of the priest, I never felt devotion kindle so warmly in me, or example operate so forcibly, as in that field.

We of course paid our respects to the Austrian consul and to the bishop of Scutari. Both seemed to live in a comfortable manner, and to be well regarded by the natives. The prelate was a remarkably cheerful, intelligent little gentleman, a native of Trieste. He had not long occupied the diocese. He was just returned from a pastoral tour among the hills, visiting his lambs, as he said; but as he was yet ignorant of the Albanian tongue, his journey had not proved so interesting as it would otherwise have done. Except in the suite of the bishop, it is difficult for a Frank to travel among the mountain villages of Upper Albania. We remained with him some time, conversing about the late revolt, of which, as an influential person consulted by all parties, he was enabled to give us ample details. He took credit to himself for having, by his exhortations, prevented the *Miraditi* (Christians,) the most warlike of the tribes of Upper Albania, from having joined the revolt, in which case it is hard to say how it would have terminated. As it was purely a Mussulman question, the Christians showed great wisdom in

abstaining from any participation in it, thereby accelerating the hour when they will be in the majority. Austria foresees this: she is evidently taking advantage of the growing dislike to the sultan's rule in Albania. "He is become a *ghiaour*," say the Albanians; "therefore it little matters who governs us—we shall not have a worse master." The report afloat in the country, by whom spread I cannot say, that the sultan intends to dispose of them to some Frank power, is listened to with indifference if not with complacency. Austria is the only country with a decided influence in Upper Albania. The christian population is bound to her in various ways. She has had a consul at Scodra for twenty years past, with agents in other towns; many of the Christians of Scodra speak German, and they are in constant communication with Dalmatia: several of their bishops and clergy are Austrian subjects, and the internuncio is their protector at the Porte. Thus, when the time arrives for partitioning European Turkey, Albania will naturally, without an effort, fall to Austria.

The revolt of Scodra in 1835, is a remarkable feature in the present state of Turkey; I may, therefore, venture to say a few words respecting it. Its origin is traced as far back as 1830, when the opposition to the sultan's reforms assumed a defined shape. In that year and the following one, Upper Albania was in arms against the Porte, under Mustapha Pasha, the hereditary bey of Scodra, in defence of its ancient usages. Redshid Mehemet Pasha, the grand vizir, marched from Adrianople against him in June, 1830. He prepared the way by means of corruption, and by ensnaring seven of the principal beys at an interview at Betolia. The armies then met at Prelepeh (near Monastir.) Victory, it is said, hovered on the side of Mustapha, but a corps of his Albanians, seduced by the grand vizir, betrayed him and left the field. Mustapha then retired to his castle at Scodra, in which his gallant father (Mahmoud) had held out for nine months on a similar occasion. He expected to be able to follow the example, but Redshid contrived to mount two pieces of cannon on an adjoining

peaked rock higher than the castle, deemed till then inaccessible, and thus compelled him to surrender, towards the end of 1831. The Scutarines gave a few conscripts, and their prince or pasha thenceforward resided at Constantinople.*

Now was the time to curb Albania. An unprecedented blow had been struck; fear had been instilled; the grand vizir possessed talents adapted for irregular warfare, and was a favorite with the Chamides and the Toxides (tribes of Lower Albania:) but the following year occurred the Egyptian war, and he was recalled with his troops from the scene of his success, as related in another chapter, to encounter defeat at Koniah. Thus the revolt of Mehemet Ali struck a double blow: it deprived the empire of Syria, and it restored license to Albania. Scarcely had the grand vizir turned his back, when the Scutarines, impatient of the taxes levied by their new governor (Ali Pasha,) and of his attempts to enforce a conscription, revolted: they blockaded him in the

* Mustapha Pasha's revenues have since been collected on account of the Porte, and he receives a pension instead.

castle two months, sending, in the meanwhile, deputies to Constantinople to complain of his conduct and to demand his recal, which the Porte, having then more serious matters in hand, accorded.

After an interval, the onerous post was filled by our friend Hafiz Pasha, who, be it said, was more fit to rule an orderly province, with commerce to encourage and agriculture to protect, than such a hornet's nest as Scodra. His courtesy to the rayas, which would have been policy in the former, proved inimical to him in the latter. Hafiz received strict orders to enforce the reforms, and as it was soon apparent that the usual garrison would prove too weak, Daoud Pasha (general of brigade) marched in the spring of 1834 to reinforce it. Having now seven thousand (nominally) regular troops, Hafiz commenced levying new duties with confidence, and endeavoured to induce the inhabitants to submit to a regular conscription. Five beys, irritated by his proceedings, in accordance with the sultan's policy to enslave the people by depressing their [illegible] chiefs, fled: they took a boat at St.

Juan de Medwa, and passed over to Corfu: whence they proceeded to Egypt, to claim Mehemet Ali's hospitality. On this Hafiz Pasha razed the houses of three of them.*

For some months Hafiz Pasha succeeded in his designs, in which one Amiz Aga, the chief of the police, a man of talent, and a favorite with the lower classes, ably seconded him. He had the want of tact, however, to offend this man. Because Amiz bastinadoed the butcher of the troops on his own authority, the pasha took his place from him and gave it to another. Hafiz acted justly, but not prudently: he thereby gave the discontented an organ—a chief. He endeavoured to make amends by offering him other situations: he sent him to command at Podgoritza, a place on the farther side of the lake, where in fact Amiz distinguished himself by repulsing

* Two of these beys since died of the plague: another of them, Yussuf, was brother to Husseyin Bey, one of the chiefs of the revolt of Scodra. Through him Mehemet Ali acted in any connexion he might have had with the disturbances in Albania, in 1835, which, though believed at Constantinople to be instrumental, appeared by all we could learn on the spot to have been very trifling.

a predatory incursion of the Monte Negrines, enemies in all times of the Scutarines. This, however, did no good, owing to the feeling which makes some men regard favours received at the hand, which they conceive to have injured them, as so many additional insults. Amiz was thus constituted. Giving up his command, he returned to the city, and there employed himself in working on the passions of the Scutarines—a people at all times tenacious of their rights, and who, were they more in evidence, as the Poles, or the Circassians, would be sympathised with as sufferers in the cause of freedom. We must in justice admit that Amiz might have shared their sentiments. The inhabitants complained that their produce was monopolised by the pasha—that new burthens were imposed—that they were deprived of their hereditary chiefs, whereby the money formerly spent amongst them went elsewhere. The pasha, on his part, obeyed his orders.

Things were in this state—mutual distrust reigning—when a firman arrived from the Porte, ordering the city to pay one hundred and fifty purses towards the repairs of the castle. This ex-

cited an immense sensation. The cadi was interrupted while reading it in the mosque; the royal signature was scoffed at. The sum was trifling, but it established a precedent. Hafiz Pasha sent for the *ayans* (notables) of the city: he expostulated with them on the conduct of the people, and threatened military coercion. They agreed to pay the money. This being done, the pasha again sent for them, and demanded a levy of men to garrison Podgoritza, as he would not spare any of his regular troops for that purpose. They yielded also to this exaction. Feeling now sure of his power—thinking he had brought the Scutarines to the desired point, never dreaming that their submission might be only the effect of a desire to preserve tranquillity—the pasha sent for the *ayans* a third time. Alleging the seditious spirit abroad in the city, he required that the citizens should stand caution for each other's proceedings. This request was overstrained; it was calculated to compromise entirely individual liberty, and to put the life of any honest man in the power of an informer. The *ayans* refused to comply with it. Disputes in consequence arose; neither party chose to yield: on which the pasha,

assuming that a conspiracy was on foot, placed troops in the bazaar with orders for no one to be allowed to enter it armed. This measure was impolitic; it affected the well-disposed and the turbulent, it united the country people with the townsmen—for no Mussulman would disarm. Hafiz Pasha had temerity, but not firmness. Having resolved on arbitrary measures, he should have had Amiz Agha removed out of the way: having pushed matters to an extremity, he should have taken precautions to meet the first outburst. It is Machiavelian policy to precipitate a revolt, if prepared to resist it; but Hafiz, apparently, deceived by his informers, did not count on any serious opposition.

Partial disturbances agitated the city during three days; and May 19, 1835, after sunset, Amiz Agha decided the question of resistance or submission by attacking the guard stationed at the bazaar. Two battalions were instantly called out in aid. Had they marched on at once, pursuing the revolters with the bayonet from street to street, the affair might have been settled that night; for it is admitted on all sides that Amiz had not above two hundred desperadoes with

him. But the sultan's officers feared to risk their men in the dark among the break-neck streets and fortified houses of Scodra: they kept them back, and brought forward artillery instead. The reports of the guns informed the inhabitants that conciliation was rejected, and drew down the mountaineers from the villages. By morning, Amiz had two thousand men under arms, and after sixty hours of skirmishing, the troops retreated. They fortified themselves in several strong positions, (on the *tepeh*, at the head of the *charshey*, and by the lake,) thus drawing a cordon between the castle and the city, covering the approach to the former and commanding the avenues to the latter; but instead of leaving only a small party in each post, and keeping a strong moveable column, they did just the contrary. They soon became closely besieged: from June 24th, they were unable to leave their entrenchments without fighting.

Various skirmishes ensued in different spots, some to procure forage, others to facilitate the passage of a schooner, with supplies from Podgoritza and Zabiak, to the castle, by the foot of which runs the river Boyana, flowing from the

lake a bowshot distant. I need not, however, trouble my reader with the recital, very interesting though it appeared to be in the eyes of the Scutarines, and highly as we were amused with it at the time. Each affair, where half-a-dozen men fell, was dignified by the name of a battle: each hill and ravine were as minutely noted, and considered as imperishable in the annals of fame, as the rivers and mounds of Troy's plain.

The Porte treated the revolt very lightly at first, never imagining that a numerous garrison, commanded by pashas who had received their military education in the sultan's guard, could be reduced. It contented itself with ordering some of the Beys to march against the city. The Beys obeyed unwillingly, the cause of Scutari being that of all Albania. The Scutarines, on their side, marched towards them: aided by a body of Morlacks, (mountaineers,) they met the beys of Detova, of Pekini, of Dibra, of Croya, on the plain of Alessio, and gained a complete victory; on which the bey of Alessio joined the revolt. Orders were then sent from Constantinople to the Roumely Valy-ci to prepare for a campaign.

The siege of the garrison in the meanwhile continued with unremitted activity—the firing from the castle doing little damage, and the sorties of the troops producing no result, until August 3rd. On that day a smart skirmish took place at Cazena, the spot, near the city, where the river leaves the lake; the question being, whether the above-mentioned provision schooner should pass to the castle or not. The rebels had complete success: the sultan's troops lost several killed, one hundred and twenty prisoners, and, worst of all, the schooner remained in the hands of the townspeople.

The troops lost heart from that moment; their rations had been scanty all along, and now, seeing the command of the lake taken from them, they conceived it useless to hold out any longer. These feelings, shared by the officers, infected the advanced posts: negotiations were opened with the ayans of the town, and on the 10th of August a capitulation was signed, by which the sultan's troops agreed to give up all their posts in the place, and retire to their barracks or into the castle, the inhabitants on their part engaging to furnish them with rations, both

sides to remain quiet until the decision of the Porte should be known. Hostages were exchanged. A colonel started immediately for the capital with the news, but at Monastir he met the Roumely Valy-ci, who took the affair into his own hands.

No part of this tale reflects credit on the *nizam dgeditt*, (regulars.) The garrison consisted (nominally) of seven thousand men; in reality, there were three thousand eight hundred at the commencement, with ten field-pieces in good condition, besides the artillery of the castle; so ill served, however, that although several thousands of shot and shells were expended—chiefly directed against the quarter of the beys—not above twenty houses were injured. The rebels on their side were never stronger than five thousand at one time, often reduced to one thousand five hundred by the Morlacks getting tired, while the city itself, as the pasha informed us, only furnished one thousand two hundred muskets. Yet they kept the troops barricaded during three months, cutting off their communications by land and by water, and finally reduced them to a shameful capitulation. There are several versions of this capitulation, none to the honour of

the army: the troops were certainly harassed, and ill-supplied with food, but they were not in absolute want; each man received fifty drams of maize a-day and some rice; and tobacco was taken on credit from the bazaar for their use. One thing is certain ; the capitulation was opened by Vely Bey and Ishmael Bey, the colonels * of the advanced posts, without the pasha's knowledge. Hearing a rumour of the occurrence, Daoud Pasha mounted his horse and endeavoured to stay the proceedings; but he came too late. He remonstrated, but was unheeded. The troops declared that if the armistice were not granted, they would lay down their arms, so tired were they of sharp-shooting and low diet. The governor was not even respected in the castle: the garrison planted sentries in the inner court to prevent his escape, that being one of the conditions of the rebels. Mutiny, in fact, was the order of the day. Very mortifying for Hafiz Pasha! a letter reached the castle the next morning, the first, for two months, which had escaped the vigilance of the rebels, acquainting

* These officers in the following spring were, in consequence, bastinadoed at Constantinople and cashiered.

him with the march of the Roumely Valy-ci: but as six weeks elapsed from that time until the vizir's arrival, it is doubtful if he could have held out at any price. So unaccountable is the inactivity of the Ottoman authorities!—so inconceivable is their improvidence! Here we see a strong castle on the point of surrendering to a handful of rebels for the want of provisions: we see a royal garrison blockaded, while four months are allowed to elapse before it is relieved! Were not precisely the same faults committed in the Morea fourteen years earlier? fortresses lost by starvation? armies sacrificed by the want of guidance? Had the revolt of Scutari been aided by a few officers, by a cargo of munitions of war, and by two hundred thousand pounds, Albania might, if she pleased, have secured her independence.

But the revolt had no such object. It was simply an effort on the part of the Scutarines, aided by the surrounding villages, about twenty-four in number, for their privileges. It was a constitutional revolt to obtain the removal of a governor whom they conceived to have oppressed them. To this end alone the rebels strove. They

committed no outrage; they offended no creed: they were not a mob seeking pillage, they were not a party striving for political ends: they might be called—looking at their conduct—a band of citizens contending for a principle. They had possession of the town during four months, of the bazaars six weeks, yet not a house suffered any injury, not a bale of goods was touched; and when the garrison cried, "hold! enough!" they ceased to harass them. Could the most civilised people have acted better? The revolt, moreover, may serve as a partial clue to the labyrinth of evils in which Turkey is struggling. Hitherto, opposition to the Porte in Albania has generally been conducted by pashas or beys for personal ends, the people having seldom had more to do with it than as their duty to feudal chieftains prompted: but *now* the *people* arrays itself against the sultan, for national objects. We hear of ancient usages contemned—of privileges spurned, and we see the right of remonstrance claimed; we see appeals carried up to the throne against its own acts. And this is a farther argument in support of what I have elsewhere noticed, that the spirit of rebellion so manifest all over Turkey, is neither the effect of Russian intrigue

nor of individual ambition, but of a wide-spread sentiment of hostility to the sultan's reforms. Formerly, they ascribed oppression to their local governors, now they trace it to him.

Amiz Aga's gallant conduct throughout the affair, in which he was badly wounded by a ball in the shoulder, and his address in having been able to restrain the half-savage Morlacks from plundering the christian houses, interested me warmly in his behalf, and I determined to save him, if possible, from any further misfortune. The christian primates sang his praises; they declared that they owed everything to his moderation, for the people were incensed at their refusal to join their cause, while the pasha summoned them to assist him. They could embrace neither side without certain destruction, and in this predicament Amiz Agha was their safeguard. I reflected that in the actual break-up of the Ottoman empire, such scenes might occur in many towns, always to the danger of the Christians, and therefore it would be policy to show a Turkish leader the advantage of respecting them, thereby securing for himself the good-will of the Frank. With this view I resolved to intercede for him with the vizir.

The vizir pitched his camp before the city two days after our arrival; the force landed at Dulcigno joined at the same time, making a total, including the garrison of Scutari, of about eight thousand infantry, two thousand bashi-bozouk, (irregular foot,) two hundred regular horse, five hundred spahis, (irregular horse.*) The army made a grand display of manœuvres, includ-

* The remainder of the army was stationed as follows,

At Ochrida	. .	2 battalions.
Elbassan	.	2 battalions.
Karvaia	. .	2 battalions.
———	. .	2 regiments of cavalry
Durazzo	.	1 battalion.
The Mattia	. .	1 battalion.
Alessio	.	1 battalion.

Grand total of the army of the Roumely Valy-ci, thirty-two battalions of infantry, (about thirteen thousand men,) and twelve hundred regular cavalry. The Turkish battalions were nominally eight hundred strong, and may have been considered so by the people of the country. Few of them, however, could be reckoned at even four hundred men. *Bashi bozouk*, with a few spahis, were attached to each corps, drawn chiefly from the Toxides and the Chamides of Lower Albania: the vizir had about seven thousand of them in his pay. They had served him remarkably well in his campaign against the Bosnians in 1832.

ing artillery and shell firing, to intimidate the people. "That is all very well in the plain," said several Albanians, "but let those lads venture on the hills!" A deputation of the Ayans waited on the vizir the same afternoon. He received them graciously: he spoke of forgiveness on his part, of good conduct on theirs, and dismissed them with an order to furnish his army daily with twelve thousand rations. We were at the house, that evening, of one of the primates, when the requisition arrived for the share to be furnished by the Christians, and saw the practical working of municipal institutions under an absolute government. "Many of the houses," observed our friend, "will not give an oke of bread, but the vizir will not care for that, he will only look to us, the primates; we must meet the demand, even though all should come from our own stores: the avaricious and the ill-disposed will give nothing."

As the pardon which came out the following morning was general, not mentioning the chiefs by name, it was clear that they were excluded. On this, taking with me our Zantiote friend, Panaxiotti, who spoke Albanian, I repaired to the house

of Amiz Aga, situated in a strong part of the city. He had apparently determined to make a stand: about sixty desperadoes, fine, handsome Albanians, occupied the garden and house; they refused admittance to any one. Our garb, however, disarmed suspicion, and the gate was opened. We passed through their ranks into the presence chamber, where Amiz was reclining on a sofa with some of his confidential people, forming as picturesque and martial a group as one could well behold. Amiz was pale, and suffering from the effects of his wound as well as from anxiety. His countenance brightened on seeing me: he saw a friend. There was not much time for compliments: I asked him his intentions. "My intentions," he said, "are to maintain myself here till dark, if possible, then make my escape to the hills; my wife and children will follow me at leisure." "No," I said, taking his hand, "that must not be: the vizir's troops are numerous; if they enter the city you are lost; the city has surrendered, and you are abandoned to your fate. On the other hand, his spahis cut off all retreat to the hills: even should you succeed in reaching them, you would die of exhaustion

from the effect of your wound." He looked anxiously: "What then am I to do?" he said, "you know I cannot hope for pardon." "Why not?" I replied, "the vizir is merciful; come with me to his tent, and we will ask for it together." At these words Amiz dropped my hand as though it had been the hand of a traitor; that also was the feeling among his wild companions. I saw the movement as well as the impression it made on Panaxiottis, who knew the kind of fellows we were amongst. "You need not distrust me," I continued; "if the word of an Englishman be insufficient, my presence here unarmed ought to be a guarantee to you, that your welfare is my object. He had noble feelings, and tears started into his eyes as he again took my hand, calling God to witness that he would trust me in everything. "Well then," I said, "come with me to the vizir's tent; I will be answerable for your life." He was about to consent, but one of his friends rose and prevented him. "You do not know, he said to us, "the perfidy of the Ottoman; while speaking to you, he may order his head off." I myself had a better opinion of Mahmoud Pasha; I thought that the appearance of the wounded

man, interceded for by a Frank, would influence him, and that a pardon thus granted in public would be more sacred.

Promising to return soon, I took one of Hafiz Pasha's chavasses with me, and rode out to the camp. Fortunately the vizir was disengaged; I was instantly admitted. Still more fortunately, a Tartar arrived just after I had taken my seat with the news that Mehemet, the pasha stationed at Karvaia, had completely routed a body of Dibriotes, who had descended from their hills into the plain of Elbassan on a marauding expedition. As the army would have to return by that direction, it was an important event. The vizir was rejoiced, and ordered salutes to be fired from all points. I then spoke; and by dwelling on the services rendered by Amiz to the Christians, on the evil which he might have caused to the city, &c., I induced a favourable opinion of my client: the vizir said, that he also might consider himself pardoned.*

* Amiz expressed himself, however, apprehensive of being sent afterwards to Constantinople, where he would be lodged in the Bagnio, and be no more heard of. But Lord Ponsonby was pleased to take the same view of the policy

I had reason to think, however, afterwards, that Amiz's apprehensions were exaggerated. The vizir evidently feared to undertake anything that might re-awaken the spirit of the inhabitants, who, moreover, having treated with the garrison as equals, were entitled to consideration. Any want of faith with the city might have aroused the mountaineers, for they would foresee that their turn was to come next. The vizir wanted force to venture on any operations out of the plain country, short of which nothing permanent could be effected. His situation was, moreover, one of considerable embarrassment. Notwithstanding the judicious disposition of his forces along the line of march, he was still liable to be severely harassed; for, as he informed me himself, seven sandjackliks (governments) in his rear were in a state of disturbance. He could not depend much on his own army; the regulars were four months in arrears; in want of clothing and medicine, and without supplies of provisions in case the inhabitants should refuse to furnish rations, which

of countenancing a man who had behaved so well to the Christians, and to order his dragoman to speak, to the Kiaya Bey (minister of the interior) in his favour.

they certainly were likely soon to do. The vizir paid the irregulars out of his own purse; he was therefore anxious to disband them. The approach also of winter, when the rivers would be swoln and the roads nearly impassable, made him think of retiring on Monastir without loss of time. Nothing, indeed, would have been more imprudent, under such circumstances, than to risk a detention in Upper Albania during the winter. In my opinion, his troops, to a man, if straitened for provisions, would have disbanded, especially after the pernicious example of the garrison of Scodra. The result of the campaign therefore, undertaken with so much cost, may be said to have turned out a complete triumph for the Scutarines: they admitted the Sultan's authority, and engaged to behave as good subjects; but they obtained the removal of their governor, Hafiz Pasha, a concession on the part of the Porte, which showed undisguisedly its weakness, as well as its inability to establish any real authority in the country. On the whole, the campaign of 1835 was a failure: it laid, but did not appease, the spirit of revolt. The presence of an army in Upper Albania is necessary to carry

the sultan's views of taxation and conscription into effect, but it is not likely that he either will or can incur the expense. It would also be the means of uniting the Christian and the Mussulman tribes in one common cause, the absence of which, carefully fostered by the Porte, has hitherto been the secret of success in all its operations in the country. The Porte has always had the tact to conciliate the Christians, while it acted against the Mussulmans, and *vice versa*. In fine, Mahmoud Pasha yielded to circumstances: he relieved the disaffected garrison of Scutari, and commenced his march into Lower Albania soon after our departure, leaving the Scutarines to glory in the result of courage, perseverance, and moderation combined.

Sept. 21st.—We took leave of our friends of all parties, highly pleased with our short visit, as well as with the attentions we had received from the Ottoman authorities. We passed by the headless body of an unfortunate baker, at the entrance of the city, and then, still under the guidance of our friend, Saly Agha, who had requested as a particular favour that no other should have that pleasure, we again rode over

the plain. We returned by the right bank of the river, literally making our way through clouds of insects, brought out by the alternate heat and damp of autumn, and reached Alessio in the evening. We supped and passed another night in the hospitable convent, for which, we were glad to hear, our visit had procured due respect from the commandant of the town. Embarking the next morning in our boat, we glided down the river, and soon reached the "Columbine" at Durazzo. We immediately sailed for Corfu in company with the "Serisafit" corvette. We reached the island together: our consort then left us for Gomenizza, while we proceeded on to join the admiral off Navarine. We obtained pratique at Zante, and soon afterwards the squadron returned to Valette for the winter.

I did not enjoy its gaieties long. Duty led me again to Constantinople in the early part of the year, when I had the pleasure of meeting with many of our friends of Scodra: Wassaf Effendi, Hafiz Pasha, and Bahri Bey. Hafiz Pasha gave me a cordial invitation to visit him at his new pashalik of Kiutaya, to which he had just been nominated.

CHAPTER XXI.

Stamboul—Turkish Empire—Russia—Poland—Greeks—Armenians—Mehemet Ali—Syria—Wahabites—State of the East—Ibrahim Pasha—Turkish Trade—Persia—India—Bagdad—Central Asia—Arabian Monarchy—England's Prospects, &c.

In the course of the summer, I finally took leave of my friends at Constantinople, and embarked at Therapia. With a fair wind we sailed down the Bosphorus into the sea of Marmara.

The city lay behind us, bathed in light and glory. Sinking over the hills of Rodosto, the sun illumined the vast expanse of Stamboul, each casement flinging back its rays, with golden lamps. Gilded towers and minarets crowned the hills or sparkled in the valleys: gleams of radiance played with the foliage of the seraglio gardens, ornamented the Prince's islands, and settled in a blaze on Scutari's white walls.

Far off, Galata's tower soared in the interval between the fifth and sixth hills as a new and bright creation. Even the ancient wall, memorable for the imperial flights it has witnessed, for the rude assaults it has sustained, and still exhibiting the gate or the breach through which Theodosius the Great, or the conquering Mahomet, entered the city in triumph, partook of the influence of the hour. Visible from a distance, its massive towers and deep-fretted cornices, rising one above the other from the "Seven Towers" to the summit of the stony ridge, which separates the Propontis from the "Golden Horn," seemed invested with a living glow. One might have fancied it the hectic flush of misfortune; one might have deemed the towers, thus tinged, the transformations of those Grecians, who fell beside the last Constantine, blushing for the pollution of their temples. The long rows of cypresses, waving their sombre branches with a melancholy cadence in the evening breeze, seemed to mourn over their destiny rather than for the turbaned dead at their feet, in whose honour they were planted, for whose solace they grew. Farther on, on the broad undulating plain, a green-tented

camp stretched far and wide, either wing designated by a pasha's marquee and a stud of piqueted Arabians. Two thousand soldiers, their white garments sparkling on the green carpet, were preparing to join in the evening prayer, while, as though similarly intent, a Turkish frigate and a corvette lay to in the offing.

The sun set. A mingled hymn from hundreds of voices, "There is no god but God, and Mahomet is his prophet," broke the still air. A million foreheads, bent to the earth in humility, acknowledged the appeal. Minaret, tent, tower, grove, palace, and ship, struggled awhile in the uncertain light, then died away.

Rising, then, off the taffrail, whereon he had reclined, gazing aft, dreaming rather than thinking, music on the water only wanting to render illusion complete, the departing stranger involuntarily sighs. Why, he scarcely knows: whether at the disappearance of beauty in darkness, or at the relief thus given to intense admiration, or at the changing destiny, thus forced on his mind, the always strange history, of this world's wonder. Other great cities began their career in a diminished form—this never did: other

great cities had to contend with infancy and mediocrity—this never had. As Constantine planned its walls, so do they now stand: the extent he gave them, so doth it still remain. Other great cities have been conquered, spoiled, and then abandoned: this also has been conquered, has been spoiled, but, once occupied, never left. It claimed homage from the proud Roman, flattery from the polished Greek, wonder from the mailed baron, devotion from the voluptuous Osmanley. Will it not also soften, and delight, and enervate, the hardy sons of the north?

We visit Rome, we visit Athens, we visit Thebes: why?—for their ancient renown; to read in their remnants a tale of other days: but Constantinople yet lives, graceful and vivid: the jocund laugh still rings in her halls, tones of woe still vibrate in her groves: the venerable past is there mourned over, the busy present is there dwelt on; the past and the present connected by that mighty drama in man's history—sublime folly of nations—the crusades. All within its precincts may still find subject for reflection, food for contemplation; the enthusiastic and the calculating, the educated and the ignorant, the

man of business and he who wanders solely to lengthen his span of existence; for life is measured by actions and feelings, not by years, and many who die young may be said to have lived longer than the octogenarian. And in this eventful age of revolutions, of exiled princes, of loosed passions, Constantinople is still marked among the marked. The eyes of nations are riveting on her aspect: the hopes of the north, the fears of the south, are centering in her fortunes: the fate of Europe seems again about to hang on her destiny. Once her eagles domineered the world: the pillars of Hercules felt the shadow of her crescent. Beware, nations of Europe!—Of what?—lest, I was going to say, the eagles again settle on her towers. Even let them do so, we can, if so we will it, hoodwink them.

Far beyond man's control is the decline of nations, traced on the map of time by the finger of eternity; but reason may point out to him the fatal hour,—may show him the vanity of striving against divine will,—may teach him to spare vain efforts in arresting death, but rather to exert his faculties in disposing of the fall to his own advantage. We may guide the catastrophe

we cannot avert; we may lead the movement we cannot prevent.

The question of the Ottoman empire has ceased to be problematic: it is become algebraic. Only one result can flow from the existing data: which are,

First. The power, the vicinity, the ambition, and the perseverance of Russia, cemented by a Roman-like discipline, and guided by a Venetian depth of counsel. Some persons, I am aware, quote the ignorance and the slavery of her masses, likened in their apprehended working to the classic sword suspended by a hair, as sufficient to mar, in the moment of need, these elements of success. It may be speculation painful to "ears polite," to ascribe her success to this very ignorance and slavery: but have we not also facts? Do we forget the sanguinary fields of Eylau and Friedland, fairly contested by "slaves" against the free sons of Gaul? Do we forget the devoted resistance to the grand army in 1812? Could freemen have sterner fought for home and hearth? Did the Switzers better defend their country? Were not Russia's burning cities sure indices of future greatness? Was

not the attitude of Petersburgh, while Napoleon champed the bit of impatience at Moscow, the parallel of Rome's firmness while Hannibal reposed amidst the luxury of Capua?

Secondly. The nationality of Russia. This pre-eminently marked religious feeling, when aggrandisement is the question of the day, gives homogeneity to her distinct masses, making the hearts of all, whether in noble or in serf, yearn as one after the attainment of any favourite long-pursued object, be it the incorporation of Poland or the acquisition of Turkey. Can we forget, while the issue of the last Polish war appeared doubtful, the offer of the city of Moscow to furnish and maintain an army of eighty thousand strong? "No," replied the emperor, feeling that acceptance would imply weakness, "we are not yet reduced so far; our armies suffice."

Whatever may be, and much is, urged to the contrary, on account of the failure of the first Polish campaign, I cannot help regarding the final success of Russia as one of the most direct evidences of her strength. Poland offered the first instance of a country starting to arms already provided with a regular army and a bureaucracy,

possessing a separate language, national laws, halls of justice, and universities; aided, moreover, by chivalric courage and animated by soul-stirring recollections. How difficult it is to subdue a people when everything has to be created!

Ill-fated Poland!* betrayed by every friend, one knows not whether we ought most to regret the policy which placed thee in a position, where submission entailed dishonour, and resistance involved treason, or to execrate the cry of liberty emitted by France in 1830, in order to make thy wounded spirit quiver, and render thy valour a bulwark for her frontier against the northern powers; following up that cry by the bitter mockery of assisting the *braves Belges*, while regardless of the godlike spirit and devotion of thy sons and daughters,—sending armies pompously to the bloodless conquest of Antwerp, while she dared not point a single lance

* May not Poland be said to owe her present misfortunes to the act of the Congress of Vienna, which admitted the subterfuge of a free state under high military protection? No medium of repose existed for the Duchy of Warsaw, between independent sovereignty and incorporation with the Russian empire.

towards the Vistula,—crowning the *people's choice* at Brussels, while she declared that "order reigned at Warsaw." Heroic Poland! the blood shed on Ostrolenka's plain flows a river of gold in paradise; the tears shed for that day, gathered by angels, are pearls fringing the canopy of the heavenly throne; the souls lost to earth in that field stroll the Elysian groves in company with those of Marathon. Ever-lamented Poland! thou art not gone. Because united with Russia, thy existence is not the less separate. Thy history, thy romance, thy woes, live in the hearts of men: thrilling over them, we think not of Russia, we see only Poland in her might and beauty. They may doom thy language * to oblivion and erase thy laws, but thy name, thy recollections, are beyond man's reach. Scotland is united to

* Polish is not allowed to be taught in the schools, or even spoken by the Polish scholars among each other. Russian is used in the courts of law. In twenty-five years Polish will be nearly extinct as a living tongue. This will prove more effectual than the erection of fortresses at Warsaw, Maudlin, Zamosc, Lublic, Grodno, &c. The change of language only affects the gentry and tradespeople: the peasantry throughout Poland speak a dialect called Little Russian.

England; but are not the Bruce, the Wallace, Scottish? Is not Bannockburn of Scotch fame? The Gaelic song is no longer heard in her halls, the tartan no longer waves in the breeze on her hills,—but are the bards, are the clans forgotten? Then weep not, Poland, lovely and loved even in thy grave! All must die, and thou diedst the death of the brave, leaving a name to after ages. Better thus to sink, winning the esteem of thy conqueror, than to have sold thyself with legal settlements! Thou hast closed thy deathless history with a chapter of undimmed splendour.

Thirdly. The power of Russia directly over Turkey is indefinitely increased by the fact of one half of the population of the latter country being Christian and *for her*; the Christians increasing yearly in numbers, wealth, and intelligence, while the Mussulmans decline in all. The opposite extremities of the social scale as regards organisation, military resources, and finances, held respectively by Russia and Turkey, would alone form a subject of deep despondency for the well-wishers of the latter. This, however, enters into ordinary calculations, applicable at various epochs to other countries, which have, nevertheless, re-asserted in-

dependence; but the element of the mixed population is incalculable: its result is certain, but its operation is beyond control. It is useless to warn the Greek that inferior advantages await him under the Russian to those which he now enjoys, in possession of the trade and speculation of the Ottoman empire. The Greek, in the first place, viewing the flourishing establishments of his countrymen in all parts of southern Russia, counting also the honours he may arrive at under a co-religious government, sees reason to doubt this assertion of the Frank. In the next place, an hereditary leaven, not to be overcome by any reasoning, embitters all his feelings with respect to the Turks. With his mother's milk he imbibed a predilection for Russia, and a hatred for the "Porte." His priests are in her interests; he prays for her at his altars. Let us fancy, if we can, the exultation of the two hundred thousand Greeks at Constantinople, at the hour when the cross shall replace the crescent on the dome of Saint Sophia; let us picture the wildness of their transports at the revival of the christian worship in their own cathedral, and we shall cease to have a doubt on

the subject. Let Russia once chaunt a Te Deum in Saint Sophia, every church throughout the Ottoman empire will echo the glad sound—every Greek tongue will answer "Amen." The other great portion of the Christians, the Armenians, amounting to nearly two-fifths of the population of Asia Minor, yielding spiritual obedience solely to the patriarch of Etchmiazin,* feel even more amicably disposed in favour of Russia. With his hopes of emancipation, the Greek perchance mingles dreams of independence, recollections of empire; whereas the Armenian, given to trade and loving quiet, indulges solely in the wish to withdraw himself and his concerns from the humbling rule of the Turks, particularly marked towards his plodding race. The Greek, if left to his own choice, might prefer another to Russia as the substitute for the Porte, but the Armenians desire no other change: orderly,

* The convent of Etchmiazin, near Mount Ararat, is now in the Russian territory: the patriarch is the head of the Armenian church. He is now a Russian subject, but the Porte, nevertheless, has admitted the right (by a firman) of her Armenian subjects to regard him in the same spiritual light as formerly.

united, frugal, and able-bodied, they might of themselves, if used to arms, and unawed by long habits of submission, reconquer their own portion of Asia Minor.

We should carefully bear in mind, while estimating influences in Turkey, that any removal of raya disabilities, consequent on reform, which have, or may be, granted, are not calculated to produce, as was fondly expected and is stoutly asserted by many, attachment to the sultan's government, but, on the contrary, depression of the Mussulman interest, *on which alone his throne is based.* It is true, that as yet scarcely any right, beyond what he formerly possessed, elevates the raya; but he has gained the power of agitation—fully tantamount in its disturbing effects. Grant him what he asks to-day—and to-morrow—and next day—he will still demand more. Every abuse torn from the tree of power is regarded as a weapon to strike down another, until the Mussulman shall lie at his feet. He cannot feel gratitude for the re-attainment of privileges ravished from him for having adhered to the faith of his fathers. He may fawn, dissemble, feign contentment; but human nature, stronger than reason, breaks

down artificial ties at each opportunity, and bids him advance steadily on. Deplorable as are the evils inflicted and perpetuated in the name of religion, still, knowing this unalterable feeling, we pause at the remedy: the deeper the wrong, the longer reckoning will be exacted. Holding fast the reins of power, the master is reviled for not loosing them—but he is likewise respected: yielding to clamour, he is equally reviled for not yielding more—and then he is despised. So stand the Greek and the Turk. Greek pretensions, fatal to the Ottoman Porte, ripened on innovation invading the ancient Mussulman institutions of the empire. Touched on theoretically, concession is a lady's fan; practically handled, it became a double-edged sword: it sets loose the fell tide of party rancour, which spurns an equal participation of rights, and it rouses the spirit of revenge, which scorns any justice, save the fullest measure—which is, to rule where ruled, to scoff at by whom scoffed. Arms thus given to the oppressed cannot be resumed: the confidence of the ruling sect cannot be regained. Between them the country staggers. On one party or the other

having a decided preponderance, for political equality is impossible where distrust is mutual and hatred inborn, hangs the welfare of the state. The one already in possession, however unjustly obtained, may preserve it: to transfer it requires civil war. Aware at length of his error, in thinking of a fusion between the raya and the Turk, Sultan Mahmoud thought to amend it by committing a still greater fault: in April, 1836, he issued a firman ordering the rayas to resume the old badges of distinction, grown into disuse since 1826:* by which act he completely obliterated whatever goodwill the Christians might have entertained for him personally, without recovering one iota of the confidence and esteem of the Mussulmans, to conciliate whom he did it. The sumptuary distinctions formed the bitter portion of Greek servitude: judge then of Mahmoud's impolicy in reviving them. "It is not enough" observed an influential Fanariote to the author, pointing to his marked fez (cap) "to be slaves; *they must needs brand us as such.*" A Turkish acquaintance told him at the same time. that he could not sleep for joy on hearing that

the rayas were forbidden to dress as Mussulmans, and he described the exultation among his countrymen in consequence.

Had Russia corrupted the divan in a body, she could not have procured a decree more favourable to her views.

On the first indication of a war for Turkey, sure to be early detected by her diplomacy, what would Russia do? what could she do? She would at once take possession of the country by *simply marching into it.* No opposition could be offered. She would send her squadron with the necessary *materiel* and troops to the Dardanelles, within four days sail.* She would then enrol

* Russia's means of transport on the Euxine are great. The Odessa trade places at her disposal from sixty to one hundred sail of merchantmen at any time. To her own six steamers add seven plying (in 1836) between Constantinople and other parts, to be engaged for hire. With their aid the three hundred miles between Sevastopol and the Bosphorus (wind fair and fresh during nine months of the year) are soon got over. Her means of communication are as rapid and certain. Weekly, her ambassador at the Porte communicates with Odessa and Sevastopol by steam, independent of the land post by Bucharest. He may reckon with certainty on his demand for a fleet and army being answered in kind

raya bands and establish them as a Christian police over the Mussulmans, as we saw practised in Roumelia in 1829-30. She is within one move of giving checkmate. The change would only be a transition: the Mussulmans would find themselves in the minority of the inhabitants of the soil: they would submit in astonishment.

' Many persons, I dare say, will doubt the correctness of the above sketch of the comparative condition of Russia and Turkey. Many persons who have assured us, of late years, of the sufficiency of an auxiliary force of ten thousand men and half-a-dozen line-of-battle ships to make Russia relinquish her grasp on Turkey, asserting the desire of the rayas to arm for the sultan,—the readiness of the Kurds (in active revolt for many years,) to furnish him with two hundred thousand men,—the ardour of all classes of Mussulmans to rise *en masse*, will consider the above reasoning exaggerated. Let such however visit Turkey, and they will see in every province and every department facts which bear it out: they will not be able to avoid seeing them, unless,

within fifteen days, as Russia is now constantly ready in the Black sea.

indeed they be of that class to whom a French writer refers, when he says, "rien ne parait difficile à ceux qui ont avancé un paradoxe; ils se trouvent dans la facheuse nécessité de le soutenir, et de chercher partout des autorités pour l'ériger en système." Misled by a fancied harmony and adhesiveness in Turkey, relying on a powerful co-operation on her part, many of our writers endeavoured to drag England single-handed into a war with Russia in behalf of Turkey, to plunge her, inadequately prepared, into a contest, which, on Russia's part, will be one *à l'outrance;* for she cannot permit any power save herself, or her creature, to hold the key of the Euxine. How fatally we should have been deceived! How irretrievably we should have staked our national honour! That alone—a Corunna or a Walcheren expedition—remained to ensure the fullest success to Russia. The advocates for Turkey's strength and nationality, however, had example before their eyes: they knew that in 1829 scarcely ten thousand men, from all parts of the empire (including then Syria) rallied to the "holy standard,"—though humiliation had not then cowed the nation,—though Adrianople

had not then felt the pollution of foreign soldiers, —though Russian troops had not then encamped on the Asiatic shore of the Bosphorus,—though Albania and Kurdistan had not then voted the sultan an infidel and acted up to their words. If, in that year, Diebitch's enfeebled, diseased army marched unopposed to within eighteen hours of Constantinople, hailed and assisted by the Christian inhabitants on its march, why should we expect a different result in the present day, when every schoolboy may know the absence of the hundred obstacles which then thwarted Russia:—the principalities, for example, and Bulgaria, which used to require twelve months to occupy, destroying an army by sickness, are now traversed in as many days;* the road over the Balkans, then impassable without pioneers in advance, is now macadamized in comparison; the feelings of the Christians of Roumelia, then doubtful, is now assured of, &c. &c.— Need we wonder however at the delusion? Were we not equally informed, in 1809,

* Russia has made a military road through Moldavia and Wallachia, with magazines ready for an army. She has a pontoon establishment on the Danube.

that Spain teemed with energy and nationality, every man ready to join our arms. By Spanish co-operation reckon that of Turkey: less, because the country does not offer the elements of guerilla warfare; infinitely less, because, I repeat, the population is split into great sections, differing in religion, manners, and desires, the dominant caste engaged in a civil strife of principles, the others, exulting in the discord of their masters.

We certainly may quote a work, containing a fund of sound information about the East, in favour of the arguments on Turkish regeneration. "Even supposing," says Mr. Hobhouse, "that the "partition of Turkey should be amicably settled "by the Christian powers, it appears to me "that the struggle would be protracted and san- "guinary, and that the Mussulmans, like the "volunteers of Mecca, who attacked the French "in Egypt, would, to a man, quit the defence of "their country and religion only with their "lives." But the fellow-traveller of Byron confesses his want of authority on the question, by admitting the barrier which he says existed twenty-five years since between Franks and Turks: he

notices the distaste of the Perotes to mingle with the natives. Had intercourse, however, existed as freely in those days, as Mr. Hobhouse could have wished, he might still have deceived himself with outward signs. He found the Ottomans, (just emerged victorious from a struggle of principles with the government,) still under the influence of Janissarism and turbans, fancying themselves the possessors of forgotten virtues. Unchanged in appearance and in institutions, they might still have deemed themselves the same people who conquered their fair empire: their pride of four centuries still slumbered, unbroken by successful revolt in Greece,—by the triumphant passage of the Hæmus.

France and England, or England and Austria combined, could, no doubt, impose laws on Russia, if so they pleased, in respect to that portion of the globe, called Turkey. Either union, however, is highly improbable, indeed we may say certain not to take place. Both those countries appear to have made their minds up on the subject, and their representatives at Constantinople take no pains to conceal the indifference of their respective cabinets. Both these powers are de-

termined not to draw the sword for an unattainable object—the regeneration of a decayed body: they see that although the Russian tide, setting on Turkey, might, by great efforts, be stayed, no materials exist with which to raise a permanent mound. Russia, they perceive, is like a rolling stone; Turkey the declivity: remove the support, the stone continues rolling. The idea of substituting the Greek for the Turk can no longer be entertained: Greece *was* a means to that end. Had that object been steadily pursued since the battle of Navarine, we might now perhaps have seen the shadow of the Lower Empire emerging out of darkness; but the nine years of irresolution from that date have thrown the cards into Russia's hands. She alone feels the pulse of the Greek and Armenian population; she alone has the key of its movements; she alone has its confidence. The Greek also adheres to the winning side; nine years of uninterrupted success in arms and policy on the part of Russia, have bound him to her cause, as much as religion and predilection. He knows that Russia can and will send armies and a fleet

to Constantinople: he thinks that England neither will nor can do so.

Nevertheless, in spite of the above disadvantages, we have yet a means of opposing Russia in the East: we have yet a weapon to use single-handed against her: we may yet act efficiently without caring for the assistance of Austria, which must ever be uncertain, chiefly because our interest is not particularly hers. Only change the direction of our efforts and we will give a new turn to the game. The chief strength of Russia has hitherto consisted in the obstinacy of her antagonists to occupy an untenable position. When we wish to divert a stream we generally raise a dyke where it runs with less force: when we wish to arrest a conflagration, we make a cut some way from the flame. At Constantinople, we are in the strength of the current, we are in the midst of the flame. A Russian army marches to it from Bessarabia, a Russian fleet sails to it from Sevastopol, at will: half the population of the city is in Russia's interest: the sultan is bound to her by a treaty: the Hellespont is closed to our ships—would you make your stand there? Look

rather at those provinces covered by Mount Taurus, flanked by the Mediterranean, the Persian gulf and the Red Sea—each sea open to us —and say if they do not form a better line of operations. Let us not abandon that line. With the deepest conviction I say, there lies our last chance. England's welfare and Europe's repose are, I will undertake to prove it, connected with the policy of profiting by the marvellous creation of the Egyptian power. If we neglect to act thus, Russia's ambition will have no bounds: everywhere, from the Bosphorus to the Red Sea, from the Caspian to the Indus, anarchy will be her sure ally.

Knowing the able and persevering efforts of the press in 1835-36, guided by representations from Constantinople, based on inverted statements of the strength of the Ottoman and Egyptian forces, to induce the English government to aid the sultan in recovering Syria, we cannot feel sufficiently grateful for our escape. That step would have thrown the sultan still closer into the arms of Russia, and have alienated Mehemet Ali from us. Such a scheme would have been practicable, as mentioned in another chapter, I do not say politic, in 1834, when

Syria was armed and the Lebanites in revolt: then, indeed, the army of the Taurus might have crossed the mountains and placed Ibrahim Pasha between two fires, while our squadron would have prevented Mehemet Ali from coming to his assistance by sea; but, in 1836, Ibrahim would have only had to repeat the scenes of Homs and Koniah, and again have marched on Scutari..

Divided in two parts, the empire, its resources wasted in supporting mutual armies of observation, is unable to resist Russia, was the only argument we heard cited to make us acquiesce in the necessity of coercing Mehemet Ali. A glance, however, at the subject, leaving out of the question the fact of the sultan's inferiority, shows its unsoundness. It implies, in the first place, that Turkey, with Syria, would be able to make head against Russia; secondly, that Syria used to obey its rule tranquilly, since, without that condition, the reacquisition would be of no gain. We need go no farther back than the war of 1828-29, (when Syria belonged to the sultan,) for an answer to the first proposition, and for the second, the history of the last hundred years proves the loose connexion between Syria and the Porte. The Porte never could be said to rule it, except-

ing through a rebellious pasha, who having obtained sufficient power to awe the neighbouring pashas and the Emir Bechir, then extorted his own investiture for life. Such was the case with Djezzar Pasha of St. Jean d'Acre.* On his death, however, the pilgrimage to Mecca, always a service of peril and difficulty, may be said to have entirely ceased, owing to the inability of the Porte to protect it: now, under Mehemet Ali, the pilgrims travel from Damascus with safety.

We fully agree with the advocates for re-establishing the Ottoman empire as it was prior to the Egyptian revolt, that if Syria were restored to the sultan with its army and organization, Turkey would be stronger. No one doubts it. Who, however, save the thoughtless or the enthusiastic, can dream of such a result?—Every one, with the slightest knowledge of Mehemet Ali and his son, know that, however they might *now* be attacked, with any forces, they would only yield up their dominion a wreck. The

* "En un mot presque toute la Syrie est à Djezzar, et les Osmanlis y sont détestés comme en Egypte."—*Extract of a report from Colonel Sebastiani to Buonaparte, October,* 1801.

absence of all domestic opposition in Syria since 1834, would enable them to make a protracted struggle. Is Mahmoud, we ask, unheeded in the cradle of his house, Asia Minor, the man to reduce the Arabs, bounding then with the elasticity of emancipated slaves, who detest the Ottomans, by whom they were conquered, of whose language they are ignorant?—No: but would not the Wahabites, cruel and fanatic beyond all sects, bursting from the desert, re-enact, in the name of God, the horrors of Kerbeleh (Imam Husseyin*) on the fertile plains, and in the rich cities of Syria? This consideration alone, did none other exist, viz. the devastating inroads of these ruthless barbarians who use religion to sanctify crime, should make

* The burying-place of Husseyin, grandson of the prophet. The Wahabites attacked it in the beginning of the century—put all, men, women, and children, to the sword—and carried off the spoils of its rich sanctuaries—shrine of the offerings of the Persian kings. Indignant, as well as the whole Persian nation, Feth Ali Schah raised an army to avenge the insult, intending to bury the savages in the ruins of Derayeh, their capital; but the appearance of the Russians on the banks of the Araxes, and troubles in Kurdistan, obliged him to employ his army at home.

us pause when we think of depressing the arm before whom they stand awed. Would Mahmoud, unable to restrain organized brigandage in Bosnia, be able to curb their excesses? Already Bagdad (under his rule) trembles in apprehension: the Wahabites hover round her precincts; they hunger for the spoils of her mosques, the blood of her children. Still more open to the fury of Ebn Sehoud's followers would Syria be, if the hand which now keeps under its exasperation and its passions fail of itself, wanting resources, as many of his political opponents, disappointed in their hopes of seeing him attacked, flatter themselves will be the case: for the consequence of an overpressed machine breaking is, that no part remains entire, but all flies into shivers—in a moral sense becomes chaos. No effort of the sultan, aided by his "natural and ancient allies," could make *him* profit thereby: *Russia alone would gain.* We have acted most wisely, in a way becoming the welfare of England, in declining any overt acts of late against Mehemet Ali, but we shall be equally guilty—of the sin of omission, if we do not at once exert our means, directly and indirectly, to sup-

port him. We must remember, that an oriental usurpation, however solid in appearance, is ever liable to a fall.

If we seek the causes of the ready control exercised by Russia over Turkey, we find it to lie in the disorganization of the provinces under the sultan: ergo, if Syria re-enter the same category, or relapse into anarchy, either by force, or through the exhaustion of Mehemet Ali, she will acquire an equal power there also, a power independent of contingencies,—of moral effect,—of the facilities of sowing dissensions,—*but existing by the actual order of things.* To reap the succession of Turkey, Russia has only to wait patiently: to win Syria requires more exertion; and we fain, apparently, would help her by discouraging the power who alone is able to hold it independent of her will.

The real question now before the public is to save a part or none of the Ottoman empire. To talk of preserving the whole is like undertaking to reunite a shattered mirror. IF WE LET MEHEMET ALI SINK, WE LOSE ALL; IF WE UPHOLD HIM, WE CERTAINLY PRESERVE THE HALF, WITH THE POWER THEREBY OF INFLUENCING THE FATE OF

THE OTHER HALF. We only embarrass the Eastern question by making the integrity of the Ottoman empire a vital quantity of it: that integrity—its fate—was signed at Adrianople,—sealed at Hunkiar Skellesi. Yet I believe that the word "integrity" is the only reason assigned by many persons, who otherwise see the policy of so doing, to restrain us from acknowledging Mehemet Ali. We respect their motives. We are told, that as our interest in the integrity of the Ottoman empire has been openly pronounced, so we are bound to uphold it. We will not say, that as the thing is impossible, the idea should be abandoned, or that grave interests should not be sacrificed for a shadow: we will not either say that Poland, the guaranteed of nations, having been given up, is a precedent—that the recognition of South America, of Greece, of Belgium, are precedents in point; but we maintain that the expression referred to a state of things not then existing—viz. the independence of Turkey—and therefore was invalid by every law. It was uttered in the conviction that Turkey was a free agent, and an independent state; but can that be admitted for one moment, when the stream which runs through

her capital is under the police of the Russian ambassador,—when the sea that washes above eight hundred miles of her shores is closed by Russia against the men-of-war of all other powers? If the French ambassador at London exercised the guardianship of the navigation of the Thames, if France excluded all other men-of-war from the Irish channel—should we term England an independent power?—Therefore we may deem ourselves honourably absolved from any self-imposed obligation towards Turkey, undertaken in the belief of her independence after that independence had ceased to exist. We insured the ship, supposing her sound; but she proves to have been at the moment dismasted and leaky.

We are also told, as a reason for not supporting Mehemet Ali, that he is in Russia's interests. Does not that argument rather apply to Mahmoud? Can we not cite fifty instances of the sultan's hostility to us during the last three years, as well as several of Mehemet Ali's good will?*

* The zealous aid afforded by Ibrahim Pasha to the Euphrates expedition is an earnest of good-will. Without him it would have failed at the outset. Arrived at the Sedgan river, the boundary of the Egyptian dominion, the boilers,

Granted, however, that it be so, whose is the fault? Is not our dubious conduct, one day stroking his beard and sending him gifts, another day threatening him with broadsides and procuring firmans against him from his nominal master, calculated to drive Mehemet Ali into Russia's arms. In his position—a false one—Mehemet Ali must lean on some power for support; but can anybody suppose a preference for Russia? In following our banner, he may picture empire for his heir; under Russian protection he can only expect toleration for awhile. He has everything to hope from an alliance with England: all to dread from Russian ambition. We may be sincere in auguring him lasting power and prosperity: Russia cannot be so.

His exactions, his monopolies, his task-work of

and other materials, of the ill-fated "Tigris," stopped, for the sultan's pasha refused the means of conveyance to Port William. Further, the Musselim of Bir (sultan's officer) would not allow any provisions to be supplied to the expedition, *not even for the sick.* On which Ibrahim, notwithstanding that the expedition, it is said, had given him reason to be uncourteous, furnished everything; conveyed the materiel *eight hours over the sultan's territory*, and supplied all the wants of our gallant countrymen.

the Fellahs, are quoted by some as ample reasons for desiring his downfal. They certainly are cruel; but what could he do?—He had to create, he has to maintain an army and a navy. Unable to obtain a loan, he saw himself obliged to force the resources of his country, and, another ill consequence of leaving him in an uncertainty about political independence, he is under the necessity of hoarding, for the purpose of securing a friend at need, or buying off an ill-timed attack. Sure, however, of his position, supported by England, the necessity of his rigour and his extortion will cease: he may then obtain a loan to enable the resources of his provinces to develop themselves fairly, and the consequent reduction he might then make of his army and navy will be an immense relief to his population. His military establishments are kept up to an unnatural height, because his title rests on no foundation except force, and he is liable to attacks of every kind on the part of the sultan. By discarding the master, we injure the serf; by admitting him to be what he has made himself, we shall favour humanity. Remember also, ye who philanthropise over the evils inflicted by the instruments of

civilisation in the hands of a despot, that the hardest condition of the new state of the Syrian is accomplished: the bending of the bow most taxed his strength.

Let us be just; let us recollect that whatever Mehemet Ali may have become by the force of circumstances, he owed the possession of Egypt to anything but tyranny. In 1804, Kourschid Pasha's Delhis rendered Cairo like a forest of brigands: if a citizen left his house he was shot at; if he remained in, the hand of oppression reached him, his wife's jewels were sold, and he himself imprisoned in order that he might buy freedom. The Greek patriarch abandoned the city. The neighbouring villages were ruined. The Imams invoked vengeance on the oppressor from the mosques. . . . . In despair, the principal inhabitants assembled in the mosque al Az-har. Thence repairing to the presence of the mollah, they declared Kourschid unfit to rule, and elected Mehemet Ali in his stead. Mehemet Ali at first declined the honour; but, like our Richard, yielded in time to the instances of his good citizens. Kourschid, refusing to be deposed by Fellahs, shut himself in the citadel, and ex-

changed fire with Mehemet Ali's Albanians: on which the Council of Notables sent a courier to the Porte to obtain a ratification of their choice. This was granted. June, 1804, saw Mehemet Ali governor of Egypt, by the voice of the people, and with the sultan's consent. June 17, the capitan pasha arrived at Alexandria to confirm him; and August 3, Kourschid completed the transaction by delivering up the citadel to Mehemet Ali's officers. The following three years showed the continued regard of the people for him. Notwithstanding that we used our influence with the Porte to have him deposed to make room for our creature, Elfy Bey; notwithstanding that the capitan pasha came to Alexandria, August, 1806, while civil war raged in Upper Egypt, to enforce the change in favour of Elfy, the troops held firm, and the sheicks petitioned the Porte anew to leave them Mehemet Ali. Scarcely had that storm passed over, than, as he was engaged in combating the desperation of the Mamelukes at Mangabat in Upper Egypt, the expedition under General Frazer arrived at Alexandria, March 17, 1807, and still farther tested his popularity. Let us draw a veil over the scenes

which followed. We will give a sigh to the fate of the indiscreet Wacop, to the fate of the gallant M'Cleod, and merely say that, September 14, Mehemet Ali wrote to say he had obeyed the sultan's command, in that "the soil of Egypt should cease to be polluted by the English."

To restore in some measure that happy identity of interests between Mehemet Ali and his subjects depends on us.

A parallel case, it might be said, existed in Ali Pasha of Yanina. Equally a soldier of fortune, his talents raised him to regal sway: equally a rebel, he extorted concession of territory from the Porte. Possessing a fine army, an efficient police, and good roads, he figured as a respectable power. He ruled all lower Albania, and part of the upper Province. Suppose now, for the sake of argument, that we had supported him in the first place, and afterwards, profiting by the Greek revolution, had it then occurred that we had united Greece with his dominions under certain guarantees, either as a feudatory of the sultan or independent, should we not have created a formidable barrier to Russia? Would she, in the face of it, have crossed the

Balkans in 1829? Might we not, with that nucleus, have gradually incorporated all the Christians of European Turkey, alluring over also those of Asia Minor? That combination was not thought of: the sultan was permitted to crush Ali Pasha. What has he gained thereby? Nothing. He gained the club, but not the arm of the Hercules. Deprived of the authority which had forcibly organised it, Albania at once resolved itself into its original elements of revolt, civil strife, and brigandage—and so remains.

I presume that no statesman of that day, seeing through the veil of Turkish weakness, and anticipating the rapid strides of Russia, would have thrown away so valuable a card as Ali Pasha of Yanina.

Thus will be said hereafter if we throw away a better card—Mehemet Ali of Egypt. His power is similar to Ali Pasha's in its dubious connexion with the Porte: it surpasses it in organisation and in locality: it may equally (more urgent the necessity) be used as a counterpoise to Russia.

Many persons in those days, I doubt not, raised the same cry about Ali Pasha's position, and declaimed on the impossibility of Turkey,

thus divided, recovering herself. They have long since acknowledged their error.

And if, on a like view of the subject, Mehemet Ali's power be *allowed to perish*, politicians who now rejoice will, ere five years, repent. They will find Russia still more preponderating; they will find no basis on which to establish operations. Mehemet Ali offers us now that basis to act on, either for opposing Russia's views on Turkey, or of letting her have the country shorn and flanked. Can we hesitate? The power of Russia over Turkey is, it cannot be too often repeated, guaranteed by the *status quo* maintained by England, which allows the sultan and Mehemet Ali to watch each other like cat and dog; in other words, to harass their respective populations with conscription. Each accession of weakness to Turkey adds to Russian influence; each decline of strength in Mehemet Ali diminishes our means of opposing Russia. The maintenance of the *status quo* is our deed, but Russia enjoys the fruit of it.

Political sagacity, we are informed, consists in foreseeing a result and adapting a timely policy in unison. Let us beware of remaining by the

volcano till the eruption bursts forth! Let us not slumber on the idea of the regeneration of Turkey till we are rudely awakened by the Cossacks! More than people usually imagine, is Turkey bound to Russia by her own ministers, effect of their position. We may flatter ourselves from time to time with the devotion of one or the other of them, but sooner or later we discover that our confidence has been wooed for the advantage of our rival. Presents, hopes, and, more than all, fear, make them Russia's creatures. My readers know who they are; men standing alone in the country, hated by the nation as the instruments of the reform. Knowing themselves to be marked out as the first offerings to popular re-action, they suffer their patriotism, if men of their origin can have that virtue, to be absorbed in nature's first law. Of necessity corrupt in order to satisfy their master, of necessity Russian as a personal caution, they listen to wholesome counsel with about as much interest as a losing gamester attends to a lecture on prudence. Go to any one of them with a sound plan and empty-handed, you will be rejected; but go with a ruinous scheme of a monopoly tied to a

bag of gold, and his excellency may listen to you. By devoting himself to Russia, a Turkish minister in the present day is certain of personal safety and riches; she can ensure him from the anger of the sultan now as well as from popular excitement hereafter, and she can feed his avarice. Their master also is Russia's creature as well as her ally; whether influenced by gratitude for the apparently disinterested assistance which she afforded him in 1833, or by the conviction of her power, I will not undertake to say, but such is the fact. We cannot separate Sultan Mahmoud and Russia, as many, with higher means of information than the author possesses, are fully aware of. We may, however, place Mehemet Ali in the same position respecting us, and then the field of contest will be decided; for let us bear in mind, that the struggle in the East is not between sovereign and subject, but between Russia and England. We shall have advantages to balance our rival's proximity to the theatre of operations. Russia will have Turkey and her divided interests, we shall have Egypt and Syria with their organisation: the sultan's star is in the wane, that of Mehemet Ali

is rising: Russia aims at the former's downfall, we shall only desire the prosperity of the latter.

Thus determined, we may await the denouement of the plot without any apprehensions about the result. It might be wise to leave the initiative of overt acts to Russia. She will continue attaching the rayas to her interests, letting the Mussulmans smoke on in the course which is yearly rendering the thought of a change of masters less obnoxious, and making them regard resignedly a lot already considered as predestined. While Sultan Mahmoud lives, nothing serious, probably, will occur: Russia will respect him, as much perhaps from a sense of decorum, as because the pear will not be ripe during his life. Dread of Mahmoud's temper will keep revolt from extending beyond the mountains of Mesopotamia and the Albanian hills; but on his death, the partisans of the old system (the nation, minus the court and the employés) will rise for the recovery of their rights.* The heir apparent

* By an excess of impolicy difficult to understand, Sultan Mahmoud, in 1836, ordained the organisation of an armed militia all over Turkey, since rapidly carried into effect. Of

(at present a lad) brought up *à la Turque* in the seraglio, knowing no more of the people than the eunuchs and the ministers of his father, will be unable to regulate the movement: therefore, in support, and according to the spirit of her treaty of alliance, Russia will march in an army of occupation.

We may then safely say, that the dynasty of Othman has ceased to exist. The phantom of power, it is true, may still remain at Constantinople, but it will be in the same relation to St. Petersburgh as the kingdom of Oude to Calcutta, left as a bunch of grapes in a net, to pluck when convenient. The vice-royalty, now exercised by Russia cautiously, though openly, through her ambassador, may then be left in the hands of the puppet sultan. Turkey, already fast becoming so by the tendency of existing interests, will then be in all respects, whether the blue cross wave over St. Sophia or not, as a Russian province.

If, however, we act skilfully until then, a new kingdom, composed of Egypt, Syria, and Bagdad,

course they will take the earliest opportunity of fighting—not against Russia, but for their privileges. In that respect, the *redif* will prove the Janissaries revived.

will be ready to check Russia at the Taurus, willing also to cross it, if need be, aided by England, in order to have a voice in the Ottoman succession. Already the favourite and far-famed residence of Haroun al Raschid, surrounded by Arab tribes docile to Ibrahim Pasha, and by the warlike tribes of Kurdistan, only nominally obeys the sultan's pasha: one proclamation from the heir of Mehemet Ali, one of his brigades, would place the country at his disposal from Moussoul to the Persian Gulf. Our extensive influence in the province of Bagdad ought to be exerted at once in effecting a union between it and Syria; it could be done bloodlessly. If we wait until the fall of the Ottoman empire, *it will be too late:* Russia or anarchy will then have it. Persia has never given up her right to Bagdad, since wrested from her by Amurath IV.: she will then urge her ancient claim to it, excited by Russia, and backed by a Russian army. If Mehemet Ali should choose to take possession of Bagdad this year or the next, let us acquiesce in the deed and support him there as we now do in Syria. The sultan's remonstrances on the subject should be met by fair reasoning: we should endeavour to make

him feel his own gain in Mehemet Ali's greatness—his firmest bulwark in his powerful subject's independence: we should endeavour to make him understand the superiority of a Mussulman ally, under British protection, to an ambitious tributary ready to join in any scheme to weaken him: we should impress on his mind, that Mehemet Ali crowned would willingly join him against the common enemy of Islamism; lend his troops to quell revolt for him as well as for himself, and his officers to discipline the Ottoman soldiery: for Mehemet Ali would, of course, infinitely prefer a Turkish neighbour to a Russian one. Would not this be a worthy object for our diplomacy at Constantinople? If, however, pride and obstinacy should render the sultan deaf to these unanswerable arguments, are we to sacrifice our best interests for an "integrity" which does not exist,—for a sovereign who is little more than a vassal of Russia?

Austria should prepare herself to occupy, at the same time, Albania, Servia, Bosnia, Thessaly and Macedonia, westward of Mounts Rhodope and Despoto. The possession of Dalmatia implies that of Bosnia: Albania already acknowledges

her influence. Greece, then, might be united with Albania: scarcely supporting herself now on the three-legged stool of England, France, and Russia, she will be unable to stand alone in the shock of the fall of the Ottoman empire. Austria would thus be placed in juxtaposition with Russia as she now is with France, on account of Italy; and experience teaches us, that she requires something to defend, an object of envy to another power, to excite her energies. In conjunction we might occupy Candia and Cyprus, with other isles, as may be deemed requisite. We need anticipate no objection on the part of Mehemet Ali to our flag waving over the cities of Crete.

Thus flanked, Turkey would not prove a bed of roses to Russia.

Albania would be safe from her ambition. During his life, Scanderberg resisted the efforts of the Ottoman empire under Amurath and Bajazet: supported by Europe, his country would not have fallen under the yoke.

She would not dare to threaten the Arabian kingdom. Leaving its own force out of the question, supported constantly by our Mediterranean squadron, we could pour in reinforcements to any

extent from India by the Red Sea and by the Persian Gulf. Easy to follow General Baird's footsteps! Easy to land at Bussorah and march up, the *materiel* of the troops being conveyed on the Euphrates, to the valleys of the Orontes, &c.

Once before, in as critical a period, the East presented a similar picture. Europe neglected it, and long mourned in consequence. Will she now be so indifferent? When the victorious Ottoman marched on Constantinople, and long after he reposed in her bowers, Egypt and Syria remained independent under the caliph: Albania, Bosnia, and Servia, typified their present condition: Candia, Rhodes, Cyprus, &c. acknowledged the power of the Christian. Say, if instead of lamenting over the fate of the Greek empire, as we now mourn the prostration of Turkey; if, instead of alarming herself with visions of Turkish aggrandisement, talking high and doing nothing, Europe had upheld and encouraged those states, would the Ottoman crescent have arched so wide and have shone so brightly? Would the Ottoman dynasty have ruled in the seraglio to this hour? No, certainly not: but the caliph sank unheard of—uncared for; he fell unnoticed into the hands

of the victorious Selim. Albania was simply admired for her heroism; soliciting arms, she rereceived applause. Candia and Cyprus fell unaided, save by a few noble volunteers of France, amidst the tears and the blood of their inhabitants. The knightly monks, their valour extorting the plaudits of Europe, were suffered to bury themselves under the walls of their last stronghold. The result of all which was—Christendom trembled, and Germany narrowly escaped exchanging the Bible for the Koran.

The tide of conquest rolled, foaming and lashing, up to the very gates of Vienna. Sobieski turned it, September 12, 1683.

Singular parallel of history! the same fault committed in that year by the grand vizir, which saved Germany, repeated in principle one hundred and twenty-nine years later, preserved Russia from French dictation. Hungary, as my reader knows, her valour being in those days surpassed by a hatred of Austria, forgot religion and patriotism in party rancour, and entered into an alliance with the Ottoman. Under Tekeli, she formed the van of the mighty army of Kara Mustapha. Tekeli prayed the vizir to employ

the first campaign in organising the Hungarian territory, and in rooting out all vestiges of Austrian domination. Kara Mustapha disregarded the politic counsel, and marched straight on Vienna. We know the result. Equally did honour, policy, and justice, invoke Napoleon to re-establish Poland, before advancing into Russia; Poniatowski urged the step as warmly as Tekeli had done before him in regard of Hungary. As vainly! Equally did faith in his star blind Napoleon to the consequences of a reverse, and lead him to forego the gratitude of a noble race. What a basis for either army! At the moral aspect of the enemy advancing on the enthusiasm and independence of the Hungarians or the Poles, Austria and Russia would, severally, have quailed. Sobieski's lances would have shivered against the Ottomans, supported by liberated Hungary: Russia would have spread her snows harmless before the Corsican, warmed by resuscitated Poland. Alas!—Both leaders expiated cruelly their error: Kara Mustapha perished by the bowstring; Napoleon realised the Promethean fable. Each leader marched from home pre-assured of victory, with the finest army

yet created in either empire—fortune's traitor kiss! Compare the two hundred thousand Ottomans, led by four tributary princes and twenty pashas, crossing the Save under the eyes of the grand vizir, with the passage over the Niemen of the grand army, its kings and its marshals, under the direction of the great captain. As the progress of Ottoman grandeur to the lightning career of Napoleon, so is its decay to his sudden fall—slower in due proportion, but as sure. Kara Mustapha's flight from before Vienna proved as fatal to the one cause as the retreat from Moscow was to the other. Universal empire was the stake played for in either case, and lost—lost by denying justice, respectively, to Hungary and to Poland.

Who is there, we ask, looking back at the state of the East, in those days, but must admit that ordinary sagacity, applied to obvious resources, would have effectually chained the Ottoman in Constantinople? The break up of the Greek empire into small states, *which remained unsuccoured*, was the real secret of the Turk's success. Who is there that reflects on the above-stated indifference of Europe to the fate of those portions,

but must smile at hearing historians gravely cite the simple possession of Constantinople as the talisman of his greatness.

Some writers seem to argue on the presumption that all parts of the nominal Turkish empire are linked with Constantinople. Whichever way they turn, Constantinople—its position, its advantages, its Hellespont, its Bosphorus—greets their sight, and raises their alarm. Let us place a hand, however, between our eyes and the dazzle of Rome's fair daughter, view the question as briefly stated, take common precautions, profit by the materials at hand, anticipate certain results, and we venture to say, that the song of the alarmists will prove romance. That portion of Turkey, viz. Roumelia and Asia Minor, which Russia will obtain, has resources, I grant—broad plains, connecting seas and rich mountains—but the chief element of grandeur is wanting, population and union. Her new subjects, moreover, will give Russia some trouble. As materially as the Greek is aiding Russia in obtaining the country, may he embarrass her afterwards; he may not find her so amiable as a sovereign as she now appears in the character of a

protector. Enlightened to his own interest, shrewd, accustomed to freedom of speech under the Ottoman, he may open a channel for the introduction of liberalism into Russia. To which chance add diversity of manners and the distance between St. Petersburgh and Constantinople, the result will be two kingdoms. Already, of late years, a schism on commercial grounds is operating silently, but surely, between Northern and Southern Russia, certain to widen rapidly with every fresh accession of territory southward and eastward. Already Odessa rivals Riga: Taganrock is in competition with St. Petersburgh. The produce of Lithuania, which used to find vent on the Baltic shores, now swells the Odessa market; the products of Siberia, heretofore carried to the Neva, now descend the Volga, thence by the Don to the Euxine.

If prepared, Sweden may then renew her claims to Finland and Courland—may perchance become annexed to the northern division of the Russian empire, under her own sovereign. We may be certain that one head will not rule many years over both St. Petersburgh and Constantinople.

Two such empires, and Europe would be the gainer by Russian ambition.

But this is speculation: we are dealing with positive results.

To win Turkey, Russia has laid a deep mine: we must meet her with as deep a counter-mine: she has laid her plans a long while in advance: the deed of to-day is the result of years of long thought. If we do not so act, when the hour arrives for resettling the Ottoman empire—come it soon will—we shall see her enter the arena ready at all points, while we shall be trying to learn the exercise. This, no person can deny it, has hitherto been our lot. To our carelessness about the state of the country, Russia chiefly owes her success. We knew not the condition of Turkey, whether shackled by reform, or embarrassed by revolt; we knew not where or how to oppose her enemy. Shall we commit the same error in the last act of the drama? Britain's genius forbid!

We have yet time to learn the question thoroughly. Satisfy ourselves of the impossibility of remodelling Turkey in the face of Russia with the actual materials in hand—of the fact, that

whether we cajole or threaten, we neither accelerate nor retard the catastrophe—and the difficulties of the question become as smooth as velvet. Time is yet granted us to prepare Egypt, Syria, and Bagdad, for their new parts, and to bind Mehemet Ali to us faithfully: but we must be stirring; every month lost by us is a year gained to Russia. We need not say how we ought to proceed in order to accomplish the end; the course being resolved on, the means will present themselves, so as to give a firm settlement to Mehemet Ali's kingdom, and to cause it to pass tranquilly down to his son.

Is Ibrahim Pasha the man to follow in his father's track? He is. He might not have built the ship, but he can navigate her. I should even say that he is the better qualified now, of the two, to rule. He is opposed to the two faults of Mehemet Ali's policy, which are—the war in Arabia, and the encouragement of manufactures: he will save his troops a deadly service by treating with the scheyks of the former, and he will turn his people's labour to a better account by agriculture. Russia, in our place, would instruct her agents in Asia Minor to instil into

the natives' minds the proximity of the fatal hour, and the vanity of expecting succour; but she would revive their hopes by hinting at the renewal of the caliphate, giving out, in the language of their religion, the ruling destiny of Mehemet Ali, and she would invite them to reflow on Syria in order to avoid the rule of the "yellow-haired ghiaour." By every Mussulman, thus withdrawn from Asia Minor, we should diminish the value of Turkey, and increase in an equal ratio the power of Mehemet Ali.

Under such auspices, Egypt, Syria, and Bagdad will rapidly improve; increase of English trade, already fast increasing in Mehemet Ali's dominions, will not only follow, but soon surpass the commerce now carried on by us in the whole of the Turkish empire. We have to choose between the markets of Egypt, the success of which depends on our friendship, or the markets of Turkey, over which we can hardly be said to exercise any control. The former may be extended under our protection; the latter will every year become more dependent on Russia.

The comparative freedom of our trade with

Turkey is one of the arguments made use of to show that Russia should not be allowed to occupy that country. It may be an argument, but it is no weapon. Without alluding again to the monopolies and stamp-duties of Sultan Mahmoud, which in many cases make the three per cent. duty to which the Frank is liable a fiction, we do not see why our imports with Turkey should be diminished under a Russian government. Because Russia restricts the importation of British manufactures, taking one third more of them, nevertheless, than France does, we are told that she will extend the same rigour to Turkey. May not the deduction, however, be erroneous? Russia knows that whether she at present reciprocate or not, England will have recourse to her for various articles, on the principle that a rich man frequents the best shop. Prove any substitute to be as good for our manufactories and shipping as many of her productions are, and her tariff will adapt itself to our wishes. In like manner, could we buy wines, brandies, &c. as good elsewhere as in France, our flannels and cottons would find readier admission there. Hitherto Russian produce has found no competition in

our markets; but the chief exports of Turkey, silk, opium, cotton, &c., are to be produced of as fine qualities in other parts: our allies of Egypt, Syria, and Bagdad, will furnish us equally well: therefore Russia, on becoming mistress of Turkey, will probably feel the wisdom of equalisation in order to induce us to frequent her Mediterranean ports. Also, as long as Turkey remains nominally independent, Russian influence acts on Turkish ignorance and corruption to maintain the present deplorable system; but in her hands the checks on industry will be removed, and Turkey may in a few years offer a larger market. From the year when the first English ship entered the port of St. Petersburgh, have we lost commercially by Russian domination? From the peace of Kainardji, (1774,) which opened the ports of Southern Russia to our flag, have we gained nothing by Russian conquests? Russia is now able to supply herself in some measure, but have we not had a century of advantageous commerce with her while she formed the new countries under her rule? The same may be expected to take place in Turkey, until

it also becomes sufficiently peopled and united, to be independent of foreign manufactures.

As to our trade by the way of Trebizonde, which, it is feared, Russia might interfere with if in possession of Turkey, we may observe that she has already direct power over its course by sea and by land if she choose to exercise it; and the navigation of the Danube, with other causes, as mentioned before, will probably cause our prospects in that quarter to decline before legitimate rivalry. At all events, we should do wisely to transfer that trade to the route by Syria and Bagdad, thus reviving the ancient navigation of the Euphrates and the Tigris, a route out of Russia's way, whereas that by the ancient Trapezus, excluding the chance of competition, is close to her frontier. The influence of commerce on the inhabitants between Trebizonde and Persia tends solely to the benefit of Russia; but that by Syria and Bagdad, will civilise the natives, to *our* advantage.

Hitherto we have treated the question of Turkey *per se*: we have endeavoured to prove that the dreaded union of Russia and Constantinople

may exist without detriment to England—*provided always* that the Arabic power of Mehemet Ali be consolidated. We will now go a step farther, and show, we think, the dependence of England's welfare on this very union. One glance at the map, and a few words will suffice. Russia must aggrandise in self-defence: extension being as much a condition of her existence, as growth is that of a child's: employment also must be found for her army; at present the Caucasus suffices, but that valve will not always serve. IF SHE COME NOT INTO TURKEY, SHE WILL GO INTO PERSIA. Which shall we prefer? To one or the other we must submit, to both, perhaps, eventually; but at present we may choose the lesser evil: and choosing that, we gain time to avert the other. For my part, rather than warn Russia off Turkey, I would entice her into it: she at present has all the advantages of the military position of Constantinople; I would give her also the embarrassment of governing it. We may argue as we please on the balance of power, on the trade of Turkey, &c.; but the real object of all our proceedings in connexion with the East must ever be INDIA, the barrier to which is

—not Turkey, but Persia. The road to Lahore does not lie through the sultan's states, but it runs directly across Persia. The wave of Russian conquest may break on the Mediterranean shores, but if it swell in the region of Fire-worshippers, it will undulate even unto the spicy ocean, engulfing the crowns of central Asia in its course, and bearing on its crests the disaffected princes of Northern India. The day is gone by when diplomacy and promises can lead to any result in Persia. Had we indeed continued after the peace to assist the Schah with money and counsel, the latter being listened to for the sake of the former, and the pride of *caste* not standing in the way as in Turkey, the country might now present a better aspect. Apparently we never thought of Russia. As long as we entertained apprehensions of Napoleon arraying Persia in his interests, we subsidised the Schah with £300,000 or £400,000 a year, and sent him Indian officers to organise for him a park of artillery—since gone to ruin: but now that we are opposed in that country by a power incalculably more formidable, inasmuch as it is contiguous, and is the consequence of a system, we content ourselves with sending him a few

officers and drill sergeants with some stands of arms. Can we then be surprised if our influence, notwithstanding that English gold, aided by the talents of Sir Henry Bethune, and Sir John Campbell, recently placed the Schah on the musnud, notoriously declines before Russian preponderance? Can we wonder if the Schah leans on the power with twenty thousand men within a fortnight's march of his capital? Would he not be an ass to slight it for the sake of our professions and presents? He may listen to the former, and he will accept the latter, but for all the good they will do us, the one might as well remain unsaid, and the other be sent to St. Petersburgh. Persia, we may be assured, with her scanty, disjointed population, is a mere shadow, no ways able to oppose Russia; and therefore if we think it worth while to keep anything between that power and India, we had better apply ourselves seriously to the task: we had better reflect in time that "cohesiveness," "regenerative principle," "free trade," "municipal institutions," vanish severally and collectively before matèrial force. We may be assured that we shall not have a voice approaching to equality at Teheran until Bagdad

acquire strength under a ruler united to us by the tie of commerce and by the stake of independence. Till then, we want the chief weapon of Russia—the key of negotiation—the facility of backing arguments by force.

To guard Calcutta we must give up Constantinople. Once in possession of the latter city, Russia will have enough to do without the thinking of India: we shall gain time, at all events, to push our frontier to the Indus. Should she ever then turn her views eastward of the Caspian, she will leave her Turkish provinces open to Arabo-Syriac aggression, which will ever find a ready support throughout Asia Minor, in the adherents of the fallen house of Othman. Inapproachable now except through the guns of the Hellespont, and the ice of the Baltic, she will then be vulnerable on many sides.

While neglecting to insure the independence of Mehemet Ali, we incur also risks from another quarter. France, if he be permitted to sink as a dependence of Turkey, will seek to accomplish an hereditary object, gratifying at the same time the darling whim of the nation. The policy of the French cabinet is obvious. Consider-

ing Turkey, as Sebastiani said, *un cadavre*,—the necessary consequence, dissection—she has already seized the scalpel. From Algiers she designs to march to Tunis; from Tunis to Tripoli; thence to Egypt, if circumstances favour the acquisition of that country; if not, form an alliance with its ruler, and cement it by the partition of Tripoli. The base of the plan of operations, in which all Christendom will heartily join, to exclude us from the Mediterranean, will then be securely laid.

This is not visionary. How readily, as the crisis advances, may the twenty thousand men in Algiers be increased to fifty or a hundred thousand men! As ready a pretext as gave her Algiers will arise for annexing Tunis,* and the late occupation of Tripoli by the Porte will favour her

* In the spring of 1836, the newly-appointed French consul at Tunis refused, in open divan, to kiss the bey's hand; averring that his orders forbad him to submit to the formality. Thus a similar official agent goaded on the Dey of Algiers. Two months afterwards the French smoothed the insult by offering the Bey of Tunis the protection of their squadron against the expected attack of the capitan pasha.

Thus often is the march of aggrandisement—first, *insult*—secondly, *protection*—thirdly, *occupation*.

views that way. Besides, on Turkey falling, if Tunis and Tripoli be then Turkish, no legal obstacle—not that such disturb them—will exist to keep off French hands; the same reasoning will apply to Egypt, if permitted to sink as part of the Ottoman empire. France would gladly abandon the onerous possession of Algiers for the acquisition of obedient Egypt.

We erred, many think, in allowing the Porte to interfere with Tripoli, and we shall be wanting to ourselves, if we do not take the affairs of the regency speedily into our hands, one way or the other. The Porte can make no use of it. From the hour she seized on Tripoli (in 1834) defeat has attended the Ottoman troops on its sultry shores: from that hour the claims of our merchants on the late regency have remained unheeded in the chancery at Constantinople: from that hour British trade in the regency has been nearly ruined by the arbitrary proceedings of the sultan's officers, which do not even respect our consular agents. It was humiliating enough to see ourselves insulted and our subjects bastinadoed at Constantinople, but we are now outraged, it may

be said, under the very guns of Malta. The occupation of Tripoli by the sultan, whatever the advocates of Ottoman supremacy may say to the contrary, amounts, I repeat, to a direct usurpation, fully justifying the hostility of the natives. Custom makes law in Turkey: a precedent is considered more binding than a treaty. The Caramanli family had occupied Tripoli, with sovereign rights, acknowledged by all Europe, above a century, and, therefore, the sultan had no more claim to it, *in the eyes of Mussulmans*, than we should have, under similar circumstances, to the United States. In the spirit of the Sublime Ottoman Porte, the sultan accepted presents from each of the contending pashas; flattered both; offered his mediation as suzerain lord; then, sending down a squadron, deposed the reigning prince, Aly, and compelled his rival (our protegé) to flee to the desert, where he was shortly afterwards murdered. The Ottomans occupy the cities on the coast, but obtain no footing in the interior. The sultan, even allowing him double the resources he has, will never be able to hold the country. Who, then, shall enjoy the fruit of the interregnum?—England or

France? Determined in their resistance to the sultan, ever ready to rise after each temporary arrangement, the scheyks of the regency, in default of our aid, *for which they pray*, will seek French protection, *which will be accorded.* Shall we neglect to secure this most necessary appendage to our Mediterranean possessions? Malta might not find her market well supplied, nor would our fleet obtain fresh beef easily, should Barbary be under French domination. We must establish an interest on the coast between French influence and Egypt.

All that is under the Porte may be turned to our detriment, either through Russian influence in the present day, or through the fall of Turkey offering her and France the means of aggrandisement. The inference deducible therefrom is, that we should oppose the Porte in her attempts to regain dominion, as well as attach to us the portions of the empire separating of themselves, and springing with new life on casting off their slough. We should carefully re-construct a new edifice out of the materials of the old one: Russia is so acting in the north, let us do so in the south. Securing to ourselves thereby allies

under any contingency, we aid the Porte at the same time by contracting the sphere of her operations: without troops to defend the capital, obliged to maintain one army in Albania and another in Mesopotamia, to awe insurrection, she can ill-afford additional drains on the shores of Barbary, or indulge in vain speculations for the conquest of Syria.

Can we hesitate? Can we allow ourselves to be drawn from our straight, our honourable path, by the terms "faith with Turkey," when every year she breaks faith with us,—or the "right of the Ottoman dynasty," when that right depends on a stroke of the emperor of Russia's pen; and by the epithets "rebellious subject," "cold-blooded tyrant," &c., of late so liberally applied to Mehemet Ali. Such language might have sounded tuneful a few years since, when he strove, first covertly, then openly, to pass the line where rebellion finishes and power begins. We apparently forget, that as far back as 1827, we held out hopes to the pasha that Egyptian independence might be acknowledged by England, provided he withdrew his army from the Morea, which bait, however, not feeling himself then sufficiently

strong to do, and unable to obtain express guarantees from the negotiators, Mehemet Ali civilly evaded. When his son marched on Constantinople in 1832, we did not offer to check his career in any way. And, first of any nation, we tacitly acknowledged his position by sending an agent (*quasi* minister) to reside at his court, and by withdrawing our consuls throughout his dominions from the jurisdiction of our consul-general at Constantinople. We fostered the rebel; now we scorn the potentate. When his aid was immaterial to our interests, we called him the "civilised Turk!" the "enlightened pasha!" now, when more of our national grandeur, more than we like to confess, depends on our cementing his power, we denounce him as the "exterminator of the Mamelukes!" as "the oppressor of the Fellahs!" We have led him up to the steps of the throne, shall we allow another to crown him?* Would not that be weakness?

Such a line of policy adopted by England

* The United States already consider Mehemet Ali as a sovereign. In October, 1836, the American commodore gave Mehemet Ali at Alexandria a royal salute of twenty-one guns.

would ring harsh in the ears of the Russian cabinet. Russia hopes that we shall continue the diplomatic war at the Porte,—aiming at a decoration or a snuff-box from the sultan, or a paragraph of praise in the "Moniteur Ottoman," until a new Belgic question, or another "glorious three days," or a reform of the House of Lords, shall allow her to gather unquestioned the fruit of the tree so carefully watered and tended. She hopes that we shall persevere in alienating the Egyptian by withholding the alliance so earnestly prayed for, in committing the Porte by promises, which, though listened to, will neither meet acceptance, nor be realised. Strange infatuation! we persist in thinking the sultan ours at heart, notwithstanding the scorn and injury we have heaped on him —tearing away Greece!—destroying his fleet!—instigating his rebels!—dismissing his ministers! Know we not that revenge is a mightier passion than patriotism—that more than one throne has fallen from a pique?

Aware, however, of the abandonment of the course *chalked out for us in the cabinet of St. Petersburgh*, Russia will attempt to foil our new game by encouraging Mahmoud's hatred for

Mehemet Ali, trusting to direct, after her own fashion, the convulsion of civil war; calculating on placing England—again undecided, again wavering between the parties—in a fresh false position. Prepared for it, we should instantly proclaim an alliance with the sultan of Egypt. No half measures! Should Russia, then, choose to make her treaty with the Porte offensive, let her do so: we could not enter the lists on more equal terms: we could not open a general war under fairer auspices. Even if Europe should leave us to fight the good battle by ourselves, our means suffice. We could stand our ground at the Taurus, fortified by the care of Ibrahim Pasha, while our squadron would command the Archipelago. Nay, more; we might, by supporting our Egyptian ally with troops from India and England, advance securely into Asia Minor. Add to this, the facility, under such auspices, of influencing Persia, Bokhara, Khorassan, &c., all through the means of Ibrahim Pasha. *Then, indeed,* we might profit by the state of Circassia. Russia is only to be checked by Asia, led on by England. Europe, occupied and distracted by its jealousies and its fears, will not, cannot do it.

We should array ourselves—easy for us—at the head of the Mussulman interest of Asia, against the advance of the Russian.

Any vision may be indulged in on the sole condition of taking up and strengthening the newly-formed Arabian power: at all events, safety to India, repose to Europe, and restraint to Russia. On this condition, and none other is forthcoming, depends a war between Russia and England, with a prospect of success for the latter, or of a peace with honour.

But there is no time to be lost. Russian influence in the East yearly increases in an accelerated ratio, while her motives for delay decrease inversely. In a few years, if we remain content with the *status quo*, she will be ready—Circassia be brought to terms, and the embers of Polish hatred be smothered. The gigantic scheme of Catherine rolls on towards its completion: already the fate of Turkey is like a parchment fairly written, only wanting signature to complete the document. Russia resembles an avalanche suspended over Turkey, waiting the sun of opportunity to precipitate itself.

The truth of a proposition is often best shown

by stating the converse. We have endeavoured to show how important Mehemet Ali may become in the Eastern game, allied with us; let us now glance at the inevitable result of a war against Russia, with the sultan as our ally. In this case the Egyptian would necessarily be opposed to us. We concede, of course, for the sake of the argument, that Mahmoud is ready to break with Russia: we concede her inability to paralyse his first movements, to fetter him by his own treaty: we leave out of the question the rayas of the capital; we concede that we can send a fleet and army to Constantinople without any obstruction at the Dardanelles, and that the distance of our resources may be met by lavish expenditure. All this being granted, what then?—In league with Mehemet Ali, Russia would support Ibrahim with an army from Georgia, only fifteen days' march from his lines. Armenia would rise at *her* call, and Kurdistan would rally to the Egyptian's voice. Deducting the garrisons of Egypt, of Arabia, of Candia, Ibrahim could bring into the field forty thousand troops and sixty field-pieces;* to

* Ibrahim Pasha's force in Syria, in 1836, consisted of sixty-four battalions, each said to consist of eight hundred

which add fifteen or twenty thousand Russians, with artillery and engineers, and as many Kurdish cavalry as he might please to act as Cossacks: these would advance unmolested by the roads of Angora and Kuitaya. The display in Europe would be still more imposing. I will not venture to decide on the force Russia could bring down, but, of whatever nature, her army would find the road from Bessarabia to Constantinople open.

Our fleet, however numerous, independent of one in the channel, could not oppose these land operations. It might scour the Euxine, but the Russians *would be safe in Sevastopol*: it might blockade Alexandria, but the Egyptians would be *protected by the guns and rocks of the harbour*. It might throw arms into Lebanus, and land powder on the coast of Abasia; but almost as soon as they would be picked up, Paskewitch and Ibrahim would salute each other on the op-

men—perhaps six hundred would be truth: twelve regiments of cavalry, one regiment of sappers and miners; four regiments of artillery, viz. one horse train of thirty guns, one mule train of thirty guns, and two foot trains—total above one hundred and twenty guns. He had also a considerable force of irregular cavalry, composed of Bedouins, Kurds, and Turcomans.

posite shores of the Bosphorus — masters of Turkey!

Here is our choice. Two hundred thousand men will scarcely support Turkey against Russia, and even then not permanently: our moral aid alone will uphold the Egyptian in the face of Russia and Turkey; with a little additional expense, will consolidate his dynasty; with a generous and politic expenditure, connecting the interests of Persia and of central Asia with those of India and of Mehemet Ali, will completely turn the tables in the East in our favour. BUT, WE REPEAT IT, THERE IS NO TIME TO LOSE!

APPENDIX TO VOL. II.

Tableau des Appointemens, et Solde (par mois) des Officiers, Sous-Officiers, et Soldats des Regimens de Cavalerie de la Garde de S. M.

Grades.	Appointemens et Solde Menseulle.	Rations de vivres Journalières.	Rations de Fourrages.
	piastres.		
Mussir Pacha (Intendant Militaire de Palais)	30,000		
Ferik Pasha (Lieutenant-générale)	15,000	64	64
Liva (Mareschal de Camp)	2,500	32	32
Colonel	1,200	16	16
Lieutenant Colonel	900	9	9
Chefs d'Escadrons	500	5	5
Adjudant Major en 1	200	2	2
Adjudant Major en 2	150	2	2
Capitaine en 1	200	2	2
Capitaine en 2	150	2	2
Lieutenant en 1	140	1	1
Lieutenant en 2	120	1	1
Sous-lieutenans	100	1	1
Mareshaux des logis en 1	50	1	
Mareshaux des logis en 2	40	1	
Brigadier en 1	36	1	
Brigadier en 2	30	1	
Trompettes	30	1	
Soldats	24	1	

Approximate Statement of the Ottoman Army. (1836.)

GUARDS.

	Men.
4 regiments of infantry, four batalions each regiment	9,400
4 batalions of foot artillery, thirty guns	1,200
4 regiments of cavalry, six squadrons each	2,600
2 squadrons of horse artillery, twelve guns	240
	13,440

THE LINE.

21 regiments of infantry, four battalions each	42,000
2 regiments of foot artillery	2,800
12 regiments of cavalry	6,000
4 squadrons of horse artillery	500
2 battalions of bombardiers	1,200
	52,500

The above numbers are a mean of various accounts furnished the author: but, in his own opinion, gained from personal observation in the capital, in Smyrna, and while he was with the army of Albania *in the field*, the effective list must be rated lower.

THE END.

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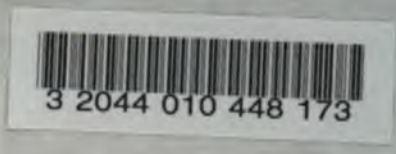

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